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HISTORICAL SELECTIONS.



EUROPEAN HISTORY,

NARRATED IN A SERIES OF

HISTORICAL SELECTIONS

From

The Best Authorities.

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY

E. M. SEWELL AND C. M. YONGE.

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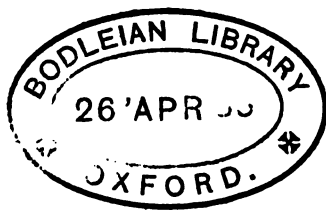
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CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.

KINGS OF ENGLAND.	KINGS OF FRANCE.	EMPERORS OF GERMANY.	POPES.
<p>A.D. 1154. Henry II. married Eleanor of Poitou.</p>	<p>A.D. 1137 to 1180. Louis VII. married 1. Eleanor of Guyenne. 2. Constance of Castile. 3. Alice of Champagne.</p>	<p>A.D. 1152 to 1189. Frederick (I.) Barbarossa.</p>	<p>A.D. 1154. Adrian IV. 1159. Alexander III.</p>
<p>1189. Richard I. Cœur de Lion, married Berengaria of Navarre.</p>	<p>1180. Philip (II.) Augustus married 1. Isabella of Hainault. 2. Mary of Dalmatia. 3. Ingeburga of Denmark.</p>	<p>1189. Henry VI. 1198. Philip.</p>	<p>1181. Lucius III. 1185. Urban III. 1187. Gregory VIII. 1187. Clement III. 1189. Celestine III. 1198. Innocent III.</p>
<p>1199. John married 1. Heiress of Earl of Gloucester. 2. Isabella of Angoulême.</p>		<p>1208. Otho IV. 1212. Frederick II.</p>	

HISTORICAL SELECTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH.

THE HOUSE OF ANJOU AND HENRY II.

A.D. 1154—1189.

ENGLISH history, previous to the reign of Henry II., deals chiefly with the northern nations which migrated from Jutland, Denmark, and Norway. After the departure of the Romans, the wars and politics of the southern part of Britain were those of the Angle, or Englishman, and the Dane,—followed by the Danish invasion; this being in its turn succeeded by the conquest of the Norman, or Northman, which was rendered more important and permanent by his French civilization.

But the Angevin family, who in the person of Henry II. became possessors of the English crown A.D. 1154, belonged to a totally different race, deriving their origin from the intermixture of the Gauls—the original inhabitants of Gallia—and the Franks, who invaded the country, and ultimately gave it the name of France, which it now bears.

Owning one of the loveliest and most fertile provinces of the western seaboard of France, the Counts of Anjou traced their origin back to the realms of fable. But they had undoubtedly become powerful before the settlement of the Normans in Neustria, or the expulsion of the Carolingian kings from the French throne by the accession of Hugh Capet.

A long line, alternating with the names of Foulques and Geoffrey, can be reckoned back, and to the name of each

count is attached some characteristic anecdote, showing the fiery vehemence of nature for good or evil inherent in the race. In the course of the six hundred years from 888 to 1483, during which the great Angevin family stood in the full light of history, there never was a time when there were wanting to them men of strong hand and heart, brilliant talent and cultivated taste, shrewd wit and frank, fascinating manners, though to these superior qualities were often added a fierce temper and boundless ambition.

The natural enmity felt by the Franks towards the Normans who had settled in their country was strong in the Angevin counts. The Dukes of Normandy had for a long time no bitterer enemies, and the Kings of France no stauncher supporters, than the Foulques and Geoffreys of the House of Anjou. But Philippe of France alienated the Angevins by seducing Bertrade de Montfort from her husband Count Foulques IV. A.D. 1092; and Henry I. of England, who was also a Norman duke, gained them over to his side by consenting to the marriage of his daughter, the widowed Empress Maude, with Geoffrey Plantagenet, the son of Foulques V. and grandson of Bertrade de Montfort.

Geoffrey Plantagenet, though one of the least able men of his line, was called upon to rule during his father's lifetime; for Foulques V., after the marriage of his son, departed on a crusade, and soon after married the Princess Melisende, the only child of the King of Jerusalem, and finally took the title of king himself, and spent the remainder of his life in the defence of the Holy Sepulchre. Geoffrey, in the meantime, governed Anjou in the spirit of a French crown vassal. He cared little for England, and allowed his wife to carry on the contest with Stephen of Blois without troubling himself to interpose in it, though he took advantage of Stephen's inability to defend Normandy, and contrived to make himself master of that duchy. The interests of Maude were not those of her husband from any feeling of affection, for their marriage was an unhappy one. Maude despised Geoffrey's rank and his age. She was a grown woman, and an emperor's widow, when she married him; and he was a lad of sixteen. As time went on there was a sharp conflict of will between husband and wife, and

their latter years were spent apart. Their elder son, Henry, known chiefly by his mother's title, as Henry Fitz-Empress, seems to have been looked upon by both as the property of Maude, and the heir of her pretensions to England; whilst Geoffrey, the younger, belonged more exclusively to his father. Henry's earlier years were, however, spent with the Count of Anjou; but when he grew up he took part in his mother's struggle with Stephen for the English crown, until he obtained the treaty which secured to him the ultimate succession.

Never did the youth of any prince appear more favoured by fortune than that of Henry. He was no sooner of an age to govern than his father resigned to him the duchy of Normandy, and, on the death of Geoffrey in 1151, he inherited the county of Anjou. This might have seemed to be more rightly the possession of his younger brother, and the old Count endeavoured to bind Henry by an oath that in case of his obtaining the English crown he would resign Anjou to young Geoffrey. But it was a vain effort. Henry's disposition was not one to part with anything to which he had once had a claim, and Anjou ultimately remained a portion of English continental territory.

In the course of the year 1152 Henry made a still more important acquisition of territory by his marriage with Eleanor (or Alienor), the beautiful heiress of the great duchy of Aquitaine.

In the earlier Frank times Aquitaine had been a distinct kingdom, and at the period of Henry's marriage it still included the large provinces of Poitou, Guienne, and Gascony. To the northern Frenchman it was almost a foreign land. The Romans had early seized and civilized it, and the impress of the Latin manners and the Latin tongue was clearly to be traced in the manners and language of the inhabitants. The southern population of France softened the words which in the north were clipped and nasalized. Poetry, which was rare in northern France save amongst the Normans and Bretons, seemed to the south a natural heritage; and the intermixture of race combined with the influence of a soft climate and a lovely land, in whose most fertile soil the vine and the olive flourished freely, whilst the great towns grew rich by trade, had given

rise to a system of manners so imaginative that it is difficult in speaking of it to realize that we are not dealing with mere romance.

Throughout Aquitaine and the neighbouring counties of Provence and Toulouse a noble or knight was scarcely on a par with his fellows unless he were also a poet, and could worthily sing of love or war, in compositions which the construction of his language facilitated, and which were termed *lais* or *serventes*, while to the composer himself was given the title of *troubadour*—finder or inventor. Courts of love were held at certain times, at which minstrels vied with one another for the prize of poetry, and knotty cases of the laws of love were propounded and argued out. Ladies were—so far as words went—erected into idols; and their beauty received an extravagant homage from the knights who devoted themselves to their service. The wildest stories were current of the frenzies to which the passion of love drove the hot spirits of the Gascon and Poitevin gentlemen. The truth, however, seems to have been that much of this exaggeration was the mere enthusiastic following of a fashion of the day, and that the effect of this fashion was to produce an unbridled licence of society, disguised by the brilliant cloak of chivalry and romance with which the troubadours invested it, so that vice was not only tolerated, but almost sanctioned.

Previous to her marriage with Henry II. of England, Eleanor of Aquitaine had been the wife of Louis VII. of France, a man greatly inferior to herself in intellect, taste, and force of character, but earnestly pious, and of grave and decorous manners. The young southern princess fretted and struggled against the change from the homage and flattery of the poetical knights of her native court to the severity of principle and action exhibited by Louis, the pupil of the great Abbot Suger, and the disciple of the rigid Cistercian, St. Bernard. Yet for a time she yielded to the superior influences which surrounded her. When Bernard preached at Vezelai, rousing the nations of Europe to undertake a new crusade, Eleanor heard and was excited by his eloquence. Louis VII. undertook to conduct the holy war, and Eleanor accompanied him; but in Palestine she showed such levity of conduct in her intercourse with a

crusading noble—the graceful and accomplished Raymond of Poitou—that Louis on his return home determined to obtain a divorce. The Abbot Suger remonstrated, pointing out the peril and scandal of such a step; but Louis was firm. His plea was one common in those days. He had, so he stated, discovered that Eleanor was related to him too nearly. The excuse was recognized by the Council of Beaugenci, and the marriage was pronounced null and void. Louis had only two daughters by Eleanor. Immediately after the divorce he married Alix of Champagne. Henry of Anjou at the same time eagerly wedded the discarded queen. In his eyes her large possessions far outweighed not only the objections arising from the stain resting on her reputation, but also those which would naturally suggest themselves from his own early attachment to Rosamond Clifford, who was already the mother of his two sons, William Longsword and Geoffrey.

From this marriage with Eleanor it resulted that when the death of Stephen, in 1154, gave the English crown to Henry ^{A.D.} 1154 according to agreement, he was already practically master of a third part of the kingdom of France, and that far more absolutely than was Louis of any portion of the remainder, except the domain which had originally belonged to the French sovereigns as Counts of Paris. The King of England's subjects were, moreover, composed of various nationalities, having different interests. Henry had no cause therefore to fear lest they should unite and make common cause against him. Feeling secure in his continental possessions he was able to begin his reign by mastering the English barons, who had profited by Stephen's weakness to establish their own rapacious authority all over England. He destroyed their castles, and forced them into comparative submission; and when his insular kingdom had been thus consolidated and rendered orderly, he was far more than a match for his suzerain the sovereign of France.

Louis VII. is often known as Louis le Jeune. The *soubriquet* was originally given when he was crowned in his father's lifetime; but it clung to him characteristically, because he was a boy in simplicity all his life. In this respect he was a singular contrast to Henry, who possessed a keen astuteness of intellect,

which induced him greatly to prefer policy to war, and made him delight in conferences with Louis, held under the great elms at Gisors in Normandy, which marked the boundary of the duchy ; when, from the weakness of the French monarch, he always obtained whatever he desired.

Among the concessions thus from time to time made were the betrothals respectively of Henry and Richard, the two elder living sons of the King of England, to Margaret and Alice, the two daughters of Louis by Alix of Champagne. A contract was in like manner entered into between Geoffrey, the third son of Henry of England, and Constance, the child-heiress of the great Keltic duchy of Brittany. The English monarch made this contract an excuse for taking into his own hands the government of Brittany, to the exceeding displeasure of the liege inhabitants, who hated their new ruler equally whether they viewed him as Angevin, Norman, or Saxon.

The three little brides were given into the keeping of their future father-in-law, who placed young Henry and his betrothed Margaret under the care of Thomas à Becket, then chancellor of England, and a conscientious minister and councillor, who might well be selected to train up the heir apparent of the English crown.

Richard, for whom his mother's inheritance was intended, was bred up chiefly in Poitou, and Geoffrey was educated with him.

The disposition of these two young princes seems to have had in it much of the Aquitanian element. They loved the poetry and romance of the south—indeed Richard himself held no mean rank as a troubadour—and they formed warm friendships among the fierce minstrel nobility of Poitou, to whom their father's yoke was hateful as much for its better as for its worse characteristics, and who gave utterance to their feelings in wild songs of defiance.

One of these nobles, Bertrand de Born, is so well known to have excited the young English princes to resist their father, that he is even described by Dante in the "Inferno" as suffering eternal punishment for his sin. Bertrand was a so-called ardent patriot, who always hated the reigning king and devoted himself to the heir. His prime favourite, therefore, was

the young Henry, less a Poitevin than his brother Richard, but having the advantage of standing in nearer relation to the crown.

As the prince grew to manhood, the position of the King of England became such as to bring the heir apparent into more prominent notice. A great quarrel had arisen between Henry and Becket, formerly chancellor, now Archbishop of Canterbury. The King, in his desire for uniformity and the regular exercise of justice, endeavoured to subject the clergy to the control of the secular courts. Becket, brought up in strict obedience to the papal power, resisted. Other matters of dispute were mixed up with the principal question, in some of which the King was manifestly in the wrong, and acted with violence and injustice; but the main point was always a question as to the precise limits of the kingly and papal power. Henry was resolved to allow no authority superior to his own to be exercised in England, and Becket, according to the principles of the age, was determined to uphold the authority of the Pope in all cases of spiritual jurisdiction.

The details of the contest require a separate notice.¹ Becket at length found it needful to escape for his life, and spent years of exile in French monasteries, while the King was threatened with excommunication. Fearing lest his vassals should be released from their oaths of fealty, Henry determined upon the coronation of his eldest son to reign jointly with himself. The ceremony could only legally be performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. In the absence of the exiled Becket, however, it was undertaken by the Archbishop of York. But the only effect of this act was to excite in the young joint-monarch expectations of an authority which his father was by no means disposed to cede to him, and to place another barrier between Henry and the Church.

A semi-reconciliation with Becket was indeed after a time effected. Henry gave the Archbishop permission to return to England, and did not press his assent to the Constitutions of Clarendon. But there were other causes of dispute; and when Becket proceeded to suspend the bishop who had assisted at

¹ See *Life of Thomas à Becket*, page 47.

A. D. the coronation of Prince Henry, the King broke out into passionate language, which encouraged the enemies of the Archbishop to form a plan for his destruction.

Becket was murdered in Canterbury Cathedral on the 4th of 1170 December, 1170.

It was a fatal deed for Henry, for the crime was naturally imputed to him. The respect of his people was forfeited, and the turbulent dispositions of his sons were set free from the restraints which their father's recognized power had imposed upon them.

The three elder sons, whose ages ranged from fifteen to twenty, forsook his court, in company with their mother, and placing themselves under the protection of Louis VII. demanded their several duchies. Henry's power was too well consolidated to be shaken by the efforts of mere boys, but the remainder of his life was one dreary struggle with the fierce spirits of the young men, who had been brought up amidst the imprecations of the troubadours, and who had shaken off all reverence for the father whom they saw stained by the guilt of a sacrilegious murder, and scarce saved from the ban of the Church.

As a sovereign Henry was better able to recover the influence which, by the murder of Becket, he had lost. He performed a public penance at Canterbury, and thus regained the support of the Church; and the year after Becket's death he won both power and renown in the eyes of his subjects by prosecuting a war for the conquest of Ireland.¹ This war had 1171 been begun in 1171 by the independent action of some English nobles under the command of Strongbow, Earl of Strigul, and was now carried out by Henry himself, supported by the Church; Adrian IV., in accordance with the power assumed by the popes at that period, having granted the King the lordship of the island.

The unhappy dissensions between the English monarch and his sons were fomented not only by Bertrand de Born, but by Philippe—the late-born heir of Louis VII.—named, in his father's joy at the event, *Dieudonné*, but afterwards more

¹ See Conquest of Ireland, page 103.

generally recognized as Philippe Auguste. The French prince was as prematurely shrewd as his father was permanently simple. He early discovered the manœuvres by which Henry turned every event to his own advantage and to the discomfiture of Louis. Burning with indignation, eager also for the aggrandizement of France, he professed himself the friend of the young English princes, and then used his influence to inflame their discontent, and stir them up to a rebellion, by which he himself hoped to profit.

Open war between the father and the sons broke out. The King of France and William the Lion, King of Scotland, espoused the cause of the three princes; but Henry was victorious. William of Scotland, who actually invaded England, was taken prisoner at Alnwick, and compelled to do homage for his dominions; and the young princes, finding themselves unable to carry on the contest, submitted themselves to their father, and took the oath of allegiance.

But it was a false peace. The compulsory oath was quickly broken, quarrels again arose, at one time between the King and his sons, at another between the princes themselves. Open war was once more imminent, and the princes were preparing to take the field, when young Henry was seized with a fatal illness. As he lay dying in a hostile camp he sent to entreat his father's forgiveness; but the King, too often deceived and disappointed, deemed his son's penitence a snare, and refused to go and bless his death-bed.

Geoffrey, the third son, did not long survive his brother. He was thrown from his horse in a tournament at Paris and trodden to death. His posthumous son Arthur was the only heir in the second generation born to Henry, and the custody of the infant, and of his mother Constance, was a subject of fresh dispute between the English monarch and the Bretons. Richard and John were now Henry's only surviving sons. Up to this time John had kept aloof from the open rebellion of his brothers, and was in consequence the King's favourite. Richard, who possessed the fiery vehemence of the Poitevin, though tempered by generous affection and a sense of chivalrous honour, had, under the influence of Bertrand de Born, early shown an antagonism to his father, which unhappy

circumstances had increased till it had become open enmity. He was warmly attached to his mother, and, in common with all the natives of Poitou, was indignant when, after Eleanor's escape from England with her sons, she was seized and kept in captivity. But in addition to this not unjust imprisonment, which prevented the Queen from further corrupting her sons and disturbing the peace of the kingdom, Henry was now outraging all decency by treating as his own wife the young Alice of France—the affianced bride of Richard—who had been entrusted to his care. The discovery of this scandal was, it would seem, not made till after the death of Louis VII., the

A.D.

1180 father of Alice, in 1180.

At that time the taking of Jerusalem by the Saracens had filled Christendom with such ardour for the reconquest of the Holy City, that the western powers were preparing for a new crusade. The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa actually set out for the Holy Land, and Richard and Philippe Auguste—now King of France—were seized with the general enthusiasm; but in the settlement of affairs which took place before the final preparations were made they showed themselves resolved to clear up the disgraceful suspicions that existed with regard to Alice—the sister of Philippe and the betrothed of Richard. A demand was made that the marriage should no longer be deferred, and the request for the cession of Poitou was again renewed by Richard.

A conference was held between Henry, Richard, and Philippe, in which the question as to the disposal of the person of Alice was debated; when Richard perceiving that he had been cruelly injured, and that his father fully intended to make John his heir, revenged himself by kneeling at the feet of Philippe, and doing homage to him for all the King of England's dominions in France.

Arms were now taken up on both sides; but Henry, sick, exhausted, conscience-stricken, and broken-hearted, was soon compelled to yield. Being in Normandy he sent for Richard to exchange the kiss of reconciliation, but it was given on Richard's side with such tokens of bitter hostility, as to provoke gibes from the companions of the Prince as they returned to the French camp.

Henry now demanded the list of the barons who had confederated with Richard against him. It was given him, and at the head appeared the name of John.

This was the final stroke of misery. The unhappy King, after a few days of delirium and fever, died at Chinon on the 6th of July, 1189, unattended by any of his many children, ^{A.D.} 1189 save Geoffrey, the second son of Rosamond, and was buried with little pomp in the nunnery of Fort-Everault in Anjou.

The events of Henry's reign are chiefly connected with his domestic history, but its real importance is to be seen in the internal government of England, and those who may turn with a feeling approaching to disgust from the history of the family quarrels, and the dissolute conduct of the selfish monarch, can scarcely fail to be struck with admiration, as further inquiry shows the remarkable policy which laid the foundation of the English constitution.

HENRY II.

A.D. 1154—1189.

(Abridged from the Preface to the "*Gesta Regis Henrici Secundi Benedicti Abbatis*," by W. STUBBS, M.A.)

A CAREFUL reading of the history of the three centuries of Angevin kings might almost tempt one to think that the legend of their diabolical origin and hereditary curse was not a mere fairy tale, but the mythical expression of some political foresight, or of a strong historical instinct. But, in truth, no such theory is needed: the vices of kings, like those of other men, carry with them their present punishment; whilst with them, even more signally than with other men, the accumulation of subsequent misery is distinctly conspicuous, and is seen to fall with a weight more overwhelming the longer the strength of their position has kept it poised.

It was not that their wickedness was of a monstrous kind—such wickedness, indeed, was not a prominent feature in the character of the mediæval devil; nor was it mere capricious cruelty or wanton mischief. Neither were their misfortunes of the appalling sort wrought out by the Furies of Attic tragedy. Of such misery there were not wanting instances, but not enough to give more than an occasional luridness to the picture. All the Plantagenet kings were high-hearted men, rather rebellious against circumstances than subservient to them. But the long pageant shows us uniformly, under so great a variety of individual character, such signs of great gifts and opportunities thrown away, such unscrupulousness in action, such uncontrolled passion, such vast energy and strength wasted on unworthy aims, such constant failure and final disappointment, in spite of constant successes and brilliant achievements, as remind us of the conduct and luck of those unhappy spirits who, throughout the Middle Ages, were continually

spending superhuman strength in building in a night inaccessible bridges and uninhabitable castles, or purchasing with untold treasures souls that might have been had for nothing, and invariably cheated of their reward. . . .

In the character of Henry II. are found all the characteristics of his race. Not the greatest, nor the wisest, nor the worst, nor the most unfortunate, he still unites all these in their greatest relative proportions. Not so impetuous as Richard, or Edward III., or Henry V.; not so wise as Edward I.; not so luxurious as John or Edward IV.; not so false as Henry III.; nor so greedy as Henry IV.; nor so cruel as the princes of the House of York; he was still eminently wise and brave, eminently cruel, lascivious, greedy, and false, and eminently unfortunate also—if the ruin of all the selfish aims of his sagacious plans, the disappointment of his affections, and the sense of having lost his soul for nothing, can be called misfortune.

It would be a great mistake to view the personal and political character of Henry as one of unmingled vice. It was a strange compound of inconsistent qualities rather than a balance of opposing ones: yet the inconsistencies were so compounded as to make him restless rather than purposeless, and the opposing qualities were balanced sufficiently to suffer him to carry out a consistent policy. His fortunes, therefore, bear the impress of the man. He was a brave and consummate warrior, yet he never carried on war on a large scale, or hesitated to accept the first overtures of peace. He was impetuous and unscrupulous, yet he never tempted fortune. He was violent in hatred, yet moderate in revenge; a lover of good men, a corrupter of innocent women; at once religious and profane, lawless and scrupulous of right; a maker of good laws, and a seller of justice; the most patient and provoking of husbands; the most indulgent and exacting of fathers—playing with the children, whose ingratitude was breaking his heart, the great game of statecraft as if they had been pawns. He was tyrannical in mood, without being a tyrant either in principle or in the exigencies of policy. In power and character, by position and alliances, the arbiter of Western Europe in both war and peace, he never waged a great war or enjoyed a sound peace; he never, until his last year, made an unsatisfactory peace or

fought an unsuccessful battle. The most able and successful politician of his time, and thoroughly unscrupulous about using his power for his own ends, he yet died in a position less personally important than any that he had occupied during the thirty-five years of his reign, and, on the whole, less powerful than he began. Yet, if we could distinguish between the man and the king, between personal selfishness and official or political statesmanship, between the ruin of his personal aims and the real success of his administrative conceptions, we might conclude by saying that, altogether, he was great and wise and successful.

In so mixed a character it would be strange if partial judges could not find much to praise and much to blame. In the eyes of a friend the abilities of Henry excuse his vices, and the veriest experiments of political sagacity wear the aspect of inventions of profound philanthropic devotion. To the enemy the same measures are the transparent disguise of a crafty and greedy spirit, anxious only for selfish aggrandizement. The constitutional historian cannot help looking with reverence on one under whose hand the foundations of liberty and national independence were so clearly marked and deeply laid, that, in the course of one generation, the fabric was safe for ever from tyrants or conquerors. The partisan of ecclesiastical immunities or monastic discipline can see in him only the apostate and the persecutor. The pure moralist inclines to scrutinize personal vices, and to give too little credit to political merit. It is by such that the character of Henry has for the most part been written. Whilst we accept the particulars in which they agree, we may, without pretending to be free from prejudice, attempt to draw from our own survey of his acts a more probable theory of the man, and of his work on the age and nation.

Interpreted by the history of his acts, the main purpose of Henry's life is clear. That was the consolidation of the kingly power in his own hands. Putting aside the disproportioned estimate of his ambition formed by contemporary writers, and encouraged perhaps by some careless or ostentatious words of his own, we see in that purpose no very towering idea of conquest, or short-sighted appetite for tyranny. If ambition

were ever really his ruling passion, it was one which he concealed so well that its definite object cannot be guessed, which at an early period of his reign he must have dismissed as impracticable, and which never led him to forego by precipitate ardour one of the advantages that might be secured by labour and moderation. . . .

Take, for example, his relations with France, the conquest of which is the only conceivable and was the most feasible object of the ambition with which he may be credited. In such a purpose his passions and his unscrupulous policy would have run in the utmost harmony—pride, passion, revenge, the lust of dominion, the love of power. He hated Louis the Seventh; he had every right to hate him, both as injurer and as injured. He was more or less at variance with him as long as he lived; he knew him to be weak and contemptible, and yet to be the source of all his own deepest unhappiness. At many periods of his reign Louis and France lay at his mercy. . . . If the King of England and ruler of half of France abstained from taking what a man of vulgar ambition would have taken, what Edward III. and Henry V. nearly succeeded in taking, we are not, indeed, to ignore other possible reasons for his forbearance, but the most probable reason is that he did not want it. . . .

The real object of Henry's external ambition was the consolidation of his dominions. . . . In the pursuit of his object he went to work very much in the way in which a rich man in the eighteenth century created an estate and founded a family. He was anxious to increase the mass of his inheritance and his local influence by advantageous marriages and judicious purchases. . . . In the choice of his acquisitions, that stood first in his consideration which could be brought within a ring fence. If Henry II. occasionally had recourse to chicanery and oppression, he has not wanted followers, on both a large and small scale, whom his moderation in these points might put to shame.

The character of his insular acquisitions was determined on a similar principle. Wales, Ireland, and Scotland were all desirable conquests, but no great cost should be spent on them. If internal divisions could be turned to profit, or if the scheme

of aggression could be made available for the diversion of uneasy spirits from home, Henry was ready to take advantage of the circumstances, but would not waste much treasure or many men. In each of these cases he had a legal claim: to Ireland, by the gift of Pope Adrian IV.; to Scotland and Wales, by his inheritance of the ancient supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon kings, and the simple application of feudal principles to that inheritance. . . . Yet, according to Robert de Monte, the original design upon Ireland was formed for the purpose of finding a kingdom for William Longespée of Anjou and the final conquest was carried out in order to provide a suitable settlement for John. William the Lion and David of North Wales were reconciled by a royal or quasi-royal marriage.¹ Galloway was not attacked until a like bond had proved too slight or too frail to hold it.

Henry's division of his dominion among his sons was a measure which, as his own age did not understand it, later ones may be excused for mistaking; but the object of it was as may be inferred from his own recorded words, to strengthen and equalize the pressure of the ruling hand in different provinces of various laws and nationalities. The sons were to be the substitutes, not the successors of their father: the eldest, as the accepted or elected sharer of the royal name, as feudal superior to his brothers, and first in the royal councils, stood in the same relation to his father as the King of the Romans to the Emperor; he might rule with a full delegated power, or perhaps with inchoate independence, but the father's hand was to guide the helm of state. Unhappily, the young brood of the eagle of the broken covenant were the worst possible instruments for the working of a large and complex policy, the last creatures in the world to be made useful in carrying on a form of government which the experience of all ages has tried and found wanting. . . .

Yet how grand a scheme of western confederation might be deduced from the consideration of the position of Henry's children,—how great a dream of conquest may, after all, have

¹ Emma, the illegitimate sister of Geoffrey Plantagenet, was married to David, Prince of North Wales, in 1174; and Ermengarde de Beaumont descended from an illegitimate daughter of Henry I., to William of Scotland

been broken by the machinations of Louis and Eleanor! What might not a crusade have effected, headed by Henry II. with his valiant sons, the first warriors of the age; with his sons-in-law, Henry the Lion, William of Sicily, and Alfonso of Castile; with Philip of France, the brother-in-law of his sons; Frederick Barbarossa, his distant kinsman and close ally; the princes of Champagne and Flanders, his cousins?

In it the grand majestic chivalry of the Emperor, the wealth of Sicily, the hardy valour and practical skill of Spain, the hereditary crusading ardour of the land of Godfrey of Bouillon and Stephen of Blois, the statesmanlike vigour and simple piety of the great Saxon hero, under the guidance of the craft and sagacity, the mingled impetuosity and caution, of Henry II. might have presented Europe to Asia in a guise which she has never yet assumed.

Yet all the splendour of the family confederation, all the close-woven, wide-spread web that fortune and sagacity had joined to weave, end in the cruel desertion, the baffled rage, the futile curses of the chained leopard in the last scene at Chinon. The lawful sons, the offspring, the victims and the avengers of a heartless policy, the loveless children of a loveless mother, have left the last duties of an affection they did not feel to the hands of a bastard,¹ the child of an early, obscure, misplaced, degrading, but not a mercenary love.

The bent of Henry's internal policy may, in fact, be described as the substitution of the King's government for the state of things which had prevailed, more or less, ever since the Conquest, which was partly coeval with the existence of the Norman race, partly owing to the incrustation of feudal institutions, against which the Conqueror had had to struggle, which William Rufus had to repress by the strong hand, which Henry I., by dint of time and skill, had but in a degree weakened, and which had regained in the anarchy of Stephen's reign all the powers that it had lost under his predecessor.

The idea of a kingly government administered by the King's servants, in which the action of the feudal nobility, where it existed, was simply ministerial, was the true remedy of the evils of anarchy inherent in the Norman state. Such a system

¹ Geoffrey, son of Rosamond.

could not be devised by a weak or ambitious head, or worked by feeble or indolent hands; nor could it be brought to maturity or to easy action in one man's lifetime. The elements of discord were not extinguished in Henry's reign; they broke out whenever any other trouble distracted the King's energy or divided his power. Still he was in the main successful, and left to his successors the germ of a uniform administration of justice and system of revenue. His ministers, who at the beginning of his reign were little more than officers of his household, at the end of it were the administrators of the country. The position of England in the affairs of Europe was, from this time, owing not to the foreign possessions of the sovereign, but to the compactness of her organization, and the facility with which the national strength and resources could be handled. . . .

The theory that Henry was a benevolent governor, or a far-sighted statesman, is not supported either by the apparent purpose of his reforms or by the actual result. It requires no particular benevolence to teach a king that his subjects are more contented when justice is fairly administered than when violence reigns unrepressed; and that where they are contented, they are more likely to be industrious, and more able to pay taxes; that where they have more at stake, they are more ready to make sacrifices to purchase security: but this is no lesson of far-sighted statesmanship, for it is the simplest principle of the art of government. If there were any sign of benevolence, any glimpse of the love of his people apparent in his actions, he ought by all means to have the credit of it; if there were any such general tone in his private life, it might be allowed to give the key of interpretation of his public life, and a harmony to his whole character. But his life was violent and lawless; his personal design, wherever it clashed with his established measures, set them at once aside. . . .

In his secular and ecclesiastical reforms alike, he had an object to gain, which demanded unusual measures; and he, without scruple and without remorse, tried to enforce them by all means, fair and foul. If he was not a mere tyrant, he was a man who was never deterred by any considerations but those of expediency from trying to win his game. . . .

With a strong nature, strong will, strong affections, and strong passions, . . . he began his reign without any temptation to be oppressive ; but from the beginning we can read his purpose of being master in his own house. The humbling of the barons was no hard task ; the initiation of law and order was an easy consequence ; but the attempt to apply the principles of law and order to the clergy, in a way that was not sanctioned by the public opinion of his day, and which made his ablest counsellor his most inveterate foe, brought up an opposition which called into play all the violence of his nature. It was not that his character changed, but that circumstances brought out what was in him in a stronger light. After Becket's death the circumstances became even stronger still, and brought out in a still stronger light the same characteristics.

By that most disastrous event all the elements of opposition were restored to life. Louis of France had now a cause which, to his weak and wicked conscience, justified all the meanness and falsehood that he could use against his rival. The clergy dared not side with the King in such a quarrel. The barons took immediate advantage of the general disaffection. The King's sons lighted the flames of war. Not, I think, that there is any evidence to show that the death of St. Thomas was actually or nominally the pretext for revolt ; but it was a breaking up of the restraints which had so far been effectual, and all who had grievances were ready and able to take advantage of the shock.

Under the circumstances, Henry did not show himself a hero, but he behaved as a moderate and politic conqueror. It was not revenge, but the restoration of the strength of his government, that he desired. He did not break off his plans of reform : year after year saw some wise change introduced into the legal or military administration ; and, practically, he managed the Church without any glaring scandal. He ruled for himself, not for his people ; but he did not rule cruelly or despotically. . . . His wisdom was not less wisdom because it was the wisdom of a selfish man.

In the elaborate descriptions of Henry II. which are given by Peter of Blois, Giraldus Cambrensis, and Ralph Niger, we cannot doubt that we have the accurate delineation of the man

as he appeared through the different mediums of liking and dislike. The main lines of the portraits are the same, though they are seen, as it were, through variously-coloured glass. They are well marked and defined, as we might expect in the most superficial view of such a man. But although well marked and strongly defined, they do not combine, even under the hand of a professed panegyrist, into the outlines of a hero.

We see a hard-headed, industrious, cautious, subtle, restless man ; fixed in purpose, versatile in expedients ; wonderfully rapid in execution ; great in organizing, without being himself methodical ; one who will always try to bind others, whilst leaving himself free ; who never prefers good faith to policy, or appearances to realities ; who trusts rather to time and circumstances than to the goodwill of others ; by inclination parsimonious and retiring, but on occasion lavish and magnificent ; liberal in almsgiving, splendid in building—but not giving alms without an ulterior object, nor spending money on buildings except where he can get his money's worth. As with treasure, so with men, he was neither extravagant nor sparing ; rather economical than humane ; pitiful after the slaughter of battle, but not chary of human life where it could be spent with effect.

He had the one weakness of great minds, without which no man ever reached greatness—never to be satisfied without doing, or taking part himself in everything that was to be done ; and he had not what may be called the strength of little minds—inability to see good in what he did not himself devise.

He was eloquent, affable, polite, jocose ; so persuasive in address that few could resist the charm of his manner. He had the royal prerogative of never forgetting names and faces ; he loved to encourage the retiring, and to repel the presuming. He was a most excellent and bountiful master. He was very faithful, both in friendships and enmities, where they did not interfere with his policy.

He was not without elegant tastes ; he loved the reading of history, delighted in the conversation of acute and learned men, like his uncles the Kings of Jerusalem, and his sons-in-law, William of Sicily and Henry of Saxony. He had a wonderful memory, well stored with the lessons of past times, and

with the experiences of constant journeys, on which he was careful to see everything that was to be seen.

He had little regard for more than the merest forms of religion ; like Napoleon Bonaparte, he heard mass daily, but without paying decent attention to the ceremony. During the most solemn part of the service he was whispering to his courtiers, or scribbling, or looking at pictures. His vows to God he seems to have thought might be evaded as easily as his covenants with men ; his undertaking to go on crusade was commuted for money payments, and his promised religious foundations were carried out at the expense of others. His regard to personal morality was of much the same value and extent. He was at no period of his life a faithful husband ; and when he had finally quarrelled with Eleanor, he sank into sad depths of licentiousness.

He was an able, plausible, astute, cautious, unprincipled man of business. His temper was violent, and he was probably subject to the outrageous paroxysms of passion which are attributed to his Norman ancestors, and which, if they have not been exaggerated by the historians, must have been fearful proofs of a profane and cruel disposition, on which discipline had imposed no restraint.

His personal appearance did not approach the heroic. He was slightly above the middle height, square and substantial, with a decided tendency to corpulence. His head was round, and well proportioned ; his hair approaching to red, sprinkled, in his later years, with white, but always kept very short, as a precaution against baldness. His face is described by one authority as fiery, by another as lion-like. His eyes were grey, and full of expression, but rather prominent, and occasionally bloodshot. His nose was well formed, and denoted no more pride or fastidiousness than was becoming to a king.

He had a short bull-neck, a broad square chest, the arms of a boxer and the legs of a horseman (the author does not say whether of a groom or a cavalier). His feet were highly arched, but his hands were clumsy and coarse.

He paid very little attention to dress, and never wore gloves but when he went hawking. He took a great deal of exercise, being both restless by habit and anxious to keep down his

tendency to fat. He was a great hunter and hawker ; he never sat, except at meals or on horseback. He transacted all business standing, greatly to the detriment of his legs. He was very moderate in both meat and drink, cared little for appearances, loved order in others without observing it himself ; he was a good and kind master, who chose his servants well, but neither trusted them too much, nor ever forgave their neglect of his interests.

The picture is not a pleasant one ; in spite of his refined tastes and his polite address, he must have looked generally like a rough, passionate, uneasy man. But his frame, though not elegant, was very serviceable, qualified him for great exertion, and was proof against privation or fatigue. He was an adroit and formidable man-at-arms ; but there was little at first sight to denote either the courteous knight, or the skilful general, or the self-possessed intriguer, or the ingenious organizer, or the versatile administrator, or the profound politician.

But if the character of Henry contained none of the elements of real greatness, if the leading principle of it was one which is actually incompatible with the highest degree of excellence in a ruler, the position of the nation he governed was such, and the influence exercised upon it by his character and the events of his reign was so salutary, as to make him one of the most conspicuous actors in the drama of English history. He was a link in the chain of great men by whom, through good and evil, the English nation was drawn on to constitutional government. He was the man the time required ; it was a critical time, and his actions and policy determined the crisis in a favourable way. He stands, with Alfred, Canute, William the Conqueror, and Edward I., one of the conscious creators of English greatness.

His reign was the period of amalgamation, the union of the different elements existing in the country, which, whether it be looked on as chemical or mechanical, produced the national character and the national institutions.

If there is really such a thing as national character, we may speculate thus : The Anglo-Saxon temperament had run to seed in the age preceding the Conquest. The efforts of Canute,

directed to the thorough union of the Danish with the Anglo-Saxon population, had ended, as such efforts generally do, in the assimilation of the smaller to the larger constituent in the union of the kindred races. The Danish provinces had become before the Conquest scarcely distinguishable from the Anglo-Saxon, as far as concerned national feeling, and the more important questions of law and manners. What differences yet remained served to intensify the weakness which was inherent in the character of the mass.

The tendency of all the Anglo-Saxon institutions was to produce a spirit of self-dependence; that was the strength of the system. Its weakness was the want of cohesion, which is a necessary condition of particles incapable of self-restraint in the absence of any external force to compress them. The power of combination was not, indeed, wanting; but it was exercised only in very small aggregations, for very small purposes, and those private rather than national. . . . For such a condition the feudal system was undoubtedly the fitting cure. . . . The essence of the system was mutual fidelity, and its proper consequence the creation of a corporate unity, and the recognition of it by every member, from the king to the villein. The bond was not a voluntary one, to be taken up and put aside at pleasure; the principle of cohesion was uniform throughout the mass. . . . Self-reliance was proved not to be incompatible with order, mutual faith, and regard to law; and these are indispensable for national strength and national spirit.

It was not, however, necessary that the pressure of this discipline should be perpetual: it was enough that the lesson should be learned, and the rod might be cast aside; but very much must depend on the treatment applied at the moment. The reign of Henry II. was the time of the crisis, and the hands by which the happy moment was seized were his own and those of his ministers. If Henry had been a better man, his work would have been second to that of no character in history; had he been a weaker one than he was, England might have had to undergo for six hundred years the fate of France.

Such a speculation as to the formation of the English .

character may be a mere flight of fancy, but it accords in its main features with the facts of history ; . . . for what is merely a probable speculation, at the best, in regard to character, is a true story applied to institutions. The Anglo-Saxon and the Norman institutions had been actually in a state of fusion since the Conquest, and the reign of Henry gave to the united systems the character which has developed into the English constitution. It destroyed the undue preponderance of one power in the State over the others ; it secured the firm position of the central force, and it opened the way for the growth of wealth in social security ; it prevented England from falling under a military monarchy, or into a feudal anarchy ; it so balanced the forces existing in the State as to give to each its opportunity of legitimate development. . . .

During the ninety years that followed the Conquest, in England, three distinct interests were either in active conflict or in passive opposition—that of the Royal power, that of the Norman feudatories, and that of the People. . . . The fourth interest, that of the Clergy, does not in this view assume the prominence which it exhibited later on. It is doubtless true that the privileges of the Church in the Norman era should be considered as the franchise of the people ; it was through the clergy only that the voice of the people could be heard. From the unity of the national Church the unity of the kingdom had itself sprung, and the liberties of the Church were almost the only liberties that were left under the change of dynasty. Nor can we forget that in the English constitution—that system which it was the Conqueror's object to retain and administer by his own vassals—far the most important place was given to the clergy, the prelates being, by virtue of their spiritual character, the chief members of the royal council, and the Archbishop of Canterbury occupying a position co-ordinate with royalty itself. The King was not a king until he was crowned, and before he was crowned he must bind himself to maintain the liberties of the Church, and to act by the counsel of the primate.

For these reasons the Church of England, even more than the Churches of the Continent, was in a position to enforce her claims as " the pillar and ground of the truth ;" as the upholder

of righteousness in a degraded and most licentious court, and as the sole monument and bulwark of liberty in an oppressed people. And this consideration gives to the position of Anselm, and even of Thomas à Becket, a dignity and a constitutional importance which the particular points for which they contended did not involve. But their position as yet was morally rather than politically definite. It would be to shut our eyes to the plain truth of facts if we were to view the action of Anselm or Thomas as the action of either Church or People. The bishops and higher clergy were for the most part on the King's side, appointed to their places as the rewards of services done to him, or as safe instruments of his policy. The freedom of the Church only on occasions and emergencies appeared as a real thing. The counsel of the primate might be given, but it depended on the will of the King, and the influence of his court, whether or no it should be taken. The importance of the Becket quarrel itself was greater in its indirect consequences than in its simple political issues, and its interest is rather moral and personal than constitutional.

Of the three temporal interests, those of the King, the Barons, and the People, the first occupies the chief place in considering the external history of England, the third in the investigation of the internal; but they had this in common, that their real aims were the same—the consolidation and good government of the country; whilst the position of the barons, their selfish aims and foreign aspirations, were as dangerous to the crown as they were in effect oppressive to the people.

One benefit which England gained from being conquered by a French vassal was doubtless this, that she was secured from ever falling into the condition in which France then was. The Conqueror, as a statesman, saw that it would never answer his purpose to suffer the existence in England of the class of vassals to which he himself belonged. The King of England should never be subject to the sort of influences which he himself and his fellow-feudatories had exercised over the Kings of France. William may be said in a general way, with sufficient correctness, to have introduced feudalism into England: that is, he most probably reduced the land tenures

to feudal principles universally ; his military establishment in his later years was feudal, his ministers were chosen from among his great vassals, or were rewarded with great fiefs. . . .

But it was no part of his system that the executive power should be administered by feudal officers. By dividing the possessions of those nobles whose services he was obliged to reward on feudal principles, and by requiring the oath of allegiance to himself to be taken by all freeholders throughout the country, he endeavoured to avoid raising up a class of vassals such as existed in France and Germany, where the sovereign was simply *primus inter pares*, or, more truly, the servant of his own servants. . . .

The nobles who accompanied William were not likely to fall in with such a plan. . . . They had existed for several generations under feudal principles, and they were in a manner acclimatized to the air of France.

But the root of the matter lay deeper far than the incrustation of feudalism. The pride of race was strong within them. It was a confederation of Norsemen that had placed Rollo and his successors on the throne of Normandy. It was a confederation of volunteer vassals, in whom the spirit of the Vikings had revived, that mustered the fleet and army which won the kingdom of England. William might be to the English the testamentary heir of the Confessor ; to the French the mightiest vassal of the crown ; but to his own followers he was the head of the race, the Duke of the Normans rather than the King of England or the Count of Rouen. If he was *primus*, they were *pares*, most of them of purer descent, many of them of equal origin : his actual primacy he owed chiefly to his personal character. . . .

These men were ready enough to take advantage of such points of feudalism as favoured their own independence. Why should they not occupy, to the crown which had been won by their exertions, the same position that they saw the Counts of Champagne and Vermandois and the Dukes of Normandy and Burgundy bearing to the crown of France, whose wearer was their near kinsman, and far less indebted to them for his position ? Nor were they unworthy to be the equal of kings, much less of French vassals, who counted among their inferior

members the House of Hauteville,¹ which was giving law to Italy and threatening the Eastern Empire. . . . Yet, as it was, they found themselves, in relation to the royal power, in a position actually less influential than that which had been occupied by the Anglo-Saxon earls. They had conquered England for William, not for themselves. William's own measures show that he foresaw the results of this ; but his sons had the first experience of its working. . . .

To the difficulties which the very existence of the Norman feudatories, with their notions of race and of French feudalism, brought to the royal power, must be added certain weak points in the position of the crown itself. With the life of William I. ceased the unity of Norman feeling in England. Almost immediately on the accession of William Rufus the question of succession emerged, and with it division. Robert of Normandy had his adherents, if he had had the will or the energy to use them. Stephen of Aumale was the favourite of another, and that a very powerful, section of the barons. On the death of William Rufus the claims of Robert were asserted, and so far maintained as to compel Henry to enter into an alliance with the subject race. On Henry's death followed the divisions between the parties of Stephen of Blois and Matilda, and later on between the Norman and Angevin parties among Matilda's adherents. In all these divisions the nobles had ranged themselves sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other : they had contracted enmities and reconciled them, formed friendships and broken them : hardly any house had uniformly acted on the same principle, and consequently hardly any had not at some time found itself in opposition to the royal authority. Thus the principle of attachment to the King had grown weaker, and the love of independence stronger ; the rights of private war and of separate alliances had been exerted, if not vindicated ; and it was fortunate indeed for the royal power that it had been wielded by strong hands, or England must have fallen altogether, as it did in Stephen's reign, into chronic anarchy. Fortunately, also, the internal feuds divided and weakened the nobles themselves, and diminished their numbers, so that for

¹ The founders of the Norman kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

Henry of Anjou there was left a not altogether hopeless prospect of consolidating a strong government.

Henry came to the destructive part of his work with great advantages. He was, for the most part, untrammelled by Norman traditions and associations. He did not owe his crown to the swords of Norman warriors, but to the support of the clergy given to the indisputable and undisputed claim which had been won for him by Earl Robert of Gloucester. He himself was an Angevin, and the interests of his Angevin subjects were never likely to come into dangerous collision with his designs or prospects as King of England.

The Normans had been, indeed, the enemies of his father and his paternal house, and but lukewarm supporters of his mother. But if there were few ties of personal friendship or of common natural feeling to be broken before the task of demolishing the rival interest was begun, there were also few incitements to personal hatred such as might embitter the contest or endanger the result. The struggle from the beginning was political rather than personal, and throughout it was rather the power than the estates or the persons of his enemies that Henry laboured to secure. We read, during his reign, of none of the great and startling confiscations which, before the death of Henry I., had fallen on almost every one of the great families sprung from the companions of the Conqueror.

The experience of the anarchy of the last reign had taught the nation generally to wish for a strong government; and the evils of it were so patent and indisputable, that the policy of the new King, coinciding as it did, for the most part, with the provisions of the treaty by which the crown was secured to him, was acquiesced in at first with very little difficulty. The castles of the smaller tyrants were speedily dismantled, and with them their power of doing mischief was annihilated. . . . England welcomed peace, and prepared to accept the reforms which alone could strengthen her internal union, and enable her to defend and extend her borders. The King was at liberty to carry on alternately his measures of domestic legislation and his plans of foreign policy. His presence was for several years scarcely required in England, where he had shown both the strength of his hand and the real moderation of his aims.

But the shock which followed the quarrel and death of Thomas Becket gave the signal for the resuscitation of the slumbering elements of discord; and the rebellion of Henry and Richard, in 1173, afforded occasion for the outbreak which^{A.D. 1173} nothing but the personal abilities of the King and his ministers prevented from becoming a revolution.

It was still, if we may judge of it by the ordinary rules of evidence, far more a political than a personal conflict. Nearly all the great earls, both in Normandy and in England, were engaged on the side of the princes. . . . The strength of the royal party consisted, first, of those who had risen to importance as the ministers of Henry's reforms, and, secondly, of the people who had benefited by them. . . . The whole of the bishops, both in Normandy and in England, remained loyal.

What pretexts were alleged by the Barons as the cloak of the real causes of discontent does not appear. In spite of the strength of their numbers and mass, and in spite of the real unity of their interest, they had no organization, they had no bill of grievances, no head, and no watchword. The whole rising bears the character of a simple reaction against the pressure of a strong government—a reaction, the opportunity of which was so obvious as to strike all alike, and to call, even without concert, all the subject forces into motion; but the only definite purpose of which was to create a confusion, out of which the strongest hand might pluck advantage. The odds were apparently dead against the King. The rebels could hardly have calculated, considering the immense extent of the area of disaffection, the importance of the leaders, the alliance of the Kings of France and Scotland, and the open adherence of Queen Eleanor and her sons, on a result which would strengthen the royal power, and exalt beyond precedent the personal importance of Henry.

The whole rebellion was crushed in a few months, and so thoroughly that the good fortune of the King seemed to his contemporaries more astonishing than even his skill and energy. The King of Scotland, the Earls of Chester and Leicester, were prisoners: the Earls Ferrers and Bigot and Mowbray vying with one another in haste to surrender, Henry found himself

in firmer possession of the strongholds of the country than he had been even in 1156. . . .

England enjoyed internal peace for the remainder of the reign; and when, in 1183, the rebellion of the princes abroad threatened to renew the terrible scenes of 1174, the simple measure of securing the persons of the suspected earls was sufficient, and was regarded as more than sufficient, to guarantee the tranquillity of the kingdom.

Less stirring in incident, but far more important in their effects on the life of the nation, were the measures by which Henry built up the civil portions of his design of consolidation. . . . They lie, for the most part, within the unpopular region of legal antiquities; but the most superficial view of the politics of the age would be not merely imperfect, but glaringly false, without some attempt to describe them.

In this respect, as well as in the former, Henry came to the crown with great advantages: he succeeded to the policy of the Conqueror and Henry I., and inherited the wisest and most faithful servants of the latter. It was in his favour also, that, following on a period of anarchy, his reforms were not restricted to a simple restitution of the past, but with a restoration of government he might almost at will develop and extend its expedients. His general policy seems to have been a thorough development, in the direction of national life and unity, of the principles which had appeared in germ in the selfish policy of his predecessors. . . .

That there was nothing radically inconsistent in the Anglo-Saxon system and the feudal or Frank system is historically clear; both sprang from the same home in the Teutonic forests. The allodial, or Saxon, system was that of the Germans at home; the feudal, or Frank, system was their policy as settlers and conquerors. . . .

In the Anglo-Saxon system, the strength of the fabric was, as I have said before, in the lower ranges of the organism. In the feudal system, the cohesion was the strongest above; the principle of unity was fidelity to the superior, not the maintenance of the distinct freedom of the individual by voluntary association. At the foundation of the former was liberty; at that of the latter, serfdom. The common medium was land,

the possession of which was, in the allodial system, the proof of freedom ; in the feudal, the occasion of service. The feudal system was the exponent of the views of the rulers ; the allodial, of those of the nation.

To William the Conqueror—as indeed, probably, to the later Anglo-Saxon kings—the feudal system was doubtless the model system of government ; to William it was the only one experimentally known. But it did not follow that it was to be forced in all its details on an unwilling people. He intended to be King of England, the King of the nation as well as the conqueror of the crown ; and, whatever were the designs of William Rufus and Henry I., Henry II. followed in the steps of his greater ancestor. . . . True, the principle of allodial tenure was to be extinguished—this had been done, in a great measure, before the Conquest—but the institutions of the system might be retained. The feudal tenure was to be universally enforced, but feudal jurisprudence was not inseparable from it. . . .

William the Conqueror had retained, in great measure, both the laws and the judicial system of the earlier kings. He rather enforced than relaxed the observance of the frankpledge,¹ and the authority of the hundred and shire-mote ; trial by compurgation, the ordeal, and the wergild.² . . . The few Norman legal customs which he introduced were for the Normans only. But the sheriff ceased to be even in theory the elected president of the shire-mote, and became the vice-count, as his superior, the ealdorman, had passed through the intermediate stage of earlship into the Norman count. . . . The Conquest produced little change, except in the substitution of Norman for English names and persons. But the position of the Norman baron in the office of sheriff differed from that of the Anglo-Saxon thane. The Norman had his barony in Normandy, which he governed by strict Norman law, to the process of which, as giving more power to himself, he naturally inclined to assimilate that of the English courts in which he held either a personal or ministerial presidency. The office of

¹ The suretyship of each member of a tithing (*i.e.* ten men) for the peaceable behaviour of the other nine.

² The fine for killing a man.

sheriff was in many cases hereditary, and in almost all was vested in some important feudal noble.

There were thus co-existing in the country three distinct systems of lower jurisdiction, exclusive of the ecclesiastical courts :—(1) The ancient courts of the hundred and the shire, popular in origin and process, and coeval, probably, with Anglo-Saxon civilization. (2) The jurisdictions of the ancient franchises, exercised by the lords who had succeeded to the estates, whose ancient owners had possessed *sak* and *sok*.¹ (3) The strictly feudal courts of the manors, organized by the new nobility of the Conquest.

The joint existence of these systems was a cause of perplexity to justice : for not only were their proper provinces and matters of litigation as yet far from being accurately divided, but their very existence afforded a basis for aggression ; and a court which was intended as a resource, in times of peace, for civil disputes, might easily, and did in the reign of Stephen, come in troublous times to be used for the purposes of oppression and exaction. . . .

The natural and proper method of diminishing the evil was to retain in the popular courts as much as possible of the popular process, to limit the exercise of the old franchises, and to hinder the extension of the new ones ; regulating the whole by the appointment of superior judges, and avoiding the nomination of those persons as sheriffs whose feudal position was such as to make it likely that they would import into their ministerial jurisdictions the principles they exercised in their feudal demesnes, to the detriment of justice and the furtherance of selfish aims. . . .

The theory of a travelling tribunal had been familiarized to the English by the judicial *eyres*² of the Anglo-Saxon kings, and by the three annual *placita*² of the Conqueror. . . . Special commissions, also, had been frequently issued for particular purposes. . . . To Henry I. we may safely ascribe the mission of occasional judges who were superior to the sheriffs, and whose jurisdiction was to review both the judicial and fiscal proceedings of the shire ; but the thorough organization of the

¹ The power of trying offences, anciently possessed by the lords of manors.

² Circuits or journeys.

details of this institution was one of the great works of his A.D. grandson.

The year 1166 must be fixed upon as the date, and the Assize of Clarendon as the act, which mark the first distinct appearance of this important reform. . . . But it would seem that the annual visitations of the justices which were then introduced proved ineffectual to check the oppressions and exactions of the sheriffs. The judges were unable, in the absence of the King, and in the disturbed state of public feeling, to put any check on the sheriffs, supported as they were by local influence and prescriptive authority. The complaints of the people became so loud, that, in a great council held at London shortly after Easter 1170, the King sent a strong commission of barons-errant, chosen from the clergy and nobles . . . to examine into the conduct of the sheriffs. . . . The work was speedily completed: the commissioners brought in their returns on the 14th of June, in time for the coronation of the young King. We find that the King removed all the sheriffs and bailiffs from their offices, and the Pipe Rolls furnish us with one or two cases of heavy fines imposed on the sheriffs under this inquest. Henry, however, as we learn, did subsequently restore several of them, and they revenged themselves on the people by acting more tyrannically than ever. . . .

The year 1176, the twenty-second of Henry II., is marked 1176 by a further step. In the great Council of Northampton, held January 25, it was determined to add very considerably to the staff of the itinerating courts. The kingdom was accordingly divided into six circuits, to each of which were assigned three judges. . . . It is curious that the arrangement remained in force for only two years.

In 1178 the King made inquiry into the proceedings of 1178 these judges, and finding, according to the chronicle of his reign,¹ "that the country and the men of the country were greatly oppressed by the multiplicity of the justices—for they were eighteen in number—by the advice of the wise men of the realm, chose five only, two clerks and three laymen, all

¹ *Gesta Regis Henrici Secundi Benedicti Abbatis.*

^{A.D.} — members of his private household. These five he ordered to hear all the complaints of the kingdom, and to do right; and that they should not depart from the King's Court, but remain there to hear the complaints of the homines; so that if any question should come up amongst them which could not be brought to an end by them, it should be presented to the royal hearing, and terminated as it should please the King and the wiser men of the kingdom." . . .

1179 The year 1179 is memorable on several grounds. Soon after Easter, Richard de Lucy, who had been justiciar since 1167, retired into his monastery at Lesnes, and the King was left with his hands full of legal business. He almost immediately called a great Council at Windsor, and in it the following important acts were transacted. The kingdom was re-arranged into four new circuits for the eyres of the justices. The place of Richard de Lucy was not immediately supplied, but three bishops were chosen as chief justices, one of whom presided over each of the three southern circuits, in conjunction with one of the King's clerks and three other officers. To the fourth circuit, which included the whole of the North of England, were appointed six judges, one of whom was Ranulph Glanvill, who was probably already designated to the justiciarship. . . . The business of the eyre was quickly transacted, and although the Council of Windsor was only held about Whitsuntide, the account of the kingdom was brought to the King at Westminster on 27th of August.

With this act ends the series of measures taken by Henry II. to secure the administration of justice in the counties. . . . From this time we lose sight of his direct agency in this respect; but the four circuits of the King's judges were established, the importance of the territorial franchises was broken down, the character of the sheriff completely subordinated to that of the judge.

The appointment of Ranulph Glanvill to the office of
1180 justiciar in 1180 probably relieved the King from the necessity of that constant legislation on judicial matters which marks the previous ten years. It is another important coincidence that this appointment synchronizes so nearly with our first clear indication of the existence of a limited tribunal, erected

in the Curia Regis, to which very shortly the name of Curia Regis became appropriated.

The Curia Regis, in its earlier and wider sense, was doubtless the Common Council of the nation, the assembly of feudal tenants of the King which succeeded to the functions of the Witenagemote, and which was held three times a year by the Conqueror. But although this Council acted on occasion as a court of justice, its judicial functions and name were soon shared with that small portion of it which remained continuously about the King's person. In this restricted sense it consisted of the great officers of the household, the justiciar, chancellor, treasurer, and barons of the exchequer, with such of his clerks as the King might summon; and it probably included the stewards of the honours and constables of the castles which were in the King's hands, or in demesne.¹ . . .

Previously to 1178 all the members of the Curia Regis seem to have exercised the judicial function. Now it would appear that the central jurisdiction was entrusted to a single committee of five. . . .

The passage in Glanvill's chronicle in which the original institution of this limited tribunal is traced affords an indication of a still higher court of justice, to which questions might be referred which demanded exceptional treatment; that of the King in Council, which contains the germ both of the equitable tribunals of the country, of the judicial power of the chancellor, and possibly of that of the Privy Council.

It is probable that during the reign of Henry, who had a great aptitude for judicial functions, and was fond of administering justice in person, the King himself, rather than the justiciar, would preside in this court. The chancellor was inferior to the justiciar as long as the old constitution of the Curia Regis remained. When the Council succeeded to its place, the justiciar sank into the chief justice of a single court, and the chancellor became, in the absence of the King, the natural president of the Council.

The importance of the Chancery, previous to the establishment of the independent judicature of the chancellor, was

¹ Held by the lord under his own domain or proprietorship.

indirect, perhaps, but by no means insignificant. In its origin it was the secretarial department of the Curia Regis, and of that court the chancellor was a very important member. He kept the seal, and originally drew up the writs. How great influence he might exercise on the mind of the King, so long as the latter took a personal share in the judicature, we may easily imagine. . . . The theory that the importance of the chancellor owed something to the personal influence of Thomas Becket with Henry II. has, at different times, had able supporters, . . . but from the very early date at which the title of second from the King is given to Becket it seems almost impossible to suppose that the precedence was given him for personal reasons; and the obscurity into which the office falls after his resignation seems to indicate that it gained nothing from him. . . . It is probably to William Longchamp, rather than to Becket, that the office was indebted for an increase of its practical influence. He was at once justiciar and chancellor; and as under his tenure the Chancery assumed a new and distinct character, so from this time the precedence and influence of the function was fully and permanently recognized. . . .

The loss of the original text of nearly all the measures by which Henry II. introduced his changes into the customs of the law precludes the possibility of any chronological arrangement of them. It is on these measures, for the most part, that his right depends to the title of the founder of the common law. They were important and numerous, even if we exclude from the calculation those changes of custom which, appearing in his reign, and not being traceable in the remains of earlier legislation, are attributed to him as their author. To this latter class may belong the exchange of the ancient rule of inheritance for the feudal practice of primogeniture, the disuse of the English language in charters, the depression of the lowest class of freemen into a state of villenage, and the abolition of the invidious distinction between the English and the Norman freeman. . . .

The spirit in which Henry was determined, whilst retaining the machinery of the ancient courts of law, to substitute his own servants for the magistrates of the county and the lords of

the franchises, appears in his amalgamation of English and Norman customs in criminal trials. By the first clause of the Assize of Clarendon the justices are directed to make inquiry by twelve lawful men of the hundred, and by four lawful men of every township, by oath, that they will speak the truth, if in the hundred, or in their township, there be any man who is publicly accounted or known to be guilty of robbery, murder, or theft, or a receiver of robbers, murderers, or thieves. Thus indicated, the criminal is to go at once to the ordeal of water, and, if he fails, to undergo the legal punishment. In this direction, the ancient system of the compurgatory oath is, except in the boroughs, *ipso facto* abolished, but the presentment by twelve lawful men is retained from the Anglo-Saxon law. Their verdict is that of witnesses according to the Anglo-Saxon fashion, but the process is an inquest under oath, according to the custom of the Normans. . . .

Although we would not assert that the sole object of Henry's judicial and legal innovations was the accumulation of treasure, the connexion between these and his fiscal measures was very close. . . . The revenue of the Anglo-Saxon kings arose principally from their demesnes, including both those which were kept in hand and those which were let at ferm,¹ at rents payable for the most part in kind. Besides this ordinary revenue, there were the Danegeld, voted by the Witan for tribute, or for the defence against the Danes, and certain other payments known generally under the name of geld, or tax, which were probably derived from commutations of the *trinoda necessitas*, or special sums levied for the support of the shipping.

The Norman sovereigns, proceeding on their general policy of combination, maintained these taxes, and added to them the feudal burdens. It is indeed uncertain whether the Conqueror and William Rufus took the trouble of defining the exact nature of the calls which they made on their subjects for money. With the reign of Henry I. our actual knowledge of the question begins, and before the end of it we find the united burdens of the two systems pressing heavily on the nation at large. . . .

¹ An old form of "farm."

The Danegeld, which had been always an odious tax to the English, and which, from its impact on the cultivated lands of the country, by its very nature repressed any attempts at improvement, had been abolished by Edward the Confessor, and restored by the Conqueror in an aggravated form. The ancient tax of two shillings on the hide had been on one occasion raised to six. . . . It is certain that the abolition or permanent disuse of the tax is to be attributed to Henry II. It was collected in the second year of his reign, in very nearly, if not exactly, the same gross amount as in the thirty-first of Henry I. From the third to the seventh years it was disused, in the eighth it was collected in the same sums again, and after that it disappears until the twentieth year, when, although summonses were issued for the collection of it, there is no evidence to show that it was actually paid. . . .

The income arising from feudal incidents was, of course, so fluctuating, that no calculation can be made to give even a fair idea of the average revenue derived from them. In a general view of the receipts it would appear that Henry II. never approached to the oppressive sums raised by his grandfather from this source. . . .

As to the mode in which the taxes were exacted and assessed, we know too little to make any categorical statement. There can, however, be little doubt that the Great Council was consulted before the levying of any extraordinary impost, and that the assessment of the proportion to be paid by each individual was carried out in strictly legal form. The sheriffs were not at liberty to collect the donum of the county by oppressive means, but barons of the exchequer made their circuits for the purpose of assessment.

Among the minor matters of the exchequer business the coinage received a large share of the King's attention. Twice, at least, during the reign a new currency was put into circulation, and very strict measures were taken to preserve its integrity. In this respect Henry no doubt felt himself to be carrying out the provisions of the treaty by which the throne was secured to him at Wallingford.

We are to understand by this the restoration of the standard value of the coin, the debasement of which had been one of

the charges laid by public opinion against Stephen, and the abolition of the coinage of those usurping nobles who, amongst the other royal rights which they had arrogated, had each for himself coined money with his own mark. But Henry's measures went further still. He abolished the local differences of the coinage which had subsisted from the days of the Heph-tarchy, and instituted a uniform currency for the whole kingdom. Further, by insisting on the payment at the exchequer of the lawful coin of the realm only, he threw out of circulation the debased money which was still current in his foreign territories. . . .

The new coinage of 1180 was not favourably received, nor are we informed of the circumstances which rendered it necessary. It may, however, have been required, owing to the ^{A.D.} 1180 fraudulent management of the moneyers, who were very severely punished, being carted in fetters two and two to the King's Court, where they were compelled to redeem themselves with a heavy fine. An assize was issued, by which the payment of the old coin was declared unlawful after Martinmas, and a new coinage was struck, under the superintendence of Philip Aymar, a native of Touraine. Philip unfortunately neglected to restrict himself to lawful transactions, and was discovered to be conniving at the villanies of the moneyers in the exchequer. The fact that he escaped punishment on this occasion, whilst minor offenders were severely treated, is somewhat suspicious. He was pardoned, and escaped, by the King's connivance, to France. But the same year Idonea, a London lady, probably a Jewess, was mutilated for clipping, and her chattels—to wit, 9*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.* in money, five marks in blank silver, nine small gold rings, and three gold fermailles—were paid into the exchequer by the sheriffs. . . .

Henry's management of military affairs savoured strongly of his favourite policy. Of the three possible systems, the ancient Anglo-Saxon plan of arming the whole nation for the common defence was not available for external war; the divided command and jealousy that pervaded a feudal host, and the short period of feudal service, rendered the profitable employment of such assemblages almost impossible; and the name of mercenaries was so abhorrent to the English people, that an attempt

to support a standing army of such materials would have been a signal for rebellion. Henry acted wisely in the way in which he dealt with these elements.

The adoption of scutages in commutation of personal service enabled the King to call to his assistance only those feudal retainers on whom he might confidently rely ; the others were glad to be excused attendance, and their contributions were more valuable than their presence. The length of a campaign was no longer limited by the forty days of feudal obligation, and the payment of the force which consented to lengthen its term of service at the King's bidding was defrayed from this source, or the native population spared by the employment of Welshmen or Brabantines. The war of Toulouse was thus conducted, the King leading to it his chief vassals in person, with small retinues, but an innumerable host of soldiers, *solidarii*. On one occasion, in 1177, Henry did make a grand demonstration of the old sort, and collected the whole feudal force of the kingdom at Portsmouth, for an invasion of France ; but on almost every other occasion of foreign warfare he employed mercenaries. . . .

It was his interest, however, that England should be a military power ; only the leading of that power must be in the King himself. It was necessary to foster a military spirit without giving it the opportunity of being used to the prejudice of the royal power. Happily Henry saw a way, and had a means, of maintaining such a spirit in the heart of the nation. If the national defence had been left to feudalism, the country must have relapsed into anarchy ; if it had been entrusted to mercenaries, a military despotism must have resulted ; if, on the other hand, the modern principle of creating a national military spirit had been forestalled, England might have become a nation of soldiers, a scourge of the western world.

The national militia, the legitimate successor of the Anglo-Saxon *fyrð*,¹ seems to have subsisted in its integrity until the reign of Stephen. This force had helped to defeat the Scots at the Battle of the Standard, and chiefly contributed to the suppression of the rebellion of 1173. . . .

¹ *Fyrð*—the old English military service which required one soldier to be supplied from every five hides of land in time of war.

It was, perhaps, from this experience that Henry learned the real value of this force, and the reliance to be placed upon them. And accordingly, when in 1181 he took measures for organizing the defence of his whole dominions against the ambitious yearnings of Philippe II., he included the whole free population in his famous assize of arms. . . . The act enforced on all freemen the duty of providing arms according to their capacity, beginning with the landholders, and descending to those who possessed ten marks in chattels, including, indeed, all burghers and freemen. The proper equipment of each rank was defined particularly, and means ordained for carrying out the statute. . . . By this ordinance was consolidated and organized a force which could be depended on to save the country from hostile invasion ; and that class was trained in the use of arms, from which, in after times, the conquerors of Creci and Agincourt were drawn. Subsequent legislation by Edward I. in the Statute of Winchester, Henry IV., Philip and Mary, and James I., has served to maintain to our day, in the form of militia, the primeval institution of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers.

It is no wonder that Henry, whilst providing for the defence of England by the militia, and having rid himself of the hazardous services and precarious faithfulness of the feudal armies, should have availed himself of the use of mercenaries in his foreign wars. Some portion of those in his pay were Welshmen, who had taken service under him at the end of the Welsh war, but the greater part was composed of those fearful engines of slaughter, the Brabançon and Basque mercenaries. The use of paid foreign soldiers had prevailed since the reign of the Conqueror, and these had been generally drawn from the Low Countries, which furnished so large a portion of the first crusaders, and were known in England as Flemings. In many cases they were doubtless soldiers formed and trained amid the hardships of the crusades, who had concluded their salvation and rid themselves of their conscience by the same service. But about the mercenaries of the latter half of the twelfth century there are many features that can hardly be traced to this original. . . . The historians of the time seldom speak of them without horror, as constituting a race by themselves, without nationality, country, or religion. The names they bore

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were not those of the Christian saints ; they were excommunicated by the Church ; they were attached by no tie but pay to the leader who employed them, and with him treachery and cruelty were the chief characteristics of their relation. They were led by banished or landless lords, who, raising the sinews of war by means of plunder, were eager to take advantage of any disturbance to obtain a settled position. Henry, abiding by the spirit of the Treaty of Wallingford, abstained, on all but one occasion, during his reign, from introducing these mercenaries into England ; and on this he was warranted by their employment on the side of the rebels. In 1173 the Earl of Leicester, and Hugh Bigot in the following year, had introduced a large force of Flemings into the eastern counties. . . . The Count of Flanders was in alliance with the rebels, and the mercenaries were in a measure protected by the character of belligerents from the fate of pirates. Henry himself was accompanied by his Brabançons ; but as they landed only on the 8th of July, and embarked for return on the 7th of August, they had not time to effect much mischief. It is here only that they touch English history during this reign. . . .

So many questions turn upon the character, status, and actual powers of the Great Council of the nation, and it occupies so prominent a place in the annals of the reign, that it is impossible to pass it over. Although in several respects our knowledge of the subject is complete, it is very difficult to draw from the facts any trustworthy conclusions. We know the character of the persons who composed the assembly, the manner of their deliberations, the times of their meetings, and the subjects of their discussions. But we do not know the actual importance attached to their proceedings, and we have a very faint knowledge of their real power in either legislation or taxation.

The persons who composed the assembly are described exactly enough—"the archbishops, bishops, abbots, earls, barons, knights, and free tenants-in-chief of the King." In this enumeration we trace a combination of the character of the Anglo-Saxon council with the feudal court. The archbishops, bishops, and abbots retained the places they had held among the *sapientes* of the old system ; the barons, knights, and free

tenants-in-chief owe their position as clearly to the land tenure of the new. . . .

It is not clear what proportion of the classes summoned actually attended the councils. Except in the case of the higher members, we have no data for a conjecture. . . . The immense multitudes who occasionally are mentioned as attending are evidence of the publicity of the whole transaction, not of the numbers of the councillors. . . .

Henry seems to have taken every opportunity to assemble these councils, and to have asked their advice on every possible subject. The most important of them are described as "*concilium de statu regni et pace reformanda*" or "*de statutis regni*." . . . Financial business was treated in some ; others seem to have been held chiefly for the reception of fealties, others for the inquiry into feudal services, others for the organization of the army. In all these we can trace the proper character of a national as well as of a feudal assembly, although the subjects were treated no doubt indiscriminately ; and they are constitutionally important.

Besides these, however, there were many in which matters were canvassed on which, even in the present day, the voice of Parliament would not be consulted. The arbitration between the Kings of Navarre and Castile, the application of William of Sicily for the hand of Johanna, and the reconciliation of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, were referred by Henry to the Great Council, and decided by him on their recommendation. In one particular we gain a glimpse of an important constitutional point when we find the King asking of his Council leave to quit the kingdom. The cases in which it is recorded may be merely complimentary, but the form itself has considerable significance.

These details are in themselves quite insufficient to be the groundwork of a theory, but they afford a strong presumption as to the real relations between Henry and his Council, the King and the Parliament. If he could have dispensed with it, his calling it together on so many occasions shows that he wished to maintain constitutional forms ; if he could not, the fact that these assemblies were held so regularly proves that he was able to carry on his government either through them or in the most


friendly relations with them. It is probable that he could have acted without them, for the baronage was thoroughly humbled, and the adherence of the people was secured. We may infer from this, that when he asked advice he wanted it, and gladly availed himself of constitutional forms for eliciting it. On the business of the kingdom it may be fairly said that a strong government, such as Henry's was, is always amenable to advice. Where there was no room for jealousy, good counsel was much more likely to be taken than under a balanced constitution, where each constituent is afraid to accept advice, lest it should grant too much authority to the giver. The difficulties of limited monarchy arise from the indefinable limits of regal and parliamentary power. Henry was wise enough to know his own strength, and strong enough to take good advice, from whatever quarter it came. . . . But however much the participation of the Council in legislation and taxation may have depended on the will of the King, Henry did not assume the title or style of an absolute sovereign. His legal enactments were passed in the presence of his bishops, earls, and barons, and by the advice of his son the King, and by the advice of the earls, knights, and vassals, or "by the Common Council of the realm," or "by the advice of the archbishops, bishops, abbots, and the rest of the barons of the kingdom." The very maintenance of such a form was a protest against despotism. It was indeed a form which had been retained during the most oppressive periods of Norman tyranny, and when it was really only a form; but under Henry, in compliance with constitutional usage, advice was asked and given, though not always taken.

The process of taxation was not often brought forward as a subject of debate—so far, at least, as our chroniclers tell us. It must indeed have resembled the making of a parochial rate in the present day, far more than the granting of a tax in the Imperial Parliament. Men know that they must pay, and in what proportions; direct resistance is useless; the notice of a rate is sufficient without assembling a vestry. So, in the twelfth century, the barons and people knew that they were legally liable to certain calls, and customarily liable to certain others. These bore the names of gifts and aids, but were really taxes

as irresistible as the demand for a poor's-rate. They were levied at certain periods and in ascertained amounts fixed by law, charter, or custom. When they became oppressive, the people complained or rebelled, but their only means of redress was to bind the King by new oaths, and to keep him to them by force. The command of the purse-strings was not yet acquired, and an extravagant king could not be set on one side like an extravagant guardian, or an improvident churchwarden. The Great Council at its best, or on the theory of its most enthusiastic admirers, was a very different thing from a constitutional Parliament. . . .

The length of Henry's reign, the comparative peace which the country enjoyed during it, the uniform direction of his measures, the actual consensus of his counsellors, the ready acceptance of his reforms, all combine to give it a character of consolidation and of power which, however highly we may be inclined to estimate it, we shall however overrate, if we ascribe to it features which it did not possess. It has every mark of a period of progress, of organic growth, of steady development. It has none of a period of revolution. It was destructive of Norman usurpation, constructive of English freedom. . . . The nobility that Henry humbled was that of Normandy; the nobility that he founded was that of England; nor is it a mere ingenious calculation, but a proof of the real tendency of his government, that, whilst of the allies of the Conqueror every one, either by himself or by his heirs, had incurred forfeiture before the end of the reign of Henry I., of the signatories of the Great Charter nearly every one owed his position in the country to the fact that he or his fathers had been among the servants of Henry II.

If Henry's character as a constitutional sovereign is to be estimated by his observance of the compact under which he came to the throne, the considerations which have here been suggested ought to enable us to define it pretty clearly. He was faithful to the letter of his engagement. He recovered the demesne rights of the crown, so that his royal dignity did not depend for maintenance on constant taxation. He restored the usurped estates; he destroyed the illegal castles, and the system which they typified; he maintained the royal hold on



the lawful ones, and the equality and uniformity of justice which their usurpers had subverted: he restored internal peace, and with it plenty, as the riches of England in the following reign amply testify. He arranged the administration of justice by enacting good laws and appointing faithful judges. He restored the currency; he encouraged commerce, he maintained the privileges of the towns; and, without encouraging an aggressive spirit, armed his people for self-defence. He sustained the form, and somewhat of the spirit, of national representation. The clergy had grounds of complaint against him for very important reasons; but their chief complaints were caused by their preference of the immunities of their class to the common safeguard of justice. Henry's personal character, his ultimate aims, his principles of policy, the very means which he used to carry out these desirable ends, are matters of a different kind, to be judged on other principles, and to be acquitted or condemned by a more competent tribunal than distant posterity.

LIFE OF BECKET.

By T. C. ROBERTSON, M.A.

A.D. 1118—1170.

THE three centuries and a half during which Thomas of Canterbury was revered as the most glorious of English saints were followed by an almost equally long period of disrepute. Among Protestants of every kind his name was a byword; while, although he found defenders in the Roman Church, their apologies were, for the most part, written with an air of constraint, and appeared to betray a feeling that a hero so remote from modern sympathies was rather an encumbrance than a strength to their cause. In our own time, however, a fresh turn in the course of opinion has produced something of a reaction in his favour, . . . and the cautious tone which had long prevailed among writers of the Roman Communion has lately been exchanged for something very like audacity. Thus the variety of opinions to be dealt with by an inquirer who may wish to understand the controverted question of Becket's merits has within the last few years considerably increased: . . . but, in order to ascertain the real facts of the story, it is necessary to disregard the mediæval chroniclers of later date. . . .

The birth of Thomas is said to have taken place on the feast of the apostle whose name he bore (December 21st), most probably in the year 1118. . . . At the age of ten Thomas was committed for education to the Priory of St. Mary's, at Merton, in Surrey, a society of Augustine canons which had been lately founded. . . . From Merton he was removed to the schools of London, which he attended for some time. In these early days he displayed quick abilities and great strength of memory; but it would seem that he was little given to study. . . . His mother died when her son had reached the age of twenty-one,

and it was probably about this date that he repaired for a time to Paris—with a view to getting rid of his English accent, according to Thierry and Lord Campbell. . . . On returning from France he became clerk and accountant to a rich kinsman, . . . and afterwards filled a like situation under the sheriffs (or portreves) of London. In those troubled days the citizens bore an important part in the contest between King Stephen and the Empress Matilda; and thus, it would seem, the chief magistrate's clerk was introduced into political business. He was, however, soon to emerge into a higher sphere. Among the persons who . . . were accustomed to lodge occasionally in Gilbert Becket's house were two brothers of Boulogne, Archdeacon Baldwin and Master Eustace, who thus had opportunities of knowing the young Thomas from his early years, and as he advanced in age were greatly struck with his abilities and manners: and by these Norman ecclesiastics he was introduced into the service of the primate Theobald. . . . The favour by which his new master soon distinguished him was such as to excite envy, and especially in Roger of Pont l'Evêque (who afterwards became Archbishop of York), a clerk of eminent learning, but of a contentious and impracticable spirit, which he displayed throughout a long and prosperous, but restless life. . . . On entering the Archbishop's family, Becket found himself inferior in learning to some of his brother clerks; but he had diligently endeavoured to make up for past neglect; and not content with such opportunities as England afforded, he obtained leave to avail himself of the advantages which were to be found in the continental schools. . . . A year at Bologna (where Gratian, the great oracle of ecclesiastical law, was then to be heard), and a shorter residence at Auxerre, were devoted by Becket to legal study, and the fruits of it appeared both for good and for evil in his after life. His interest with the Archbishop steadily increased, and his skill in the management of affairs was shown in various important and delicate missions. . . .

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1154 In 1154 Roger of Pont l'Evêque was promoted to the see of York, and the merits and exertions of Becket were rewarded with the Archdeaconry of Canterbury, an office which gave him the first place among the clergy after the bishops and

abbots, with an income of a hundred pounds a year. To this were now added the Provostship of Beverley and other lucrative preferments. . . .

In October 1154 (a few weeks before the election of ^{A.D.} Adrian IV., the only Englishman who has filled the papal chair,) Stephen died; and, according to a compact which had been concluded after the death of Eustace in the preceding year, Henry II. added the kingdom of England to the wide continental dominions which he possessed in right of his father, his mother, and his wife. . . . The King was in his twenty-second year, and had as yet had little opportunity of displaying his character; but his descent on both sides was such as to raise serious apprehensions in the clergy. . . . It was therefore desirable for the interests of the hierarchy that some counteracting influence should be provided, and with this view the Archdeacon of Canterbury was introduced by the primate to the King, in accordance with the advice of Philip, Bishop of Bayeux, and of the politic Arnulf, Bishop of Lisieux. His effectual negotiations in the cause of Henry's succession were probably too recent to be forgotten, and he well knew how to improve the favourable impression produced by his own services, and by the recommendation of his patrons. He is described to us as tall and handsome in person, of eloquent and witty speech, of an apprehension so quick as to give him an advantage over men of greater knowledge, an accomplished chess-player, a master in hunting, falconry, and other manly exercises. With such outward advantages, and with a foundation of solid ability and acquirements, it was no wonder that he soon gained an ascendance over the youthful King; and in the first year of Henry's reign he was raised to the dignity of Chancellor. The functions of the Chancellor of England in the twelfth century were considerably different from those of his official descendants in our own time. No judicial duties were directly attached to his office, which may be described as combining something like the deanery of the royal chapel with something like a secretaryship of state. . . .

The private intercourse of the sovereign with his minister was on the most intimate footing. When serious business was

over, says Fitz-Stephen,¹ they played together like boys of the same age. They were companions in all manner of amusements; and often when the Chancellor was at dinner entertaining, as his custom was, a splendid party of nobles and knights, the King, in returning from the chase, would walk in without ceremony, and would either drink a cup and begone, or leap over the table and seat himself as a guest. And the biographer adds the well-known story, how the King, as he was riding through London with the Chancellor on a cold wintry day, stripped off the struggling favourite's rich furred cloak to bestow it on a shivering beggar. In addition to the chancellorship, Henry conferred on Becket the wardenship of the castles of Eye and Berkhamstead; . . . and his ecclesiastical preferences were also increased. . . .

The splendour which he displayed as Chancellor is dwelt on by all his biographers. . . . Fitz-Stephen, in particular, rises above himself in describing his master's state. The troops of attendants—the profusion of gold and silver plate—the sumptuous fare, provided without any regard to cost—the throng of knights and nobles who enjoyed his magnificent hospitality—the daily supply of rushes in winter, and of green branches in summer, that those who could not find room on the benches might not be obliged to soil their dress by sitting on the bare floor—the voluntary homage of many barons—the costly and profuse gifts of horses, hawks, money, vestments, gold and silver vessels—the eagerness with which persons of high rank strove to place their sons in a household which was regarded as the best school of noble breeding, and of which even the heir-apparent of the kingdom was an inmate. . . . But the most signal exhibition of Becket's pomp AD 1159 was when, in 1159, he went on an embassy into France, in order to ask the Princess Margaret in marriage for his royal pupil. Fitz-Stephen's account of this expedition reads like a fairy tale. The carriages drawn by five horses each; the huge train of clerks, knights, men-at-arms, falconers with their hawks, huntsmen with their dogs, and domestics of every kind—all arrayed in brilliant new holiday attire; the menagerie of

¹ One of Becket's clerks, and an intimate friend, who wrote his life.—C. M. Y.

strange beasts ; the fierce mastiffs who guarded every waggon, each of them powerful enough to subdue a bear or a lion ; the apes mounted on every sumpter-horse ; the grooms riding "in English fashion" (a peculiarity of which unhappily no explanation is vouchsafed) ; the prodigious apparatus of plate, chapel-furniture, cooking-utensils, and bedding ; the goodly iron-hooped barrels of ale ; . . . the huge chests of money, books, clothes, and provisions—altogether formed such a sight as had never before been seen along the road. From castles and from cottages, from hamlets and from cities, crowds of astonished natives rushed forth, with shoulders shrugged, hands uplifted, and eyes distended in blank amazement, asking, as well they might, with strange French exclamations, who might be the chief of all this marvellous procession ; and on hearing that it was the King of England's Chancellor, they were lost in speculation as to what the master must be if the officer's equipage were so magnificent.

The envoy's behaviour at Paris was in keeping with the grandeur of his preparations. King Louis, whose custom it was to pay all the expenses of ambassadors, had ordered the inhabitants of his capital to sell no provisions to the Englishmen ; but Becket was aware of this beforehand, and had sent over disguised purveyors, who bought up enormous quantities in the towns and villages around ; so that, on arriving at his lodgings in the Temple, he found them stored at his own cost, with three days' supplies for a thousand men. . . . He distributed presents with a lavish hand, and by these means, we are told, he gained unexampled popularity ; and having effected the object of his mission, in his return he seized and imprisoned a famous robber, who was particularly obnoxious to the King of England. . . . Although Becket's outward life, at least during his tenure of the chancellorship, was as that of a layman, . . . not only had the general opinion fixed on him as likely to be Archbishop of Canterbury, but Theobald himself was desirous to have the Chancellor and Archdeacon for his successor. And soon after the death of Theobald, which took place in April ^{A.D.} 1161, it appeared that the King's intention had been rightly ¹¹⁶¹divined. The Chancellor was about to take leave of his master at Falaise, with the purpose of proceeding into England on

political business, when Henry told him that the chief object of his journey had not yet been mentioned—that he was to be Archbishop of Canterbury. It is said that Becket drew the King's attention to the gay and secular dress which he wore, as a proof of his unfitness for the highest spiritual office, and warned him (as Hildebrand is said in a similar case to have warned Henry IV. of Germany), that if he should become Archbishop, their friendship must be turned into bitter enmity. . . . It is certain that Henry did not understand his words. "Richard," he said to the chief justiciary De Luci, who was about to accompany Becket into England, "if I were lying dead on my bier, would you endeavour that my first-born, Henry, should be raised to the kingdom?" "Certainly," was the answer, "to the utmost of my power." "Then," said the King, "I wish you to take no less care for the promotion of the Chancellor to the see of Canterbury." . . .

After all the struggle which had taken place between Henry I. and Anselm, . . . the appointment of English bishops had virtually remained in the King's hands, inasmuch as his licence was necessary before the clergy proceeded to an election, and his approval before the consecration of the person elected. At Canterbury, however, the cathedral was connected with a monastery, and the monks of Christchurch possessed that privilege of election which elsewhere belonged to a chapter of canons. . . . It is probable that some part of the thirteen months during which the vacancy lasted may have been spent in secret negotiations with them. . . . The prior and monks of Christchurch at length, however, agreed in choosing the royal nominee. . . . The election at Westminster was unanimous, but not without some previous show of opposition from a personage who will often be mentioned in the sequel—Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London. . . . Among all the clergy of the English Church Foliot had obtained the greatest reputation and influence. His fame for learning and eloquence was very high, and perhaps he was yet more admired for his sanctity. We are told that he "never tasted meat or wine;" that he increased his austerities in proportion as he rose to more eminent station. . . . From his letters he appears to have been a very busy man; extremely desirous of influ-

ence, and somewhat fond of meddling in the affairs of his neighbours; . . . well-meaning in the main, but too much addicted to scheming and trickery. . . . After the election had been completed, Henry, Bishop of Winchester, the most eminent in dignity of the bishops, addressed Prince Henry in the name of his brethren, requesting that the Archbishop elect might be discharged from all obligations contracted in his secular office; and the Prince, in his father's name, consented. We shall see hereafter that the validity and the extent of this release became subjects of dispute between Becket and the King. . . .

The promotion of Becket to the Archbishopric was followed, as every reader knows, by a change in his manner of life. . . . It is, however, a mistake to suppose that he renounced all outward pomp. . . . Becket was more splendid in his establishment than any former Archbishop. . . . Herbert of Bosham describes the order of his hall. Near him on his right sat his clerks, who were generally selected for their learning; on the left sat monks; at some distance were placed the knights or other laymen, that their untaught ears might not be annoyed by the sound of the Latin books which were read aloud for the edification of the clergy. Clerical guests were honourably entertained, but, with the exception of such as the Archbishop desired especially to honour, they were not admitted to sit with the "eruditi." Throughout the time of dinner the Archbishop continually had his eyes on all, and if any one were placed too low, made up for the mistake by sending him portions of delicate food or drink from his own table. Gold and silver plate adorned the board; the provisions were plentiful, and of the best quality. . . . Rising at cockcrow, he employed the beginning of his day in chanting the appropriate office: he confessed his sins, and received a flagellation, which was repeated thrice, or oftener, during the day. He then gave some time to the study of Scripture, in company with Herbert, or some other of his clerks; after which he shut himself up from all access until nine o'clock, when he proceeded to hear or celebrate mass. Unlike some priests, who, according to Herbert, thought to show their piety by lengthening out this service, he was rapid in his celebration in

proportion to the eagerness of his devotion : and such was his emotion that he wept and sighed profusely, as if the very sacrifice of the Cross were before his eyes. After leaving the chapel he took his seat in his court, where he astonished the suitors by refusing all presents, except such as he could not with decency decline ; and in judicial or other business the remaining hours of the forenoon were employed, while, throughout the day, all the time which could be spared from necessary engagements was given up to study, or to conversation with his chaplains. Much is said . . . of the pains which Becket took to conceal his sanctity. Fitz-Stephen, while he represents him as drinking nothing but fennel-water, tells us that he put the wine-cup to his lips before it was passed round. The dishes served up to him were of the most delicate kind, and his abstinence, in order that it might escape notice, was exercised not in the matter of quality, but of quantity. . . . A similar concealment was practised in the matter of dress. . . . "His outward appearance," says Fitz-Stephen, "was like the multitude, but within all things were otherwise." And Herbert tells us that his dress was gay during the first year, and afterwards respectable and grave, "so that, as one saith, there should be neither an affected shabbiness nor an elaborate finery." . . .

. . . In procuring the Chancellor's elevation to the primacy, Henry, no doubt, supposed that he should continue to find him a ready instrument of his will, especially in matters relating to the Church. . . . His surprise, therefore, was great at receiving from the new Archbishop a request that he would provide himself with another Chancellor. . . . Not a word had Becket breathed as to retiring from the King's service, until, by Henry's earnest exertion, he had been seated on the throne of Canterbury. But Becket was no longer the servant of the Crown, but purely the representative of the Church ; he was independent of the King ; he might become his antagonist, and this seemed very like a preparation for coming out as such. . . . The Archbishop's next acts were of a nature to stir up numerous and powerful enemies against him. Many of the possessions of his see had been alienated to lay hands, and these he determined to resume. . . . But he was at no time fond of quiet and

tardy measures, and proceeded at once, by main force, to oust the farmers and seize the lands, declaring that no one had any right to call him to account for such acts. If it be true, as Fitz-Stephen says, that he had fortified himself with the King's permission before entering on these proceedings, there can, at least, be no doubt that the licence was used in a manner which Henry had not anticipated; and there was no want of unfriendly whisperers to influence his mind against the Archbishop. It was said, that Becket had spoken disrespectfully of Henry's youth, levity, and violent temper; that he had boasted of his ascendancy over the King; and all his actions were represented in the most invidious light. . . . Nothing could now be said or done by him without being perverted by the malice of the wicked, insomuch that they even persuaded the King that, if the Archbishop's power should go forward, the royal dignity would assuredly be brought to naught. . . .

At Christmas, 1162, the Archbishop, accompanied by Prince Henry, who was still under his charge, went to Southampton, for the purpose of meeting the King on his landing in England. The accounts of their interview are very contradictory. . . . But whatever Henry's demeanour . . . may have been, he still left his heir-apparent in the Archbishop's hands; and when Becket, on preparing to set out for the Council of Tours, a few months later, resigned the charge of his royal pupil, it is said by Herbert that he spent some days with the King, on terms of the most friendly intercourse. At Tours, an assembly of seventeen cardinals, a hundred and twenty-four bishops, and four hundred and fourteen abbots, met in Whitsun week, 1163, under the presidency of Pope Alexander III., to declare, in his behalf, against Cardinal Octavian, who, in 1159, had been elected in opposition to Alexander, and, under the name of Victor IV., was acknowledged as Pope by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. Throughout his journey to this Council the Archbishop of Canterbury was everywhere received with honours such as were usually paid to a sovereign; . . . and he returned with a confirmation of the privileges of his see, and perhaps with a mind somewhat inflamed by a discourse in which Arnulf of Lisieux had asserted the unity and independence of the Church. . . . It was, apparently, about this time

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that, in preaching before the King, he descanted on the "boundless" superiority of ecclesiastical to secular power, in a style which not unnaturally startled a prince among whose predecessors and relatives the Hildebrandine doctrine as to such matters had never found much acceptance. . . .

The question of the clerical immunities had come before Henry immediately after his accession to the crown. Osbert, Archdeacon of York, had been charged with having administered poison in the eucharistic cup to his Archbishop, William; and King Stephen had insisted that a charge of such atrocity should be investigated in the secular court. Before a trial could take place, however, Stephen was succeeded by Henry; whereupon the prelates took advantage of the newness of the young King's power to wrest the cause out of his hands, and assert the right of the Church to judge it. The indignation of the King and his nobles is described by Theobald himself as excessive; nor was the sequel of the affair likely to mitigate it. The accuser was unable to establish the charge—rather, it would seem, in consequence of the technical difficulties interposed by the ecclesiastical law than of any substantial defect in his case—and the bishops decided that the accused should submit to canonical purgation; whereupon he declared that he preferred to clear himself "in the face of the Roman Church" rather than in England. Such an affair must have strongly impressed on Henry's mind the inconvenience of the ecclesiastical immunities. . . . He wished to put an end to the disgraceful state of things which had arisen, by subjecting clerical offenders against the public peace to the same jurisdiction with other criminals; and, with a view to this, he now required that clerks accused of any outrage should be tried in his own courts. . . . On the other hand, the Archbishop considered himself bound to offer the most strenuous resistance to a proposal which tended to lessen the privileges of the hierarchy; and on this quarrel the whole of the subsequent history turned. . . .

The questions of ecclesiastical law in general, of Roman civil law, and of earlier English law, may be considered as decided against the immunities. In Saxon times, both clergy and laity had been subject to mixed tribunals—the archdeacon sitting with the secular judge in the court of the hundred, and

the bishop with the earl in the county court. This arrangement had been abolished by William the Conqueror, who ordered that the jurisdictions should be separated. But in whatever degree the law of William may have contributed towards that exemption from secular judgment which the clergy had at length all but completely established for themselves during the troubled reign of Stephen, Becket is never found to have appealed to it. If, indeed, he had relied on the Conqueror's law, he might have been told, in answer, that experience had abundantly proved the necessity of its repeal. But he would have scorned such a foundation for his pretensions: he claimed the immunities as an inherent right of the clergy. . . .

The King summoned the bishops and abbots of the realm to meet him at Westminster in October 1163, and laid before them his views as to the necessity of reform. . . . He desired the concurrence of the assembled dignitaries in the measures which he proposed for the remedy of the prevailing evils, so that things might be restored to the condition in which he represented them as having stood during the reign of his grandfather, Henry I. The clergy withdrew for consultation. . . . The bishops—"not pillars of the Church, but reeds," as one writer calls them—were inclined to temporize and to yield; but the Primate, by forcibly representing the case as one of duty to the Church and of faithfulness to their trust, succeeded in animating them with something of his own spirit; and on returning to the King's presence they declared that they could not give an unqualified assent to his demands. Henry, provoked by their appearance of unanimity, asked them one by one whether they would obey the customs of his ancestors? The Archbishop replied that they would, "saving their order," and the bishops severally made the same declaration, with the single exception of Hilary of Chichester, who, alarmed by the King's evident anger, thought to escape the difficulty by substituting the words *bonâ fide* for *salvo ordine*. This change, however, instead of appeasing Henry, added to his exasperation. He burst out into violent abuse of Hilary, and furiously told the ecclesiastics that they were banded in a conspiracy against him, that there was poison in their words. "By God's

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Eyes!" he swore, "you shall not say anything of saving your order, but shall agree outright and expressly to my constitutions." It was in vain that the Archbishop reminded him that the reservation was always made in the episcopal oath of fealty; the King abruptly quitted the meeting, without the usual parting salutation to the bishops, leaving them in extreme terror as to the consequences which might follow from their resistance to his will. . . . On the following morning, Henry sent to demand of Becket the surrender of Eye and Berkhamstead, and left London without again seeing the clergy. . . . Assiduous attempts were made by bishops, nobles, and others, to win over the Archbishop to compliance with the royal wishes. . . . But against all such importunities Becket stood inflexibly firm, until he was waited on by Philip, Abbot of L'Aumône, an envoy from the Pope, with the Count of Vendôme and the Bishop of Hertford. These personages earnestly solicited him to comply, the Abbot professing that for this course he had the authority of the Pope and the cardinals; and at length Becket yielded to their entreaties. . . .


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In January 1164 the prelates and temporal nobles met at the royal palace of Clarendon, near Salisbury, under the presidency of John of Oxford, an ecclesiastic who enjoyed Henry's confidence, and was much employed by him in political business. . . . The Archbishop, on being asked to assent to the observance of the "ancient customs," or "royal dignities," declared that he did not know what was required under these terms; whereupon the King ordered that the customs should be reduced to writing. . . . On the second day of the council were produced the sixteen articles which are known as the Constitutions of Clarendon. Both in their general spirit and in their details, these articles bear very hardly on what the high hierarchical party regarded as the rights of the Church. Clergymen accused of any offence were to be subject to trial in the King's Court, if the matter were one belonging to its cognizance. . . . No prelate or any other ecclesiastic was to leave the realm without the Sovereign's licence. . . . Appeals were to be carried from the Archdeacon to the Bishop, from the Bishop to the Archbishop, and, if the Archbishop should fail to do justice, resort was to be had to the King. . . . The King's

tenants-in-chief, and the members of his household, were not to be excommunicated, nor were their lands to be interdicted, without his leave. . . . The archbishops, bishops, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries were to hold their possessions under the King as barons. . . . The revenues of vacant sees and abbeys were to be at the King's disposal, and the election to such dignities was brought more under his control than before. . . . Lastly, the sons of "rustics" or villeins . . . were not to be ordained without the consent of the lords on whose lands they were born—a rule clearly aimed against the Primate, whose cause was supported by the lower clergy in general. On these and other items Becket remarked, as they were read one by one. Of the constitution which aimed at subjecting the clergy to secular courts he exclaimed, that now Christ was to be judged anew before Pilate; as to that which concerned the appointment of bishops he declared with great vehemence, that he could not, without the sanction of the Pope and of the universal Church, give up the principle of canonical election, and thereby place the insular Church of England in a condition of schism from the rest of Christendom. . . . The bishops were disposed to stand by him, and Henry was excited to an uncontrollable tempest of rage. As the ecclesiastics were sitting in anxious deliberation, armed knights burst into the conclave, brandishing swords and axes, and threatening death to all who should persist in opposition to the royal will. The Bishops of Salisbury and Norwich, who were at this time especially obnoxious to Henry, in terror implored the Primate to relent. The Earls of Cornwall and Leicester—one of them the King's uncle, the other joint-justiciary of England—earnestly added their entreaties, saying that they apprehended some unheard-of violence. . . . The Archbishop was moved; he withdrew for a short time for consideration, and, on returning, said to his brethren, "It is the Lord's will that I should forswear myself; for the present I submit, and incur the guilt of perjury, to repent hereafter as I may." In the hearing of all, he promised, on his priestly word, to keep the laws "loyally and with good faith;" and, at the King's desire, he charged the other prelates, on their canonical obedience, to do the like. . . .

The admirers of Becket do not pretend to justify his conduct



on this occasion, . . . and he himself was ashamed of it even at the time.

As he was proceeding with his train towards Winchester, after the council, he for a long time kept a melancholy silence, and at length, on being addressed by Herbert of Bosham, burst out into bitter lamentation, weeping profusely, as he traced the calamities which had come on the Church to the intrusion, through the royal power, of a person so unworthy as himself—a courtier and a follower of worldly vanities—into the office of its chief pastor. . . . He suspended himself from saying mass until he should receive the Pope's forgiveness for his late act, though he yet joined with other prelates, by the King's desire, in requesting the papal sanction for the Constitutions. To this sanction his own approval was, of course, subject, and without it the Constitutions would have been a nullity in the eyes of the hierarchical party. . . .

The period between the departure and the return of the envoys who were sent to request the Pope's forgiveness was spent by Becket in rigorous penitential exercises. Their absence, however, was not long, as they found Alexander at Sens; and they returned with an indulgent answer, desiring the Archbishop to resume the offices of the altar, and to confess to some skilful spiritual guide whatever might weigh on his conscience. . . . In the meantime the Primate's enemies were not idle: and in consequence of these stories, apparently, Henry refused to see him when he presented himself at the gates of Woodstock Palace. The Archbishop then resolved to go to the Pope, in defiance of the King, and in violation of his own solemn promise to observe the Constitutions of Clarendon. He twice embarked from Romney; but the sailors, either in consequence of adverse winds, or from fear of punishment for aiding him to flee the country, put back to the port from which they started; and on the second occasion his return to Canterbury by night was barely in time to save his effects from seizure by the King's officers, who had intended to take possession of them in the morning. He now again sought an interview with Henry at Woodstock, and was received with decorum, but with an evident lack of cordiality. The King, although greatly dissatisfied with his late attempt to

break the law against leaving England, affected to treat it lightly by asking, with a smile, whether one kingdom were not large enough to hold both, and desiring the Archbishop to govern his province without further thought of going abroad. Becket proceeded to fulfil this injunction, but not, it may be presumed, in a manner likely to allay the royal irritation. . . .

"His hand rested not," says Herbert of Bosham, "his eye spared not; whatsoever was naughty, whatsoever rough, whatsoever crooked, he not only assailed with the prophet's mattock, but with the axe of the Gospel he cut it down. Of the royal and ecclesiastical customs, he observed such as were good; but those which had been brought in for the dishonour of the clergy he pruned away as bastard shoots, that they might not strike their roots deep." In such proceedings, and in vain attempts at mediation by Rotrou, Bishop of Evreux, who had been sent into England by the Pope with a view to the restoration of peace, the time passed until the beginning of October 1164, when the Primate was summoned to answer before a council or parliament at Northampton for his behaviour to John the Marshal, an officer of the royal exchequer. . . . This nobleman had brought before the Archbishop's court a claim to part of the Manor of Pagham, in Sussex, which belonged to the see of Canterbury; and as the suit appeared to be going against him, he had taken advantage of a law (apparently one of the Clarendon Constitutions) which enabled suitors, in such circumstances, to remove their cases into the King's Court by swearing that they had failed to obtain justice. A writ had thereupon been issued, by which the Archbishop was summoned to answer to the charge of injustice; but on the day appointed, instead of appearing in person, he sent four knights with letters from himself and the Sheriff of Ren , in which it was stated that John had failed in his evidence, and that his oath on removing the suit, instead of being duly made on the Gospels or the relics of saints, had been sworn on a Tropary,¹ which he produced from under his cloak. The King, however,

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¹ The Tropary, or Troparium, was a book so called from containing tropes, which were properly certain versicles sung at Mass on particular festivals before the Introit, or alternately with the versicles of the Introit. They are now disused in the Roman Church.

had not admitted this excuse, and the Archbishop was now required to answer, not only for his alleged refusal of justice, but for his non-appearance at Westminster, which was charged as treason against the sovereign. . . . The Archbishop's defence—that he had been ill and unable to travel, was rejected as insufficient to excuse his neglect of his liege lord's summons; and it was unanimously adjudged that he was “at the King's mercy”—a phrase which implied the forfeiture of all his effects, unless the King should be pleased (as was usual in such cases) to accept a fine by way of commutation. A lively discussion now arose between the prelates and the barons; each party endeavouring to shift on the other the duty of pronouncing sentence. At length the King in anger put an end to the debate by ordering the Bishop of Winchester to deliver judgment, and the aged prelate unwillingly performed the task. The Archbishop had been disposed to resist the authority of his judges, but submitted at the entreaty of the bishops, who all, with the exception of Foliot, joined in giving security for his payment of 500*l.*—the fine which was inflicted in lieu of forfeiture. The original question as to his treatment of John the Marshal was allowed to fall to the ground. Henry, however, had not yet done with Becket, to whom he declared that he meant to reduce him to the condition in which he had found him. . . . A demand was advanced of 300*l.*, which Becket had received as warden of Eye and Berkhamstead. He replied that he had spent that sum, and much more, on the repairs of the castles and of the Tower of London; but as the King denied that he had sanctioned the expenditure, the Archbishop declared that a question of money should not be a bar to peace, and gave three securities for the payment. . . . This demand was followed by one of more alarming magnitude,—that the Archbishop should account for the revenues of vacant sees and abbeys which had come into his hands while Chancellor, including those of the archbishopric itself. The amount of this demand is variously stated. . . . By some it is rated at 30,000 marks, while others speak of it as 40,000 or 44,000.¹ The Archbishop replied that he had not received notice to

¹ About 30,000*l.*

answer to any charge except that which concerned John the Marshal, and protested against being thus hurried into a trial of such serious importance. The King, however, declared, with violent oaths and threats, that he would endure no delay beyond the morrow. . . . On the morning of the fourth day the Archbishop held a consultation with the other prelates. The Bishop of Winchester advised that the King's avarice should be gratified, and offered to give liberal aid for the purpose. A composition of 2,000 marks was accordingly proposed to Henry; but he refused it, and by his order the bishops were shut up to resume their deliberations. . . .

Throughout Sunday, the 11th of October, the Archbishop remained within the monastery, and employed the greater part of the day in anxious deliberations. In the course of the following night the agitation of his mind brought on an attack of an illness to which he was subject, and on the following Monday he was unable to appear at court. The King suspecting that the illness was feigned, sent the Earls of Cornwall and Leicester to visit him, and to ask whether he would appear, and would give bail to abide a trial as to the revenues; to which he answered that he would appear next day, even if he should be carried on his couch. . . . The 13th of October (Tuesday) was the last and most memorable day of the council. . . . By way of preparing for the expected conflict, the Archbishop, . . . by the advice of a "religious man," proceeded to the Altar of St. Stephen in the monastic church, where, solemnly arraying himself in the pall, which was usually reserved for high festivals, he celebrated the mass of that saint, beginning with the introit *Etenim sederunt principes* ("Princes also did sit and speak against me"). His performance of his service was interrupted by a profusion of tears and sobs, and in the course of it he solemnly commended the cause of his Church to St. Stephen, the Blessed Virgin, and the patron saints of Canterbury. . . . It was his intention to proceed to the court barefooted, arrayed in his pontificals and bearing the cross in his hand, in the hope that by such appearance he might awe those who had ventured to become his judges; but at the entreaty of some Templars, whom he highly regarded, he reluctantly gave up this, and

went on horseback, wearing his ordinary dress, but secretly carrying the consecrated Eucharist on his person. As he passed along the streets of Northampton, crowds of people, supposing that he was on his way to certain death, prostrated themselves, and with tears and prayers besought his blessing. The great gates of the castle were opened at his approach, and were hastily shut again as soon as he had entered. The Archbishop dismounted in the court, took his cross from the bearer, Alexander Llewellyn, and entered attended by a single clerk, the doors immediately closing behind him. The prelates who were assembled in the hall, on seeing him with the cross in his hand, were alarmed, as it appeared to them a sign that he intended to brave the King, and to claim for himself the character of a champion of Christ against the power and violence of His enemies. The Bishop of Hereford required leave to carry the cross as his chaplain; but the offer was declined. "My Lord of London," said the Archdeacon of Lisieux to Foliot, "why do you allow him to carry the cross himself?" "My good friend," was the answer, "he was always a fool, and will always be one." Foliot, however, endeavoured to wrest the cross from the Archbishop's hands, saying that it was his own privilege, as dean of the province, to carry it; and a somewhat unseemly struggle ensued, in which Becket, being the younger and the stronger man, had the better. "Brother," said the Bishop of Winchester, "let the Archbishop keep his cross; for it is right that he should carry it."

The King, on hearing how the Archbishop was armed, had withdrawn into an inner room, where he remained throughout the day. The bishops and nobles were summoned into his presence, and Becket was left in the hall, deserted and shunned by all but two or three of his clerks. From the King's chamber there was a continual sound of loud and angry voices, and when from time to time the door of communication was opened, that some of those from within might descend into the hall, the noise was so terrible that the Archbishop and his companions crossed themselves by way of seeking protection. . . . On the entrance of the bishops into his apartment, the King complained of the injury which the Archbishop had done him by coming to his court as if it were that of a traitor and

a persecutor rather than of a Christian sovereign. The bishops hastened to clear themselves from the suspicion of any complicity in this or the Primate's other proceedings. They told the King that Becket had rebuked them for joining in judgment against him; . . . and that he had forbidden them to take any further part in the proceedings against him, and had appealed to the Pope. On hearing this, Henry sent the Earls of Leicester and Cornwall to ask the Archbishop whether it was true that he had so acted, in violation of his allegiance to the Crown, and especially of his oath to observe the Constitutions of Clarendon, by which, among other things, the bishops were bound to attend the King in all trials, except such as involved life. . . . The Archbishop, sitting with the cross in his hands, heard the message, and replied to it, with calmness—that he had always been faithful to his duty as the King's liege man; that he had been cited to answer as to the affair of John the Marshal alone, and ought not to have been called on to defend himself against any other charge; . . . that he had received a full acquittance from all secular obligations at the time of his election; but that he had made his appeal against being judged by the bishops, and would keep to it, placing himself and the Church under the protection of the Pope. . . . The King endeavoured to force the bishops to join in judging the Primate, but they pleaded the prohibition which had been laid on them. Henry's exasperation became more and more outrageous, so that even the Archbishop's enemies were alarmed for the consequences. . . .

At length an expedient was devised by which the bishops might escape the necessity of joining in the judgment. The King agreed to excuse them, on condition that they should appeal to the Pope against the Primate for perjury—a measure by which some of them led him to believe that Becket's deposition might be procured. Then they returned to the hall, and Hilary of Chichester, in the name of all, told the Archbishop that, as he and they had pledged themselves to the Constitutions, and as he had violated his oath, they regarded him as perjured, renounced their obedience to him, and appealed against him. "I hear what you say," answered Becket, "and, with God's blessing, I will be present at the trial of your appeal." . . .

In the meantime the barons had determined that, as the Archbishop had refused to abide a trial in the King's Court, his contumacy must be punished with imprisonment; and, as the bishops took their seats on the side of the hall opposite to the Archbishop, the Earl of Leicester, at the head of a body of nobles and others, entered to pronounce the sentence. The Earl advanced until he reached the place where the Archbishop was sitting; but Becket did not rise to receive him, and regarded him with a haughty look. Speaking slowly, and with evident unwillingness, from a recollection of their former friendship, the Earl recounted the benefits which Becket had received from the King, and the unworthy return which he had made. "Hear, then," he said, "your sentence." "Nay, son Earl," interrupted Becket, "do you first hear me." . . . And he went on to declare that, as much as the soul is more precious than the body, so much and far more was the Earl bound to obey God and him rather than any earthly sovereign; that the priesthood is superior to royalty as much as gold to lead; that as the son must not condemn the father, he declined all judgment from a secular tribunal; and charged the Earl in God's name, under pain of anathema, to proceed no further, since he had appealed to the Pope, who alone was competent to judge him. Raising his crosier aloft, he proceeded slowly to leave the chamber, followed by Herbert of Bosham. A tumult of voices arose in mockery and reproach. Cries of "Perjured!" "Traitor!" "Stay and hear your judgment!" with hootings and yells of insult, sounded from every side. . . .

The multitude without the castle, who had been anxiously waiting for the result of the day, and had even supposed the Archbishop to be already killed, received him with enthusiasm. He rode through the crowded streets, with his cross in his hand, bestowing his benediction as he passed. On reaching St. Andrew's Monastery, he entered the chapel, and, as the hour of nones was passed, he celebrated that office and vespers together; after which, having deposited his crosier beside the altar of St. Mary, he proceeded to the refectory. Here he was waited on by many members of his household, knights and youths of gentle birth, who, in fear of the King's anger, requested, with a mixture of grief and shame, that they might be

released from his service ; and, having obtained his consent, they left him. . . .

Before the end of the meal the Bishops of London and Chichester appeared, and proposed that the Archbishop should make his peace by resigning to the King for a time the manors of Otford and Mundeham. He replied, that the King already had one manor which rightfully belonged to the see of Canterbury, and that, rather than resign even his claim to that manor, he was willing to expose his head (which he touched as he spoke) to any hazard. He then sent the Bishops of Rochester, Hereford, and Worcester to request the King's safe-conduct for his return to Canterbury, and for permission to go abroad.

These envoys found Henry in good humour ; but he deferred his answer until the morrow ; and late in the evening Becket was informed by two great noblemen (probably the earls who have been already often named), with the strongest protestations of their truth, that some powerful and audacious men had conspired his death. Everything seemed to point to the expediency of flight. The Archbishop signified his intention of spending the night in the chapel ; his bed was prepared behind the high altar, and the monks, on going to sing the compline office, saw him apparently asleep. But while these things were done to prevent suspicion, the means of escape were provided ; horses were in waiting without the walls of the monastery, and in the middle of a dark and stormy night he passed through the unguarded north gate of Northampton. The Archbishop was accompanied in his flight by two monks of Sempringham, and by one of his own lay domestics. After having ridden about five-and-twenty miles, in rain so heavy that Becket's clothes were saturated with water, he was fain to lessen the weight of his cloak by twice cutting off the lower part of it. . . .

Travelling by an unusual route, and chiefly during the night, the Archbishop—who had disguised himself in a monastic dress, and assumed the name of Brother Christian, or Dearman—was received by a succession of friendly monks, who had been secretly warned of his coming ; and at length he reached Eastry, near Sandwich, a manor belonging to the monastery of

Christchurch, in Canterbury. At this place he waited a week for the means of passing over to the Continent. . . .

On All Souls' Day, before daybreak, he embarked at Sandwich in a little boat manned by two priests, and in the evening he reached the opposite coast. On the same day a party of bishops and others, whom the King had commissioned to plead his cause with the Pope, crossed the sea from Dover. . . . The Archbishop did not yet consider himself out of danger. The news of his flight had by this time spread, and every traveller from England was naturally looked on with suspicion. . . . The Count of Flanders, and the other chiefs of the country, had already received letters from Henry, desiring them to aid him in seizing the "traitor." It seemed well, therefore, to avoid the ports, and the fugitives landed on the sand, about a league from Gravelines. The Archbishop, unused to walking on rough ground, and encumbered by his long dress and clumsy monkish shoes, stumbled, fell, and cut his hands; whereupon he lay down on the ground, declaring himself weary, and unable to go any further. A boy was sent to the next village in quest of a horse, and the length of his absence gave occasion for all manner of apprehensions. At last, however, he returned, bringing with him a beast . . . with no other equipment than a halter made of hay. The monks spread their cloaks by way of a saddle, and the Archbishop mounted; but after riding a little, . . . "finding he did not do it with facility," he judged it "easier and more respectable" to betake himself to his feet again. . . .

At length the party reached the Cistercian monastery of Clair-Marais; but, feeling themselves still insecure, they left this place by night in a boat, and proceeded onward to a cell on a little island, belonging to the abbey of Sithin, or St. Bertin. After having spent three days here, the Archbishop removed, at the abbot's invitation, to the great abbey of St. Bertin. . . .

In the meantime Henry's envoys—the Earl of Arundel, the Bishop of London, and Richard of Ilchester, Archdeacon of Poitiers, who were charged with a letter, requesting that the fugitive might not be harboured in France—had an audience of Louis VII. at Compiègne. The French King's rivalry to Henry and his religious feelings combined to engage him in

the interest of Becket. . . . His behaviour to the English ambassadors was a strong declaration as to the part which he was resolved to take. When their master's letter was read, in which Thomas was designated as "*late* Archbishop of Canterbury," "Who then," said Louis, "has deposed him? I am a King as well as the King of England, but I should have no power to depose the meanest clerk in my dominions." To the demand that he should give Becket up, in compliance with an agreement between the two sovereigns for the mutual surrender of fugitives, he answered, that he knew of no such agreement, but that, if one existed, it could not imply the delivery of the Archbishop, who was not the English King's vassal, but rather his lord and patron. . . . At last, when the envoys requested him to write to the Pope, desiring him not to favour Becket, he not only refused, but despatched a messenger with a request that Alexander would show his love for him by treating the banished Archbishop with love. . . .

Herbert of Bosham and another of Becket's train were appointed to watch the movements of the ambassadors, and to counteract their efforts. . . . On reaching Sens, they were admitted in the evening to a private interview with the Pope, to whom they detailed the course of the Archbishop's labours, perils, and sufferings. Alexander listened with interest, and even with tears. "Your master," he said, "although he is yet living in the flesh, may claim the privilege of martyrdom."

The following day was appointed for the audience of the English King's ambassadors, who had arrived at Sens on the day before Herbert. . . . The result of the audience was unsatisfactory, and the ambassadors attempted to gain Alexander by private solicitations; but they found him inflexible. . . . He refused to depose the Archbishop, or to send him back; "for," says Herbert, "for one to contend in an island against the king of the island, is as if a chained prisoner were to contend against his gaoler." . . .

Alexander III. was a Churchman of the highest hierarchical school. His views as to the relation of sacerdotal and secular power had been memorably expressed some years before, when, as legate of his predecessor Adrian he exasperated Frederick Barbarossa, and the princes of Germany, by asking,

"From whom but the Pope does the Emperor hold his crown?" He had proudly refused the invitation to submit the question of his election to a council convened by the Emperor, and in consequence of this it was, that, while his rival, Octavian, was acknowledged and upheld by Frederick, Alexander had been obliged to leave Italy as a fugitive. It was, therefore, natural that the Pope's sympathies should be with the champion of the clerical immunities; and the power of the king in whose dominions he had found an asylum contributed to sway him in the same direction. There were, however, contrary forces, which acted on him with considerable strength. He had reason to fear the Emperor and the Antipope, . . . but a breach with the King of England was to be dreaded above all things. Henry had been earlier and firmer in his support of Alexander than Louis, who, indeed, had been mainly secured to the Pope's interest through the influence of the English King: his wealth, which exceeded that of any other sovereign, was essential to the maintenance of the Pope's cause. And with such considerations, both from the past and from the future, to sway him, we may imagine the apprehension with which the Pope . . . must have heard the hints which were broadly uttered by the lay members of the late legation, that their master, if provoked, might possibly transfer his obedience to Paschal. Moreover, although in their general views Alexander and Becket were agreed, they differed widely both in the choice of a primary object and in character. To the English Primate the whole cause of the Church seemed to be bound up in the struggle for the immunity of the English clergy from temporal laws and courts, while the Pope was mainly intent on asserting the pretensions of the Papacy against the Empire; and whereas the most striking characteristic of Becket was the bold impetuosity of his spirit, Alexander's great strength consisted in a patient and indomitable tenacity, which, after years of exile from Italy, and a far longer term of exclusion from his own city, enabled him, at length, to humble the pride of Frederick, not only before the see of St. Peter, but before the new-born independence of its Lombard allies. . . .


Alexander, on receiving the first reports of the difficulties in which the English Primate was involved, had earnestly exhorted

him to patience and conciliation in his dealings with the King. . . . When, however, Becket visited him at Sens, Alexander was disposed to take a more decided part. The King of France's letter and the imposing cavalcade of three hundred were not without their effect upon him. On his entrance into the Pope's presence, Alexander, as formerly at the Council of Tours, rose up to receive him. A day or two later he was again admitted to an audience, for the purpose of stating his cause. . . . After a short opening, in which he declared himself willing to endure anything rather than consent to the demands which were made against the liberties of the Church, the Archbishop threw himself on his knees, and, instead of the present which was customary in such cases, spread out before the Pope the parchment which he had received at Clarendon. The Constitutions were then read aloud, and the Pope emphatically expressed his disapproval of them. . . . He strongly reprov'd Becket for having joined with the other English prelates in consenting to the Constitutions, even for a moment: a submission, he said, which amounted to renouncing their priesthood, and reducing the Church to the condition of a bondmaid. But he declared that the Archbishop's subsequent conduct had atoned for his passing weakness; "and thus," says Herbert, "having first rebuked him with the severity of a father, he dismissed him with the sweetness of a mother's consolation." Alexander assured him of his constant support and sympathy, and commended him to the care of the Abbot of Pontigny, a Cistercian monastery, about twelve leagues from Sens, which appears to have been chosen as a retreat by the Archbishop himself. "Hitherto," he said, "you have lived in abundance and luxury; but that you may learn to be in future, as you ought to be, the comforter of the poor, and as this lesson can only be learnt under the tuition of poverty herself, who is the mother of religion, we have thought fit to commit you to the poor of Christ." . . .

It was on Christmas Eve that the King of England heard from his envoys the report of their ill-success at the Papal Court. On the morrow of the festival, he issued orders that the Archbishop's property and the revenues of the see of Canterbury should be confiscated, and that all Becket's kindred,

clerks, and servants, with those who had harboured him in his flight, should be banished. . . . The bishops were commanded to withhold from the clerks attached to him all the income of preferments within their respective dioceses. . . . The sheriffs were charged to arrest and imprison all persons who should appeal to the Pope ; and any one who should be caught in bringing letters from the Pope or the Archbishop was either to be hanged or to be put in a crazy boat and turned adrift to the mercy of the waves. . . . De Broc now performed his commission with an eager and superfluous barbarity. "Those," says Grim, "of whom God especially styles Himself the Father and Judge—orphans, widows, children, altogether innocent and unknowing of any discord, aged men, women with their little ones hanging to their breasts, clerks, and lay folk, of whatever age or sex, of the Archbishop's kindred, and some of his friends—were seized in the depth of winter and mercilessly transported beyond the sea, after having been obliged to swear that they would seek him out and present themselves before him, in order to add to his afflictions by the sight of their misery." . . . The cause for which the exiles suffered, however, procured for them a welcome in foreign lands, so that many of them were better provided for than they had been in their own country ; nor was assistance from Henry of Winchester and other friends in England wanting, notwithstanding the royal order to the contrary. . . .

It was on St. Andrew's Day that Becket arrived at Pontigny, and he remained there nearly two years, being supported and clothed, with his attendants, at the expense of the community. Shortly after his arrival he requested that he might be furnished with a monastic habit, hallowed by the papal benediction ; for, it is said, he wished to mark his renewed appointment to his office by becoming a monk, like the archbishops before him. He now endeavoured to conform in every respect to the strict rule of the Cistercians ; but his mortification was carried on, as it had been at Canterbury, with a studious attempt at concealment. His table was placed by itself in the refectory, so that he was safe from the general observation. Viands suitable to his dignity were served on it, but he privately instructed the monk who waited on him to place among them



the coarse and unsavoury *pulmentaria* of the Cistercian dietary ; and to these for a time he restricted himself, allowing the more delicate food to be carried away for beggars. . . . Much of his time was now given to study. . . . Herbert tells us that he occupied himself especially with the Psalter and the Epistles, "as being two spiritual eyes, the mystical and the moral : the one perfectly teaching ethics, and the other contemplation." But the main direction of his reading was such as his wisest friend, John of Salisbury, could not regard without fear for the effects which it might be expected to produce on the Archbishop's peculiar temper. "Laws and canons," he wrote, "are indeed useful ; but, believe me, these are not what will now be needed. . . . Who ever rises pricked in heart from the reading of laws, or even of canons ? I would rather that you should ruminate on the Psalms, and should peruse St. Gregory's books of Morals, than that you should philosophize after the manner of schoolmen." . . .

The state of affairs had by this time encouraged Alexander ^{A.D.} to return to Italy : he quitted Sens in April 1165—being accom- 1165
panied by Becket as far as Bourges—sailed from Maguelone in September, and, after having touched in Sicily, entered his capital on the 23rd of November. . . . But though he had returned to Rome, he was still far from feeling himself independent of persons and circumstances. Frederick Barbarossa was preparing for a great expedition into Italy, and it was expedient to alienate the King of England. . . . Alexander had therefore, in June 1165, tied up Becket from taking any steps against the King until the following Easter ; but that time had now arrived, and the Archbishop, fortified by a commission issued on Easter Day, which gave him a legatine power over all England, except the province of York, prepared for vigorous action. Threats conveyed by letter and otherwise had given Henry reason to apprehend that the extreme spiritual censures of excommunication against his person and interdict against his dominions were about to be pronounced. He therefore summoned an assembly of his bishops and nobles to Chinon, and after bitterly complaining of their slackness in aiding him against a man who was bent on "taking away alike his body and his soul," desired their advice as to the course which should

be pursued. At the suggestion of the Bishop of Lisieux, it was resolved to prevent the sentence by an appeal; for in the case of excommunication appeals were inadmissible *after* sentence, as the party was then no longer a member of the Church. . . . In the meanwhile the Archbishop, attended by some of his clerks, went on a pilgrimage to Soissons, where he arrived in the beginning of Rogation week. . . . On the morrow after Ascension Day — (June 2) — he left Soissons, and on Whitsun Eve he reached the Abbey of Vézelay, on the borders of Burgundy and the Nivernois. . . . On Whit-Sunday the Archbishop preached and celebrated mass in the great church of the abbey. In the pulpit he entered into a statement of the differences between himself and the King, of the measures which had been taken against him, and the failure of his attempts to bring Henry to a better mind. Then, with the awful forms provided by the Roman ritual, he pronounced the sentence of excommunication against John of Oxford, for his intercourse with schismatics, and for his intrusion into the deanery of Salisbury; and a like sentence against Richard de Luci, Ranulf de Broc, and others, for having invaded her property, and other such offences. . . . He anathematized six of the Constitutions of Clarendon in particular, with all who should act on them: and he absolved the English bishops from their engagement to observe them. . . .

Henry had for some time been endeavouring to deprive Becket of the support and hospitality which he received from the Cistercians. He was especially indignant at finding that some members of their order had conveyed letters from the Archbishop into England; and the influence of the Pope had been necessary to counteract the effect of the royal threats on the abbots of Cîteaux and Pontigny. The excommunications at Vézelay provoked Henry to more urgent measures; and at the general chapter of the order, which was held at Cîteaux in the month of September, an intimation was given that, if the Archbishop was any longer harboured in any of their monasteries, the King of England would confiscate all the property of the order within his dominions. . . . The Cistercians, who had already suffered expulsion from the imperial territories for their adhesion to Alexander, were not disposed

to incur the threatened penalty ; and the Abbot of Citeaux, with the Bishop of Pavia (who had been a Cistercian monk), and other eminent members of the order, proceeded to Pontigny for the purpose of stating to the Archbishop the difficulties which their entertainment of him had brought on them. The King's letter was read over to him, and he was requested to choose his own course. The meaning of this, and the looks by which the words were accompanied, were not to be mistaken—the order would not turn him out, but would feel itself greatly relieved by his voluntary departure. Becket at once declared that he would not be a burden to the friends who had so long sheltered him in his distress : he would go wherever he might find a place to lay his head, in confidence that God, who feeds the fowls of the air and clothes the lilies of the field, would provide for him and the companions of his exile. The abbot and brethren of Pontigny, who had been glad to have so distinguished an inmate in their house, entreated him, even with tears, to remain with them—a request which would, perhaps, have been more meritorious if *they* had been among the victims on whom Henry's vengeance would have fallen. . . . Having resolved on leaving Pontigny, the Archbishop held a consultation with his clerks as to his future course. Herbert of Bosham reminded him that the King of France, at their first interview, had offered to support him in any city of his dominions which he might choose ; and the Archbishop, after some hesitation, was persuaded to take advantage of the offer. Herbert was therefore despatched to state the circumstances to the King, who, on hearing his story, broke forth into severe reflections on the Cistercians : "O religion ! religion ! whither art thou gone ? Lo, those whom we supposed to be dead to the world are afraid of the world's threats ; and for the perishable and fleeting things which they profess to have despised for God's sake they cast out God's cause and him who is an exile for it !" Then, turning to the envoy, "Greet the Archbishop in my name," he said, "and tell him, that, although the world and those who seem dead to the world desert him, yet I will not. Let him name to us any place in our dominions where he would wish to settle, and he shall find it ready to receive him." . . .

The Archbishop fixed on the Benedictine monastery of St. Columba, near the city of Sens, and Louis sent a nobleman with three hundred mounted followers to escort him. . . . The negotiations which took place between Becket's removal to Sens and his final reconciliation with the King were very complicated, and the difficulty of following these is vastly increased by the disorder of the mass of letters which relates to them; nor is it probable that any full detail of their intricacies would be found attractive by readers in general. All, therefore, that shall here be attempted is to give some account of the most prominent and important transactions.

The announcement of the excommunication at Vézelay greatly distressed the Pope, who, although . . . he confirmed Becket's proceedings, had strong political and pecuniary reasons for avoiding any breach with Henry. . . . By means of John of Oxford and other emissaries, Henry obtained a legate commission, consisting of two cardinals, William of Pavia and Otho, whose appointment was announced by the Pope to Becket with the assurance that he might thoroughly trust them. . . . So long as this commission was in force, the Archbishop's power of excommunicating, and the sentences already pronounced by him, were suspended; and it was granted also that, in the matter of excommunication, the King should be exempted from all authority but that of the Pope himself. . . . After having visited King Henry at Caen, the legates had an interview near Gisors with the Archbishop. . . . They asked him whether he would observe the customs which his predecessors had observed in the reigns of earlier kings: to which he replied, that he was ready to yield the King any obedience consistent with God's honour, the liberty and temporal rights of the Church, and his own credit; but that he would never consent to a profession which had not been exacted of his predecessors, or pledge himself to constitutions which had been condemned by the Pope as opposed to the law of God and destructive of ecclesiastical liberty. . . .

A week later a conference was held by the legates with Henry and some English prelates at Argentan. Foliot, as the leader of his party, inveighed bitterly against the Primate, whom he sarcastically spoke of as supposing that debts were

washed away by his promotion as sins were by baptism. The King, he said, would probably forsake the Roman Church if the bishops were to obey the Archbishop's mandates, and therefore, as the time of their original appeal had already expired, he declared that he and his brethren appealed until Martinmas in the following year against any fresh proceedings on the part of the Primate. . . . The Archbishop deliberated with his clerks whether the fresh appeal of the English bishops should be respected : and the decision was, that as it was made not for the protection of right, but for the maintenance of wrong (*i.e.* as it was not for, but against, Becket's cause), the inferior judge was not bound to regard it. He then proceeded to excommunicate, for disregard of his citations and for other offences, the Bishop of London and his own Archdeacon, Ridel (whom he sometimes styles "Archidiabolus noster"); and with these he included a multitude of clerks and laymen, who were concerned in invading the property of the see of Canterbury or the benefices of the exiled clergy. The censures lighted thickly among the persons immediately around the King. "Almost every one about the Court," says Herbert, "was excommunicated, either by name or as having communion, which they were neither able nor at liberty to avoid, with those who were expressly named; so that in the King's Chapel there was hardly one who could offer him the kiss of peace at mass but such as were excommunicated either by name or implicitly."

The Pope was in a sore perplexity. He was not disposed to offend Henry, and was much annoyed by the Archbishop's hasty and headstrong proceedings. As it would have been awkward to quarrel with either party, he judged it more expedient to persuade them to make up their quarrels; and with this view he wrote letters which raised up a host of peace-makers—influential personages, lay and clerical, busily endeavouring to mediate. . . .

On Epiphany, 1169, the Kings of France and England held a conference on political affairs at Montmirail, near Chartres, where Louis induced Becket to be present. . . . When the Archbishop was summoned into the presence of the kings, he fell on his knees before Henry, who immediately raised

him up. Becket then lamented the differences which had arisen, charging all the evil of them on his own insufficiency, and concluded by saying that he threw himself wholly on the King's mercy, "saving the honour of God." This reservation took by surprise many of those who had advised him to concession: although the Archbishop professed to have substituted "*salvo honore Dei*" for "*salvo ordine nostro*," from a wish to avoid the repetition of the offensive formula, the King would not admit any distinction between the two, but burst into a violent fit of passion. . . . He asked Becket whether he would yield him that amount of obedience which his five predecessors since the Conquest—some of them saints and workers of miracles—had shown to the least of former kings, or that which by the evidence of a hundred men from England and a hundred from Normandy and Anjou should appear to have been formerly customary; and he professed himself willing to leave the matter to be decided by the bishops of France. . . . "My Lord Archbishop," said Louis, "do you seek to be more than a saint?" But Becket still remained inflexible. No such promise, he said, had ever been required of any of his predecessors, except the blessed Anselm, who had twice gone into banishment rather than consent. The kings left the meeting without saluting him. . . . The evening passed without the visit or the message with which Louis on such occasions was accustomed to favour the Archbishop; and for three days, while the exiles travelled in the King's train, he held no communication with them, and discontinued their usual allowance of provisions, so that the Archbishop was indebted for his very maintenance, "as a beggar," to the charity of the Bishop of Poitiers and the Archbishop of Sens. . . .

The exiles returned to Sens, and engaged in consultation as to their prospects and their future course. The Archbishop alone wore a cheerful look. He told his followers that, as he alone was the object of attack, he would relieve them from the dangers connected with their attachment to him—with one companion, and on foot, he would seek a refuge in Burgundy, where the sight of his affliction might procure him sustenance until better days should come. At this critical time a messenger appeared from the King of

France, and desired the Archbishop's attendance at court. "It is to drive us out of the kingdom," said one of the clerks. "Thou art no prophet, neither a prophet's son," replied Becket; "do not prophesy unlucky things." The King's troubled look as Becket entered into his presence appeared to justify the foreboding which had been expressed; but after some minutes of silence, to the astonishment of all who witnessed the scene, Louis threw himself on his knees before the Archbishop, acknowledging with tears that he alone had been in the right at Montmirail, and beseeching absolution for having taken part against him. The absolution was formally bestowed, and Becket returned to Sens, with the assurance that from that time he might count on the King as a steady and unfailing supporter. The revolution was caused by the receipt of tidings that Henry had violated the late treaty by some barbarous acts of severity against certain leading men of Poitou, who had lately been in rebellion against him, and for whom Louis had supposed himself to have secured forgiveness.

Louis was now prepared for a breach with the English King: and he treated the exiles with greater honour and familiarity than before. . . . At the beginning of Lent, 1169, ^{A.D.} 1169 the suspension of the Archbishop expired, and he declared an intention of inflicting the severest sentences of the Church on his contumacious opponents. In order to ward off the blow, Foliot put in a fresh appeal, which was to last until the Feast of the Purification in the following year; and he induced the Bishop of Salisbury, who was in the same danger with himself, to unite with him in this step. Without, however, regarding the appeal, Becket, on Palm Sunday, pronounced at Clairvaux the sentence of excommunication against the two bishops and other persons who had offended him. . . . All possible care was taken to keep such documents at a distance, but this vigilance was not long effectual. On Ascension Day, when the service of high mass in St. Paul's Cathedral had advanced as far as the offertory, a young Frenchman named Berengar approached the officiating priest, and, kneeling, held out a packet as his oblation. The priest received this, and Berengar, seizing his hand, held it firmly closed over the

packet, while he charged him in the names of God, the Pope, and the Primate, to open it at once, to deliver its contents to the Bishop and the Dean (who were then absent), and to refrain in the meantime from celebrating mass. The priest, on opening the cover, found, not, as might have been expected, a gift for the benefit of the Church, but a letter from the Primate to the Bishop, announcing the sentence which had been passed on him, with another to the Dean and Clergy of the cathedral, charging them to avoid the communion of their diocesan in consequence. The messenger then proclaimed the excommunication to the people, and, by the aid of one of the Archbishop's friends, who threw a cloak over him, escaped among the crowd which at that stage of the service usually left the cathedral, . . . and made his way to York, where he published the excommunication in a similar manner. . . .

The Pope was much annoyed on hearing of Foliot's excommunication. Before the tidings reached him, he had (chiefly by way of staving off the importunities of opposite parties) appointed Gratian, a sub-deacon, nephew of Pope Eugenius III., and Vivian, Archdeacon of Orvieto, a learned canonist, to go into France as his commissioners; and he now sent Becket a letter, expressive of regret that he had resorted to excommunication while negotiations were in progress, advising that further proceedings should be deferred until the result of the commission were known. Early in August the envoys arrived in France. . . . After having seen the King of France, and having waited some time at Sens, as Henry was then in Gascony, the legates, on hearing of his return, proceeded into Normandy, and had several conferences with him, most of which ended in some outbreak of passion on the King's part. At the first consultation Henry rushed out of the room, complaining bitterly that the Pope had never paid any regard to him, and swearing, "By God's Eyes, I will take another way." "Do not threaten, my lord," said Gratian, calmly, "for we are of a Court which is accustomed to give commands to emperors and kings." At another meeting Henry exclaimed, "Do what you like, for I don't care one egg for you or your excommunications!" and mounted his horse with the intention of riding away. At the entreaties of his bishops, who represented the

impropriety of such a speech, he remained, but in the course of further conversation he repeatedly burst forth into fresh explosions of anger. There were offers of conciliation from both sides: . . . but in the arrangement of terms the old differences broke out afresh, as Henry insisted on the words "saving the dignity of the Kingdom," while Becket and the commissioners were equally earnest for the reservation of "the dignity of the Church;" and neither party would give way. . . . Gratian, in despair of an accommodation, returned to Rome, declaring himself (it is said) to be utterly disgusted at Henry's faithlessness and untrustworthy character. Vivian, who was supposed to have substantial reasons for being more favourable to the King, remained behind, and entered into fresh negotiations, for which the Archbishop was but little disposed to thank him. The commissioner and King Louis, however, persuaded Becket to attend a conference which took place on the octave of St. Martin, at Montmartre, near Paris, the scene of the legendary martyrdom of St. Denys, to whose neighbouring abbey the King of England had gone on a pilgrimage. . . . Vivian, with the Archbishop of Rouen, the Bishop of Seez, and others, presented to Henry, on the part of the English Primate, a petition for the recovery of the royal favour, and for the restoration of himself and the other exiles to their full rights and preferments. The petition was graciously received; and in the conversation which followed there was a studious avoidance of offensive topics on either side. . . . As to the lands which were claimed for the Church, the King was willing to concede; but there was some difference with regard to the revenues and moveable property detained from the exiles, which Becket rated at 30,000 marks. The Archbishop insisted on his rights and his necessities—that he and his adherents required money both for their immediate expenses, and for reparation of the dilapidations which had taken place on their property; while Henry urged that he had not expelled the Archbishop, and could not fairly be expected to restore property which he had found vacant, and in some cases had granted away. But the French King said that a question of money must not be allowed to prevent a reconciliation; and Henry promised that compensation should be made as soon as

the proper amount could be ascertained by valuation. All seemed to be arranged, when Becket requested that the King would give him the kiss of peace, as a security for his good faith. Henry replied that he would gladly do so, but for an oath which he had formerly taken ; and on this the Archbishop hesitated. While he was in expectation of a further answer, the kings rode off towards Mantes—Henry, as they went along, furiously cursing Becket for all the trouble which he had caused ; and the Archbishop retired to lodge in the Temple at Paris. . . . In conversation with some of his followers, who regretted that the question as to the kiss of peace had been allowed to put an end to so promising a negotiation, the Archbishop told them that his conduct in the matter was in obedience to instructions from the Pope. . . .

The Archbishop now again felt himself at liberty to deal out his censures. He wrote to the Archbishop of Rouen and other Norman clergy, announcing that he had once more excommunicated Ridel, Nigel de Sackville, and others ; and he threatened that, unless full reparation were made for all wrongs before the ensuing Feast of the Purification, he would lay the realm of England under an interdict, and, if necessary, would excommunicate the King. . . . Henry, on hearing what was intended, despatched Ridel into England, with a commission to exact from persons of every age an abjuration of the Archbishop and the Pope. All who should pay heed to any interdict were to be banished, with all their relations, and their property was to be confiscated. . . . All appeals to the Pope or to the Archbishop, and all obedience to their mandates, were forbidden ; and the severest penalties were denounced against all who should attempt to introduce any papal or archiepiscopal letters into England. . . . Such was the state of things when Henry, after an absence of four years,

A.D.
1170 landed in England in March 1170.

Henry was now busy in preparations for the coronation of his eldest son, who in February 1170 completed his fifteenth year. This, according to some writers, was an expedient intended to ward off the threatened interdict from his subjects by nominally transferring them to the Prince, while others represent it as having originated merely in a wish to annoy the Primate

by invading the privileges of his see, among which was that of crowning the sovereigns of England. . . . In 1166 the Pope had forbidden the English bishops to take part in any coronation during the exile of their Primate; but in the following year, when at the extremity of his fear from the assault of Frederick Barbarossa, he had granted the Archbishop of York authority to perform the ceremony. A new letter was now on its way to prohibit Roger and other English prelates from officiating in the absence of their chief. This prohibition, however, was ineffectual, partly through Becket's remissness in making use of it, and partly through the care which was taken to prevent the papal letter, and those from the Archbishop which accompanied it, from reaching the persons for whom they were intended. . . .

On Sunday, the 14th of June, the young Henry, who on the day before had received knighthood from his father, was crowned at Westminster by the Archbishop of York, with the assistance of the Bishops of London, Salisbury, Rochester, Sees, and others. No oath to preserve the liberties of the Church was required from him, although the Pope had written to Becket that such an oath must be a condition of any coronation; but it is said that the bishops swore afresh to observe the Constitutions of Clarendon. Immediately after the ceremony the elder King returned to Normandy. . . .

Becket now was persuaded, by the urgency of the Archbishop of Sens, to accompany him to a meeting between the Kings of England and France, which was to take place in a meadow . . . on the borders of the provinces of Tours and Chartres; and on St. Mary Magdalene's Day—the third day of the conference—he was admitted to an interview with Henry. The King was disposed to conciliation and concession. Immediately on seeing the Archbishop approach, he broke from the crowd which surrounded him, hastened to meet him, and, uncovering his head, anticipated him in uttering a salutation. The old points of difference were avoided, or were yielded by the King. The King and the Primate rode apart together, and conversed with such an appearance of familiarity, "that," says Becket, "it might have seemed as if there had never been any disagreement between us." The conversation lasted so long that the

spectators of it became weary of waiting : it was observed that both Henry and Becket twice dismounted from their horses, and remounted. . . . Becket desired that he might be allowed, without offending the King, to inflict ecclesiastical punishment on the bishops who had been concerned in the late coronation. To this Henry replied that he had not supposed their act to be an invasion of the privileges of Canterbury, but believed himself entitled to have his son crowned whenever and by whomsoever he might please. He assured him of his son's affection, proposed that the Prince should be crowned anew by him, together with the Princess, his wife (whose father, King Louis, regarded it as a slight to her and to himself that she had not been included in the former coronation), and he granted the permission which was desired. On receiving this, Becket dismounted, and was about to throw himself at the King's feet ; but Henry also alighted from his horse, embraced the Archbishop, and held his stirrup in order to assist him in remounting.

The eye-witnesses of this scene, who were delighted at the appearance of a reconciliation, then urged the King to give the kiss of peace, as the Pope had absolved him from the oath which had before been an obstacle ; but, although he professed himself willing to kiss the Archbishop a hundred times, on mouth, hands, and feet, he desired that, for the sake of saving his honour, he might be excused until he should be within his own dominions, where the act might have more the grace of appearing voluntary. To this the Archbishop agreed, in accordance with the general feeling ; and he sealed the reconciliation by bestowing his benediction on the King. When, however, Henry requested that he would spend some days with him, by way of displaying publicly the reality of the reconciliation, he excused himself, under the plea that he must take leave of his French benefactors before returning to England.

Very soon it appeared that the peace which had been concluded was only superficial—as, according to Herbert, might have been inferred from the very name of the place, which was known among the neighbours as “The Traitor's Meadow.” . . . The Archbishop complained that the restitution of his property was delayed ; the King complained of his lingering so long in

France, and sent messengers to hasten his preparations for returning home. It is said that both the French King and the Bishop of Paris endeavoured, at parting, to dissuade Becket from venturing into England without having secured the kiss of peace ; and that to both he expressed a foreboding that he was going to his death. At length, however, he resolved to set out, and left Sens on All Saints' Day. . . . A change had by this time taken place in the policy of the Roman Court. The majority of the cardinals—including some who had hitherto been strenuous on the opposite side—were now favourable to Becket ; and the Pope, shamed out of his former timid courses, on hearing of the coronation, empowered the Archbishop to inflict the censures of the Church on all who had been concerned in it. Letters were prepared, by which the Archbishop of York and other prelates were suspended from their office, and the Bishops of London and Salisbury were again placed under the anathema which had been denounced against them ; and these letters were sent to Becket, for the purpose of being used at his discretion. . . . At Witsand, where he intended to embark, Becket heard that the Archbishop of York, with the Bishops of London and Salisbury, was preparing to cross into Normandy, for the purpose of claiming the King's protection ; and he at once despatched the letters of excommunication and suspension across the Channel. A clerk who accompanied the messenger was seized at Dover, and, as he could not show the King's licence for his landing, was compelled to recross the Straits with the first wind ; and the delivery of the letters produced a ferment of exasperation among the Archbishop's enemies. He had already received several warnings as to their designs ; and now, as he was pacing the beach at Witsand, the master of a vessel which came in from England reported that the coast was beset by armed men, who were bent on seizing, and probably murdering him. But his resolution to return to Canterbury was not to be shaken by any fear of danger. It was in no spirit of peace or conciliation that he prepared to return ; the step which he had taken in making use of the papal letters, which were intended to be published only in extremity, and were certain to reopen and envenom the wounds which had been superficially healed, was censured by all but

those in whom personal devotion to him had wholly overpowered their prudence and their discernment.

After a favourable passage, the Archbishop landed at Sandwich, a town belonging to his see, and in that age "the most famous of all English seaports." As the vessel approached the harbour, the archiepiscopal banner of the Cross was displayed, and a multitude flocked forth at the sight to welcome their spiritual father; some rushing into the water, that they might be the first to receive his blessing, while others knelt or prostrated themselves by the wayside where he was to pass, and the air was filled with cries of "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" His enemies had expected him to land at Dover; but it would seem that they had been apprised of his change of plan, and, soon after his arrival at Sandwich, a party of them appeared in arms, headed by Gervase de Cornhill (Sheriff of Kent), Reginald de Warrenne, and Ranulf de Broc, who had been in communication with the suspended and excommunicated bishops at Dover. Violence was, however, prevented by the presence of John of Oxford, who took aside the leaders of the force, and represented to them the discredit which would result to the King from any seeming breach of the late agreement; nor, indeed, were they strong enough to attempt any violence in the face of the multitude who were exulting in the Archbishop's return, and were ready to fight for him as their feudal lord. . . .

On the following day the Archbishop proceeded to Canterbury. The news of his landing had already spread, and the general enthusiasm rendered his journey a sort of triumph. . . . On reaching his city, the Primate was received with processions. The cathedral was adorned with the most sumptuous hangings; the clergy were arrayed in their festival robes; banquets were prepared to welcome the chief pastor; hymns, organs, trumpets, bells, loudly testified the general joy. As the Archbishop entered the cathedral, his face was flushed as if with exultation and joy, and the expression of it was remarked as singularly gracious. After having prostrated himself on the pavement, he took his place in the choir, where he received the monks, one by one, with the kiss of peace,—many of them breaking forth into tears and cries of emotion. . . . From the

choir he proceeded to the chapter-house, where he preached an eloquent sermon on the text, "Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come;" and the remainder of the day was spent in the palace with joy and festive solemnity.

Next morning the Sheriff of Kent, with Ranulf de Broc and other officers of the King, appeared to require the answer which had been promised to them on the subject of the excommunicated and suspended bishops. They were accompanied by some clerks from the prelates themselves, who strongly remonstrated against the Primate's proceedings; that, when his suffragans were waiting to receive him back with honour, he had covered them with shame by inflicting censures on them without warning or trial. . . . The Archbishop answered, that he did not plot against the bishops, but that they thirsted for his blood: . . . if, however, the delinquents would bind themselves by oath to obey the Pope's commands, he would take it on himself to release them. They departed in anger, De Broc violently abusing the Archbishop. . . .

After having spent a week at Canterbury, Becket set out with the intention of visiting the younger Henry at Woodstock, and presenting him with three horses, on the beauty of which Fitz-Stephen dilates with characteristic enthusiasm. But the young King had been influenced against him by the Archdeacon of Canterbury and others, who had been commissioned for that purpose by the Archbishop of York and his brethren; and Richard, Prior of St. Martin's at Dover, who was sent to announce the intended visit, met with a discouraging reception. . . . As the Primate reached the capital, where he lodged at his steady friend the Bishop of Winchester's palace in Southwark, crowds of clergy and of laity flocked to meet him; but . . . on the following morning . . . messengers appeared from the Court with an order that, as the Archbishop had broken the terms of peace by his late acts, he should proceed no further, but should return to his diocese, without entering into any of the King's towns or castles. He declared that he would not have regarded this mandate, were it not that he wished to keep the coming festival at his own cathedral; but he prepared to obey. . . .

The interval until Christmas was full of occupation. The

Archbishop heard causes in his court; he turned out clerks who had intruded into livings; and his devotion, alms, and other saintly exercises, are described as surprising even to those who had attended on him during his exile. But while he was thus employed, it was remarked that persons of rank and wealth kept aloof from him; and his enemies in the neighbourhood, especially the family of Broc ("that generation of vipers," as Herbert styles them), were unremitting in their endeavours to annoy him. They attacked and beat his people on the highways; they even laid wait for himself; they hunted in his chase, killed his deer, and carried away his dogs; they intercepted supplies of food which were on their way for the use of his household; and Ranulf de Broc's brother Robert (who had formerly been a clerk, and afterwards a Cistercian monk, but had thrown off the monastic profession) instigated his nephew John to cut off the tail of one of the archiepiscopal sumpter-horses.

In the night service which ushered in the Christmas festival Becket read the lesson of our Lord's generation, and celebrated the nocturnal mass. On Christmas Day, at high mass, he preached on the text, "On earth peace, to men of goodwill." He told the people that there had already been one martyr among the Archbishops of Canterbury (St. Alphege, who was murdered by the Danes in 1012), and that there might soon be another. He spoke of himself with tears and sobs, as about shortly to leave the world, and the hearers were deeply affected by his pathetic language and gestures. "All through the church," says Herbert, "you might see and hear lamentations and the flowing of tears, with murmurs of, 'Father, why dost thou forsake us so soon? or to whom dost thou leave us desolate?'" But after a time he changed his tone, and, in a style which the same biographer describes as "fierce, indignant, fiery, and bold," he uttered an invective against the courtiers in general and his other enemies; he repeated his denunciations of the prelates who had been concerned in the coronation; and, with all solemnity, he pronounced sentence of excommunication against Nigel de Sackville, for retaining the church of Harrow, into which he had been intruded during the exile; against another priest, who had been guilty of a like offence;

and against the brothers De Broc, for the oppressions and outrages of which they had been guilty against the Church. . . .

In the meantime the Archbishop of York, with the two excommunicated bishops, had repaired to the King, who was at Bur, or Bures, near Bayeux. Henry had already been informed of the censures pronounced against them, and, on their repeating the story, he swore by God's Eyes, that, if all concerned in the coronation were to be excommunicated, he himself must be included. The Archbishop's late movements were reported with malicious exaggeration. . . . It was said that he was marching through England, besieging towns, and intending to drive out the younger King. By these statements the King was wrought up to one of his uncontrollable fits of fury, which the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of London—Foliot, it is said, even with tears—in vain attempted to mitigate. Henry asked the prelates to advise him. "Ask your barons and knights," said Roger; "it is not for us to say what ought to be done." At length one of them, apparently the Archbishop of York, observed, "As long as Thomas lives, my lord, you will have no quiet days, nor any peace in your kingdom." On this the King burst forth into a passionate exclamation: "A fellow who has eaten my bread has lifted up his heel against me! He insults over my favours, dishonours the whole royal race, tramples down the whole kingdom. A fellow who first broke into my Court on a lame horse, with a cloak for a saddle, swaggers on my throne; while you, the companions of my fortune, look on!" And again and again he loudly reproached his courtiers as thankless cowards, for suffering him to be so long exposed to the insolence of an upstart clerk. These hasty and most unhappy words were caught up by four knights, men of high connexions and officers of the household—Reginald Fitzurse, Hugh de Morville, William de Tracy, and Richard Brito, or Le Breton. Stung by the King's reproaches, and thinking to gratify him by carrying out his apparent wish, the four set out for England, and hurried to the coast, whence, embarking at different ports, two of them were conveyed to Winchelsea, and the others to a harbour near Dover. . . . It was on Innocents' Day that they arrived at Saltwood, where they were received into the castle by Ranulf de Broc. Then, if not

before, they must have learned the fresh offence committed by Becket on Christmas Day; and the night was spent in consultation.

After the departure of the knights, the King held a council of his barons, to advise on the course which should be pursued towards the Primate. . . . It was resolved that the Earl of Mandeville, with Richard de Humet, justiciary of Normandy, and Seyer de Quinci, should be despatched into England with a warrant to arrest the Archbishop, and with orders, if possible, to overtake the four knights, whose absence from the Court had been remarked, and had excited a fear that they might be bent on some desperate design. But this measure was too late.

On the morning after their arrival at Saltwood, Tuesday, the 29th of December, the knights, accompanied by Ranulf de Broc and others, set out for Canterbury. . . . It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when they reached the palace, wearing their armour concealed under the ordinary dress of civil life. The Archbishop's dinner was over; but some of his retainers were still at table, and, on seeing them, offered them refreshment, which, says Grim, "they, thirsting rather for blood, refused." They were recognised by William Fitznigel, the Archbishop's seneschal, "a handsome cavalier, great, rich, and well feoffed," as Garnier describes him, who, since dinner was ended, had asked and obtained his master's leave to quit his service for that of the King. On their expressing a wish to speak with the Archbishop, Fitznigel returned into the room which he had just left, and, without naming them, announced that four barons from the Court desired an audience in the King's name. He was desired to admit them forthwith; and they found Becket conversing with some of his monks and clergy, as was his usual habit after dinner. . . . At the moment of their entrance he was engaged in earnest conversation; nor did he become aware of their presence until, on turning round, he found them sitting on the floor close to his feet, and an archer, who had followed them, seated behind them. For some moments the Archbishop and his visitors remained gazing at each other without speaking a word; and on his at length greeting Tracy by name, there was still no answer, until Fitzurse replied, in a contemptuous and ironical tone, "God help

thee !” Once more the parties looked at each other in silence, which was at length broken by Fitzurse saying that he and his companions were charged with a message from the King, and asking whether the Archbishop would hear it privately or publicly. “Just as you please” was his answer. “Nay, at *your* pleasure,” said the knights. “Nay, at *yours*,” rejoined the Archbishop; and the scene of compliments became embarrassing until, at the desire of John of Salisbury, the clergy were dismissed, the door, however, being left ajar. But when the knights had begun to state their business, the Archbishop desired that the clergy might be recalled, as such matters ought not to be discussed in private. One of the four is said to have afterwards confessed, that, when left alone with him, they had thoughts of murdering him with the shaft of his crozier, which, as they had laid aside their offensive armour before entering, was the only weapon within reach. They remonstrated with great vehemence in the King’s name against the Archbishop’s late proceedings—his breach of the agreement which had been concluded with Henry, the censures which he had uttered on the prelates who had been concerned in the coronation, and which they represented as an attack on the younger King’s sovereignty, the excommunication of the King’s ministers and friends, his going about the country (as they asserted) with formidable troops of followers, and exciting the people to demonstrations which endangered the peace of the realm. “Our lord the King,” said Fitzurse, “charges you to go with all speed to his son, the King, who is now on this side of the sea, to swear fealty to him, and make atonement for your offences against the King’s Majesty.” The Archbishop replied that, with the exception of the young King’s father, there was no one who loved him more tenderly than himself; that, far from having any thoughts against his royalty, he heartily wished that it were multiplied three or fourfold; that there was no just cause of offence in the peaceful welcome with which his retainers had received him after six years of absence. If, he said, he had exceeded in anything, he was willing to answer for it, in court or elsewhere. As to the excommunication and suspension of the bishops, these were pronounced by the Pope, and his own part in them had been only instrumental; he had

no jurisdiction over the Archbishop of York, but would absolve the Bishops of London and Salisbury, if they would humbly ask pardon, and would give security to abide a trial according to the canons; and he declared that at the accommodation on St. Mary Magdalene's Day he had obtained the King's leave to punish those who had invaded his office. "What do you say?" exclaimed Fitzurse; "do you charge the King with such monstrous treachery as allowing you to suspend and excommunicate those whose share in his son's coronation was ordered by himself?" "Reginald," answered Becket, "I do not charge the King with treachery; but hundreds of prelates, nobles, and monks heard our agreement, and you yourself were one of them." "I neither was there, nor did I ever see or hear any such thing." "God knows," replied the Archbishop, "for I am certain that I saw you there." Fitzurse furiously swore that he had not been present, and all the knights exclaimed that the imputation on the King was not to be endured. With regard to his lay retainers, the Archbishop professed that he would do anything which could be reasonably asked of him; but that neither he nor any of his clerks should take any oath. "From whom is it that you hold your Archbishopric?" asked Fitzurse. "The spiritualities," he answered, "from God and the Pope; the temporalities from the King." "Do you not own that you hold all from the King?" "By no means; but we must render unto the King the things that are the King's, and unto God the things that are God's." On receiving this answer, the knights started to their feet, gnashing their teeth, flashing fire from their eyes, tossing their gauntlets, and waving about their arms; while the Archbishop also rose and confronted them. A confusion ensued, in which it was impossible to know distinctly what was said, or by whom. . . . The knights told Becket that the King commanded him to leave the kingdom, with his foreign clerks and all that belonged to him. He questioned whether they had the King's authority for this order; but declared that not even the King should again place the sea between him and his flock, unless he were forcibly dragged away by the feet; and at last, appealing to Fitzurse, Tracy, and Morville, he reminded them that they had become his vassals in the days of his Chancellorship. At these words

the fury of the knights broke through all restraint. "Thomas," said Fitzurse, "in the King's name I defy thee;" and the other three joined in the defiance. . . . As they rushed madly out, carrying with them the seneschal, Fitznigel, the Archbishop followed them to the door. "Know," he cried, "that I did not come back to flee, and that I care little for your threats." "You will find that there is something else than threats" was the answer. He called on Hugh de Morville, who was the most distinguished in rank, to return and speak with him; but his words met with no attention.

In proceeding to the palace, the knights had left the main body of their followers at a house opposite the gate. These were now called in, and immediately after their admission the gate was securely closed, although the wicket was still left open. The Archbishop's porter was replaced by sentinels; Fitznigel, "at dinner the Archbishop's vassal and knight, but now against him," with a retainer of St. Augustine's, sat mounted in the court before the wicket; and all possible care was taken to prevent any communication with the town. . . .

In the meantime the Archbishop was endeavouring to assure his terrified clerks, "with a manner as calm," says Grim, "as if his murderers had come to bid him to a wedding." . . . The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of some servants, who cried out, "My lord, my lord, they are arming!" "What matter!" the Archbishop calmly replied; "let them arm." Speedily the blows of an axe were heard, as if the knights were endeavouring to break down the door of the hall, which during their absence had been locked; but it stoutly resisted their efforts. On this, Robert de Broc (who had become familiar with the intricacies of the palace while his brother held the custody of it during the exile) undertook to show them another way; and, by passing through an orchard, breaking down a partition, ascending a ladder, and creeping through a window, they gained admission into the cloisters.

Terrified by the noise of the blows on the door, and afterwards by the crash of the partition, most of the monks and clergy had fled, and the Archbishop was left with but a few companions—among them Edward Grim, a young monk of Cambridge, who had arrived at Canterbury a few days before.


These earnestly urged him to take refuge in the church ; but their entreaties, and even their representation that it was the hour of vespers, when his duty required him to attend the service, were ineffectual : thirsting for what he regarded as martyrdom, he wished to remain where he was, and insisted on the promise which he had given that he would not flee. As his resolution appeared immovable, his friends at length laid hands on him, compelled him to rise, and forcibly hurried him along. The orchard and the usual approach from the palace to the cathedral were guarded, so that it was necessary to take the way through the cloisters. . . . The monks dragged, pushed, and partly carried the Archbishop along the northern and eastern sides of the cloister, while he struggled to get loose, reproached them for their fears, and vehemently desired them to unhand him. . . .

As the Archbishop entered the north transept of the cathedral, the knights were seen at the further end of the cloister in pursuit of him. The vesper service had begun, when two boys ran wildly into the choir, "announcing," says William of Canterbury, "rather by their affright than by their words, that the enemies were about to break in." On this the monks left the choir, and hurried towards the transept, where they expressed great joy at seeing the Archbishop alive, as they had supposed him to be already slain ; but he ordered them to return to their proper place and resume their office, saying that otherwise he would again leave the church. Perceiving that some of his followers were beginning to fasten the doors behind him, he charged them on their obedience to leave them open, declaring that God's house ought not to be turned into a fortress, but was sufficient for the protection of its own. "Let all come in who will," he said ; and with his own hands he set the doors open, thrust back the crowd who pressed around, and drew in such of his own immediate followers as were still without in the cloister. At length he was forced away, just as the knights were about to enter ; but, although he was urged to make his escape, and might easily have done so, as night was coming on and the cathedral had many hiding-places and outlets, he absolutely refused to withdraw.

The monks had hurried him up four of the steps which led

to the choir, as if he were proceeding to the altar at which he usually heard the services of the Church, when Fitzurse rushed in from the cloister, shouting out, "After me, King's men!" Close behind him came the other three, all, like himself, in complete armour (except that Tracy, in order to be lighter, had left his hauberk behind); Tracy, Morville, and Le Breton carrying battle-axes, while Fitzurse still held a carpenter's hatchet, which, however, as it was not required for breaking open the door, he now cast on the pavement. The four were followed by a party of soldiers, more or less completely armed, and by some of the Canterbury people, who had been pressed into the service. As they entered, one of them charged the monks around him not to stir; and Fitzurse went to the right hand, while the others placed themselves on the left. "Where," cried Fitzurse, in the dimness of the faintly lighted cathedral, "is the traitor, Thomas Becket?" and as no answer was vouchsafed to this question, he laid hold of a monk, and asked, "Where is the Archbishop?" "Here I am," answered Becket, "no traitor, but a priest of God: if ye seek me, ye have found me. What would you have?" . . . Descending from the step on which he stood, he placed himself with his back against a pillar, near the opening of a small chapel, in which stood the altar of St. Benedict. The knights required him to absolve the excommunicated and suspended bishops. "Never," he replied, "will I absolve those who have not made satisfaction of their offences." "You are our prisoner," cried Fitzurse; "you shall come with us!" And the knights pressed closer to him, with the intention of placing him on the shoulders of Tracy, and so removing him from the church. "I will not go," he replied; "you shall do here what you wish and have been ordered to do: but in God's name, and under pain of anathema, I charge you to touch none of my people." As Fitzurse laid hold of his pall, the Archbishop violently threw him off; and he afterwards seized Tracy, whom he shook with such force as to lay him on the ground. . . .

"Strike! strike!" cried Fitzurse to his companions, and with the point of his sword he dashed off the Archbishop's cap. Tracy then raised his sword, and Grim, wrapping his arm in a cloak, lifted it up to ward off the stroke; but the weapon almost



severed the monk's arm, and descending on the Archbishop's head, cut off the tonsured part of his crown, which remained hanging only by the skin to the scalp. Being thus disabled, Grim took refuge at the nearest altar, to which many others were already clinging in an extremity of terror. Fitzurse then let fall a heavy blow; another blow from Tracy brought the Archbishop to his knees, and as he fell, with his hands joined in prayer, repeating that he was ready to die for Christ and His Church, and commending his soul to God, Le Breton inflicted a fourth stroke, accompanying it with the words, "Take that, for the sake of my Lord William, the King's brother!" The sword cut off the remaining part of the tonsure, and lighted on the pavement with such force that its point was broken off. . . . When the deed was done, one Hugh Mauclerc, of Horsea, a subdeacon attached to the household of the Brocs, who had accompanied the murderers in a military dress, put his foot on the neck of the corpse, and with the point of his sword drawing out the brains from the severed crown, scattered them on the pavement. "Let us be off, comrades!" he cried; "this traitor will never rise again." The murderers rushed out of the church, shouting, "King's soldiers! King's men!" a cry which they had repeatedly used in the course of the day, and which is said to have been customary on a battle-field after a victory. On the way to the palace they found a French servant of the Archdeacon of Sens lamenting the Archbishop, and cruelly wounded him as they passed. They hastily searched the palace, breaking open desks, presses, chests, and other repositories, and carrying off plate, money, jewels, vestments, and other valuable articles. . . . Two cilices which were found were thrown away as worthless; yet it is said that this evidence of the Archbishop's concealed mortifications produced a feeling of awe in the murderers, and that many of their followers exclaimed, "Certainly this was a righteous man!" All documents which seemed to be important were given to Ranulf de Broc for transmission to the King, that thus the Church of Canterbury might be deprived of any privileges inconsistent with the royal will; and the spoliation was completed by carrying off the most valuable horses which were to be found in the stables. On these the

murderers made their way back to Saltwood for the night, leaving Robert de Broc in possession of the palace.

Amid the general consternation the Archbishop's body lay for a time entirely neglected, until his chamberlain, Osbert, procured a light, and found it lying on the pavement. Osbert bound up the head with a piece of his own shirt; and when the murderers were gone a multitude of people flocked into the cathedral and gathered round the corpse, kissing the hands and feet, smearing their eyes with the blood, dipping their garments in it, and each endeavouring to secure some relic of the saint. "His pall and outer pelisse," says Benedict, "stained as they were with his own blood, were with somewhat inconsiderate piety bestowed on the poor, for the good of his soul; and happy would the receivers have been had they not forthwith thoughtlessly sold them, preferring the little money which they fetched." . . . The corpse was placed in front of the high altar, and the monks spent the night in watching round it with sorrow and anxiety. Then it was that the aged Robert of Merton, the instructor of Becket's early years, who ever since his consecration had been his confessor and inseparable companion, thrust his hand into the bosom, and drew out the shirt of hair which had been worn in secret. The monks lifted up their voices in admiration of this proof of a sanctity beyond what they had suspected, and which many of them had until then been disposed to doubt; and already they bestowed on the "martyr" the title of *Saint*.

In the morning an armed force appeared in the neighbourhood of the city. Robert de Broc, in the name of his brother Ranulf, threatened that the body should be exposed to indignities, unless it were buried at once and without ceremony; and he forbade the publication of the miracles by which it had already begun to be distinguished. The monks in haste proceeded to the funeral rites. Although some were of opinion that a body which had so long been purified by fasting and discipline required no further cleansing than that of its own blood, they proceeded to strip it for the customary ablution; and in so doing they discovered fresh evidences of holiness, for not only was the shirt made of hair, but the tight and galling drawers also—a mortification, it is said, without example among

English saints ; and these garments were filled with innumerable vermin, "so that any one," says Grim, "would think that the martyrdom of the preceding day was less grievous than that which these small enemies continually inflicted." And thus, on the day after his murder, the body of Archbishop Thomas was buried by the Cistercian Abbot of Boxley, before the altars of St. John and St. Augustine in the crypt of his cathedral. . . .

The shock of Becket's death thrilled at once through Latin Christendom, and to this day the murder, under whatever colouring it may be represented, remains among the most conspicuous facts in history. . . . The famous saying, "It was worse than a crime—it was a blunder," conveys, under the form of bitter irony and sarcasm, the truth that a great public crime may be even more impolitic than wicked ; and, if ever the words were applicable in this sense, they might have been applied to the part which Henry was supposed to have taken in the death of Becket. . . . The King himself could not but feel the prodigious difficulties into which he was plunged by the rash and violent act of his courtiers. He knew that the guilt would be universally charged on him, and that his enemies were now armed with a fearful weapon against him. . . .

On receiving the news at Argentan, he burst forth into lamentations over the Archbishop's death as the most grievous calamity which could have befallen him ; for three days he shut himself up in his chamber without tasting food, and for forty days he remained in penitential seclusion, abstaining from all public business. Even as to the murderers he knew not what to do. To leave them unpunished would countenance the rumours which charged him with having instigated their crime ; to punish his supposed instruments would not dissipate the suspicions, but would be regarded as a further and detestable wickedness. In these circumstances speedy action was necessary, in order to counteract the general obloquy. He therefore sent some clerks to Canterbury for the purpose of explaining, that, although the murderers had undertaken their expedition in consequence of words which had escaped him in his excitement, he was innocent of having authorized them, and had endeavoured to prevent the execution of their suspected

design : and he despatched to Italy envoys charged with a letter, in which the King protested that he had fulfilled his part of the treaty ; that Becket had broken it by stirring up his subjects against him and groundlessly excommunicating his servants ; that he deeply regretted the murder and the share which his own angry words might have had in suggesting it ; but that he was less distressed as to his conscience than as to his reputation. . . .

When the news of the murder reached the Papal Court at Tusculum, . . . the Pope secluded himself for eight days even from his usual companions, and in remorse, it is said, for the slackness with which he had supported the Church's champion, devoted himself to fasting and prayer. Yet, although this remorse may have been sincere, a man so sagacious as Alexander cannot have failed to discern the immense advantage which he might derive from the crime of Fitzurse and his accomplices. A restless, importunate, querulous ally, whose objects were far from coinciding with his own, from whose reckless impetuosity he had always reason to dread some outbreak which might destroy his own finer and more widely-reaching policy, was now at once changed into a martyr and a saint. The death of Thomas of Canterbury gave lustre to the cause which he had espoused in the division of the Papacy. . . . The Pope had only to boast of him, to identify the enemies of Thomas with his own, to use the unexpected strength which had thus accrued to his cause.

In the first excitement produced by the report of the Archbishop's end the negotiations with Henry's envoys were broken off, and it was ordered that no one from England should be admitted to the Pope's presence. . . . At length, however, by the application of the means which were usually most effectual in the Roman Court, the ambassadors procured admittance to Alexander's presence, where they swore that the King was innocent of all concern in the murder, and that he would abide the papal judgment. A similar oath was taken by some clerks on the part of the Archbishop of York and of the Bishops of London and Salisbury ; and the curses of Maundy Thursday, on which this interview took place, were limited to the actual perpetrators of the deed, with their advisers and abettors. It

was not until after Easter that the most dignified members of the mission, the Bishops of Worcester and Evreux, arrived; and after having been detained for more than a fortnight, they were dismissed with an answer less favourable than they had expected. The Archbishop of Sens, who, in conjunction with the Archbishop of Rouen, had been authorized to interdict Henry's continental dominions if the King should refuse to satisfy Becket's demands, had proceeded, on hearing of the murder, to pronounce the sentence. . . . The Pope confirmed the interdict, as well as the excommunication and suspension of the English bishops, and ordered that the King should refrain from entering a church. . . .

Henry, without waiting for the arrival of the Pope's legates in Normandy, crossed over into England in the month of August, and landed at Southampton. . . . After having renewed his measures of precaution against the introduction of dangerous documents into England, he passed into Ireland, where he spent the winter in endeavouring to secure for his crown the completion of the conquest which had been undertaken by English adventurers. For twenty weeks all communication with England or the Continent was cut off, it was said, by the violence of the winds. . . . At length, on being informed that the cardinals had arrived in Normandy, he embarked at Cork on Easter Day, and, after a hurried journey from Milford Haven to Portsmouth, appeared in Normandy with a suddenness which made King Louis exclaim, that his brother of England flew rather than travelled on horseback or on shipboard.

After several interviews with the legates . . . terms of peace with the Church were concluded at Avranches, on Sunday the 21st of May. The King of his own accord, as the legates report, swore on the Gospels, that he had neither devised, nor authorized, nor been privy to, the murder of Becket; but that the tidings of it had afflicted him as if it had been the death of his own son. As, however, he admitted that his words might have given occasion for the crime, he promised to maintain for a year two hundred knights for the defence of the Holy Land; to serve for three years against the infidels, either in the East or in Spain, unless excused by the Pope; to

allow appeals to Rome—a concession, however, which was clogged with conditions which greatly affected its value; to give up all such customs prejudicial to the Church as had been introduced in his own time—a clause which virtually left open the question which had been so long and so violently agitated; to restore the possessions of the church of Canterbury as they had been a year before the late Primate's exile; to receive into favour and to reinstate in their property all who had suffered for adherence to Becket. The younger Henry joined in such of these engagements as were not personal to his father; and both father and son swore never to forsake Alexander or his successors so long as these should acknowledge them as Catholic kings. On these terms Henry was absolved, to the great dissatisfaction of his enemies, who considered that he had been too leniently dealt with. King Louis was so indignant with the legates on this account, that he refused them permission to spend the winter in France. . . .

All the superstitions which in the Middle Ages were connected with reverence for the Saints now gathered round Becket. Herbert, shortly after the murder, mentions that a late member of the Archbishop's household, "a man who is certainly the dwelling-place of sin and of all lying and craftiness," was making a trade of exhibiting through France some pretended relics of the martyr; and pilgrims from all quarters and of every rank flocked to Canterbury, enriching the church with their gifts. In the beginning of Lent, 1173, the Pope, at the request of the French clergy and people, pronounced the canonization of St. Thomas, and ordered that the day of his death should be celebrated as his festival. Those who had opposed him in his life found themselves obliged to give way to the general feeling; they celebrated his sanctity and miracles, founded churches to his honour, and joined the throngs which crowded to his shrine. Among all these pilgrimages, the most memorable was that which Henry himself performed in July 1174. Like the fourth Henry of Germany, the King had found that his sons were armed against him under the pretence of religion. . . . Supported by the King of France, and by other potentates whose political enmity against Henry had

before allied them with the hierarchy, the eldest prince—the same whose coronation had given rise to the final quarrel with Becket—now professed himself the avenger of the martyr's death which his father had neglected to punish, and the vindicator of the Church's liberties which his father had violated. In the extremity of distress to which he was reduced by the rebellion of his sons and the attacks of his other enemies, Henry, at the suggestion of his confessor, resolved to undertake a penitential pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas the Martyr ; and his reconciliation with Heaven was believed to be shown by the coincidence that, on the same day when he prayed, fasted, watched, and submitted to flagellation at Canterbury, the fleet with which his son had intended to invade England was scattered by a tempest, and the King of Scots, who had advanced as far as Alnwick, was there defeated and taken prisoner. . . .

THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

A.D. 1167—1173.

(Abridged from the "History of Ireland." CONSTABLE'S Miscellany.)

THE state of society in Ireland, the form of government and the tenure of land, previous to the Anglo-Norman invasion, are subjects of much more importance than the origin of the nation; for, without a previous investigation of these matters, much of the subsequent history of the country would be scarcely intelligible. The attachment of the Irish to their ancient usages, and the eager desire of the first invaders to adopt these institutions, was the primary source of the greatest evils by which the country was afflicted; and, notwithstanding the many changes of rule and chances of time which have occurred in Ireland, their pernicious consequences are felt at the present hour.

At some unknown period, Ireland was divided by the Milesian conquerors into five kingdoms—Ulster, Leinster, Connaught, Munster, and Meath: the latter was at a subsequent but equally uncertain age considered as the peculiar property of the paramount sovereign. It is impossible to determine at what time the entire island was first united under a single monarch. Neither is the inquiry of any importance; for the authority of the Lord Paramount was merely nominal, unless he had the good fortune to possess sufficient forces in his hereditary dominions to ensure obedience.

These kingdoms were again subdivided into several principalities, inhabited by distinct septs, each ruled by its own *carfinny*, or chieftain. The obedience of these local rulers, or *toparchs*, to the provincial sovereign was regulated, like his to the general monarch, by the powers that he possessed for enforcing his authority. Each petty lord presided over the administration of justice in his own dominion, and possessed,

or at least exercised, the right of making war and peace with his neighbours at his pleasure.

The succession to every degree of sovereignty was regulated by the law of *Tanistry*, which limited hereditary right to the family, but not to the individual. The chiefs could only be selected from noble houses; but there was not an individual of each royal or noble family that might not become a candidate for the office of tanist, or chieftain-elect. The love of offspring might probably have induced the toparchs to limit the right of succession to their immediate descendants, had it not been the custom to elect the tanist immediately after the accession of the chief; and the interest which procured his designation would of course be sufficient to secure his right of inheritance. This pernicious custom was productive of unmixed misery. Every election of tanist was necessarily productive of party feuds, which rarely terminated without bloodshed. The chiefs looked with jealous eyes on those who only waited for their deaths to attain the rank of princes; and the tanists, conscious of these suspicions, frequently endeavoured to accelerate the moment of their elevation by open war or secret assassination.

Each district was deemed the common property of the entire sept; but the distribution of the several shares was entrusted to the toparch. The cultivators had, consequently, no property in the soil, and were little interested in improving it by cultivation. To the tanist alone was assigned an inalienable portion of mesnal¹ land; all the others were tenants at the will of the toparch, and removeable without the formality of a notice. The accession of every chief, the death of a large proprietor, the reception of a new member into the sept, and the banishment of any who had displeased the chief, usually produced a new division of land, which kept property in a state of constant fluctuation; and the custom of inheritance by gavelkind extended and perpetuated the evil. The gavelkind² of Ireland and Wales differed in several important particulars from that which still prevails in some parts of England. By the Irish

¹ Belonging to the demesne or entire lordship.

² The law of inheritance by which land is equally shared among the heirs, instead of passing only to one.

custom, females were absolutely excluded from all right of inheritance, and no distinction was made between legitimate and illegitimate children. The lower orders were divided into freemen and *betages*, or, as they were called by the Normans, *villeins*. The former had the privilege of choosing their tribe; the latter were bound to the soil, and transferred with it in any grant or deed of sale. . . .

The customs of *fostering* and *gossipred* drew closer the links that bound the lords to their vassals. The sons of the nobility were invariably nursed by the wives of the tenantry, and the associations thus formed were esteemed ties fully as binding as those of nature. On the other hand, the nobles became name-fathers to the children of their favourites, and were thus supposed to establish a claim to filial rather than feudal obedience. It is amusing to find that these innocent and interesting customs were denounced as high treason by the statute of Kilkenny in the reign of Edward III., because they were deemed the greatest support of the overgrown power of the Irish aristocracy.

The administration of justice was regulated by the Brehon law, which is said to have been formed into a code at a very early period. Its most remarkable feature was the almost total absence of capital punishment: for every offence, even for murder, a pecuniary mulct, called an *eric*, was provided; but the friends of the deceased were rarely satisfied with such a compensation, and deadly feuds were consequently multiplied. The office of Brehon, or judge, was hereditary in certain families; and, by a custom which seems to have been derived immediately from the East, all honourable professions were similarly limited. . . .

The original Irish Church had been irregular and anomalous, possessing numerous bishops, but without diocesan jurisdiction; and though once famous for learning, piety, and missionary zeal, it had been ruined by the Danish invasions, which had broken up all semblance of order, and dislocated whatever government might have previously prevailed. . . .

Monasteries were seized by ambitious laymen, and religious ordinances were either entirely neglected or performed with a negligence which degraded them into an unmeaning ritual. The power possessed by the Anglo-Saxon clergy, contrasted

with their own weakness, naturally excited the emulation of the Irish bishops. They began to wish for the lofty titles and substantial privileges enjoyed by the prelates of the neighbouring island; and as they clearly saw that this object could not be obtained without the assistance of the Roman See, they determined to make the acknowledgment of the papal authority the basis of their own aggrandizement. It may be, that some were actuated by better motives. There may have been a few who thought that external aid was necessary to reform the abuses which had been produced by centuries of commotion, and who looked to Rome, indisputably the head of the Western Churches, as the only source from whence the means of an efficient reformation could be derived. The Holy See was not slow in availing itself of these favourable dispositions, especially as, by its aid, a new dynasty had been established in England, more devotedly attached to the papal cause than that of the Saxons, because the benefits received by the Normans were more important and more recent.

The conquest of England by the Duke of Normandy was hailed by the descendants of the Danes in Ireland as a triumph that prognosticated the revival of their own power and eminence. They relinquished the name of Ostmen for the more important title of Normans, and sent ambassadors to congratulate William on his success. They also broke off their connexion with the Irish Church, asserting, with truth, that they had been instructed in Christianity by the Saxons; and they sent over the Bishop-elect of Dublin to receive ordination from Lanfranc, the Norman Archbishop of Canterbury. This was the first step towards submission; but it was not made without resistance, for a letter is extant from the people of Dublin to Ralph, Archbishop of Canterbury, about the year 1121, in which they complain of the dislike shown to them by the Irish bishops on account of their having submitted to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of a foreigner. The first Irishman who advocated the papal supremacy was Gillebert, Bishop of Limerick, who accepted the office of Apostolic Legate. He wrote a curious tract, which is yet extant, recommending his countrymen to tender their spiritual allegiance to the common father of Christendom. . . .

Gillebert was succeeded as legate by the celebrated Malachy, ^{A.D.} whose life has been written by St. Bernard, the pious and learned Abbot of Clareval (or Clairvaux). Malachy took the decided measure of going to Rome, to solicit palls, the Roman emblem of investiture, for the Metropolitan see of Armagh and the new Archbishopric of Cashel. He did not, however, complete the journey; he died at Clareval, in the arms of his friend and biographer. The Court of Rome did not allow the favourable impressions produced by Gillebert and Malachy to remain unimproved. In the year 1152 a synod was convened 1152 at Kells, over which Cardinal Paparo, the apostolic legate, presided. There, for the first time, palls were distributed to the Irish prelates, and the papal authority formally acknowledged. . . .

The new ecclesiastical establishment was not, however, received universally. Many of the inferior clergy, animated by different motives, vigorously contended for their ancient usages; and the toparchs were opposed to a system by which their power was limited and controlled. Complaints were made in Rome that the Irish clergy still continued to marry, that tithes were paid irregularly, and that the native princes usurped the nomination to ecclesiastical dignities. The Pope saw that some ally was necessary to confirm the supremacy which he had already gained, and the abilities and ambition of Henry II. pointed him out as the most eligible auxiliary. In the year 1155 the negotiations between Henry II. and Pope Adrian 1155 were concluded. The Holy Father entered into a compact with the enterprising young monarch, by which it was stipulated that the lordship of Ireland should be transferred to Henry, provided that he would maintain the papal supremacy and the ecclesiastical constitutions which had been established by the Synod of Kells.

Continental wars, and the rebellion of his unnatural sons, long prevented Henry from availing himself of the papal grant; but, in the meantime, he entered into negotiations with some of the Irish prelates, who were anxious to purchase the pomp, power, and privilege possessed by the English and continental bishops, even at the price of their country's independence. What might have been the result of unaided

negotiations is mere matter of conjecture. An accidental circumstance hurried them to a rapid conclusion, and brought the Normans into Ireland before Henry and his partisans could make any previous preparation for the unexpected event.

If the worst evils of civil commotion could form an excuse for transferring the sovereignty of a country to a foreign potentate, the Pope and the clergy might have found a powerful apology in the state of Ireland during the century that preceded the English invasion. . . . The kings of the North and West were at this time candidates for the supreme power. Turlogh O'Connor, King of Connaught, nominally obtained this dignity; but he was fiercely opposed by O'Lachlan, chief of the northern sept of Hy-Nial, aided by many other princes of Ulster and Leinster. After a long and desultory warfare, the rivals agreed to divide the sovereignty between them; but, like all similar expedients, the peace obtained by this arrangement was partial and temporary, and war was soon renewed between the partisans of the competitors. O'Rourke, Prince of Breffney (the present county of Leitrim), was a warm supporter of the O'Connors; while his neighbour, Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster, was as vigorous a supporter of the Hy-Nial dynasty. Their political differences were further heightened by personal causes. O'Rourke, far advanced in years, had married Dervorghal, a princess of Meath, who might have been his daughter, and had soon cause to suspect that her affections were fixed on the youthful Dermot, the fame of whose beauty and courtesy was spread through all the surrounding septs. . . .

Dermot invaded the territories of O'Rourke, and carried away Dervorghal a willing captive into Leinster. The injured prince complained to O'Connor of the gross wrongs he had received, and the King of Connaught at once levied an army to support his ally. Dermot's territories were invaded before O'Lachlan could come to his assistance; but he purchased peace by restoring the lady to her husband and making compensation for the ravages his soldiers had committed in Breffney (A.D. 1154). . . .

^{A.D.} On the death of Turlogh O'Connor the undisputed sovereignty of Ireland was given to O'Lachlan (1156). . . .

The fidelity of Dermod was richly rewarded ; he was enabled to extend his sway over many of the neighbouring septs, and soon reckoned among his vassals the kings of Ossory and Meath, the Danish lord of Dublin, and the toparchs who ruled in the districts which now form the counties of Wicklow, Carlow, and Wexford : . . . But an unexpected event produced a complete revolution in Irish politics. O'Lachlan, after concluding a solemn treaty with Dunleve, Prince of Ulad (the present county of Down), treacherously made him captive, and tore out his eyes in prison. This abominable perfidy roused the northern chieftains into insurrection ;—a rapid and general revolt took place. . . .

O'Lachlan fell, and the power of his family was annihilated (A.D. 1167). Roderick O'Connor, the son of Turlogh, ascended ^{A.D.} 1167 the vacant throne, apparently without waiting for the forms of an election, and immediately prepared to avenge the wrongs which had been inflicted on the partisans of his family. O'Rourke, the Prince of Breffney, was a willing assistant to the new monarch ; and the feudatories of Dermod, anxious to regain their independence, readily promised to favour his designs. On the advance of O'Connor into Leinster, Dermod found himself deserted by all his vassals, and, unable to make any effective resistance, he set fire to Fern, his capital city, and fled with a small train to solicit the aid of foreigners. . . .

In the beginning of this century, several of the Norman soldiers, who had not received any share of the Saxon estates, or who had wasted in dissipation the lands acquired by the Conquest, obtained from the Anglo-Norman kings letters of licence to conquer for themselves dominions in Wales. The southern part of the country was the principal scene of these invasions, which were for the most part successful ; and the county of Pembroke having been subdued by a mixed body of Normans, Flemings, and English, was so completely dis severed from the Principality, that it was usually called *Little England beyond Wales*. Gilbert, Earl of Pembroke, the chief of this little territory, had a son, Richard, Earl of Strigul (now Chepstow), surnamed Strongbow, from his feats of archery. Strongbow was celebrated for his valour and military skill, but his dissipated habits had ruined his fortunes, and his notorious

ambition deprived him of royal favour. To this nobleman Dermod made application for assistance, promising him, that if restored by his aid, he would give him his daughter Eva in marriage, and secure him the inheritance of his kingdom—a promise directly at variance with the Irish law, which made the succession to the crown elective, and acknowledged no right in the female descendants. Strongbow lent a willing ear to these conditions, but, fearing the jealousy of Henry, refused to sail until he received his sovereign's special permission. While Richard was thus delayed, Dermod succeeded in engaging other adventurers, equally brave and unscrupulous, but not so powerful as Earl Richard. The chief of these was Robert Fitz-Stephen, the governor of Cardigan, in South Wales. He had been thrown into prison by Rice (or Rhees-ap-Griffith), one of the Welsh princes, for refusing to join in an insurrection against the Norman power; and he was now released on condition of departing with his followers to another country, where they could offer no resistance to the meditated revolt. With him were joined Maurice Fitz-Gerald, his maternal brother, the son of the Bishop of St. David's, Meiler Fitz-Henry, Maurice de Prendergast, Hervé of Montmarais, and some other knights of reputation. . . .

A.D.
1170 In the beginning of May, A.D. 1170, the Norman invaders for the first time appeared on the coast of Ireland. They landed at a place called Bann, on the southern coast of the county of Wexford, and immediately sent messengers to notify their arrival to Dermod. This little army consisted only of thirty knights, sixty heavy-armed soldiers, and three hundred archers under the command of Fitz-Stephen, and ten knights and two hundred archers headed by Prendergast—forces so apparently inadequate to the feats recorded of them that their achievements at first sight seem like the wild fictions of romance. But a little examination of the circumstances in which the Normans and Irish were placed will soon explain this apparent disproportion between cause and effect. The former had been military adventurers for more than a century. Having no dependence but their swords, they had devoted themselves from infancy to the exercises of chivalry, and valued no possession but their arms and horses. Their cross-

bows and their discipline had decided the fate of England at the battle of Hastings, and the wars on the Continent had taught them to improve these advantages to the utmost. The Irish, on the contrary, had never served out of their own country. They had learned none of those improvements in the art of war which made the name of Norman formidable throughout Europe. Their soldiers still used the light weapons and the thin defences which had sufficed for their ancestors ; their cavalry was mounted on the native breed of horses, called hobbies, light and active, indeed, but not so formidable as the powerful war-horse of the foreign knights. It is no wonder then that the Normans, locked in complete steel and mounted on their brilliant chargers, should have easily routed the half-naked and badly-mounted troops with whom they had to contend.

The first enterprise undertaken by the King of Leinster and his associates was the siege of Wexford, a Danish town of great strength and importance. An attempt was made to carry it by assault, in which eighteen of the assailants, and only three of the garrison, were slain ; but such was the impression produced by the formidable array of the Normans, that the garrison, at the instigation of the clergy, offered to capitulate, and after a delay of three days, principally caused by the obstinate pride of Dermot, the town was surrendered on equitable terms.

In pursuance of his promises, Dermot bestowed the lordship of Wexford and the surrounding districts on Fitz-Stephen, conjointly with Fitz-Gerald, though the latter had not yet arrived ; and he presented to Hervé of Montmarais two districts on the coast between Waterford and Wexford. Hervé planted in these territories, which form the present baronies of Bargy and Forth, a colony of the Belgians who had settled in Pembroke ; and their descendants, even at the present day, continue to be distinguished from the inhabitants of the surrounding districts by their peculiar dialect and customs. . . .

Dermot, encouraged by his successes, proceeded to punish the defection of the several septs which had been subject to him during the Hy-Nial dynasty ; but, contrary to the advice of his allies, he contented himself with plundering the country, and took no measures to secure his conquests. . . .

While the first adventurers were thus employed, Strongbow had proceeded in person to King Henry, in order that he might obtain permission to lead the adventurers in Ireland. Henry, swayed both by jealousy and ambition, was equally unwilling to assent or refuse. He made an equivocal answer, which the Earl took for a full approbation, and, returning to Wales, made extensive preparations for his expedition. Raymond le Gros, who headed the vanguard of the new armament, was sent with ten knights and seventy archers to secure a landing-place for the rest of the army (A.D. 1171). . . .

Henry had in the meantime peremptorily commanded Strongbow to desist from his enterprise. But the Earl, trusting that success would atone for his disobedience, set sail, and arrived in the Bay of Waterford with a force of two hundred knights and about twelve hundred infantry. The day after his landing, Strongbow, by the advice of Raymond, advanced to the attack of Waterford, and, after having inspected the fortifications, determined to hazard an assault. Twice the Normans were repelled by the garrison; but one of the captains observing at the eastern angle a cage-work house that projected beyond the walls, cut away the props by which it was supported, and the breach caused by the fall of the house opened an entrance for the assailants. The resistance of the garrison was punished by a merciless slaughter, which continued until the arrival of Dermot. The king successfully exerted himself to save the lives of his countrymen, and as soon as the work of murder had ceased, solemnized the stipulated marriage between Strongbow and his daughter Eva. The nuptials were celebrated with such maimed rites as the time allowed; and immediately after the confederates determined to march against Dublin, whose inhabitants had thrown off their allegiance to Dermot.

The news of these successes at length roused Roderick O'Connor from his inactivity. He assembled a numerous army, with which he advanced to Clondalk, between the invaders and Dublin; but no sooner had his followers seen the formidable array of the Normans than they lost all courage, and dispersed without coming to an engagement. . . .

Roderick, unable or unwilling to meet the enemy in the

field, sent ambassadors to remonstrate with Dermot; but, finding that the King of Leinster, elated by success, paid little regard to his requests, he ordered the hostages which had been given to him before the arrival of the Normans to be instantly beheaded. One of these unfortunate victims was Dermot's natural son. The slaughter of him and his companions completed the alienation of MacMurrough from the cause of his country, and at his death, which occurred soon after, he bequeathed his dominions to Strongbow, and exhorted him to maintain the possession.

The death of Dermot was followed by the defection of his vassals; and several other events which occurred about the same time were still more unfavourable to the Normans. A general council of the Irish clergy was held at Armagh. After a long deliberation, they declared that the success of the invaders was owing to the anger of Heaven, which the Irish had provoked by purchasing English slaves from the merchants of Bristol—a city long infamous for this traffic in human flesh. The slaves throughout the country were immediately liberated, and the Irish, believing that the Divine wrath was thus averted, felt proportionately elated. In England, Henry, more jealous than ever of Strongbow's success, issued an edict, strictly forbidding the exportation of men, arms, or ammunition to Ireland.

Under these circumstances Strongbow learned with dismay that a formidable confederacy for the expulsion of the invaders had been formed by the native Irish, the Danes of the Hebrides, and the corsairs in the Isle of Man. Strongbow immediately sent orders to Fitz-Stephen to send part of the garrison of Wexford to assist in the defence of Dublin. But the people of Wexford no sooner saw the number of their masters weakened than they burst into insurrection, slew the greater part, and sent the rest as prisoners to an island in the bay. The news of this calamity reached Strongbow at the moment when his courage began to waver on account of the overwhelming force of the enemy. He immediately sent Lawrence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, to propose terms of accommodation to Roderick, and offered to acknowledge himself his vassal. The Archbishop is said by many authors to have been the original instigator of the confederacy; but this opinion

seems to have little foundation in truth, for he would scarcely have remained voluntarily in a garrison of which he had planned the destruction. Roderick declared that he would enter into no treaty of which the departure of the Normans from the island should not be a preliminary; and, in case of a refusal, threatened to give immediate orders for an assault. When these terms were proposed in the council of the adventurers, Milo de Crogan declared his resolution rather to die in battle than to purchase uncertain safety by disgraceful submission. These noble sentiments were applauded by the entire assembly, and, before their enthusiasm had time to cool, the troops were drawn out for the apparently desperate enterprise of assaulting the Irish camp. The effect of the surprise was decisive. The besiegers fled almost without striking a blow. Roderick made no effort to rally his troops, and the Normans, with the loss of only a single man, obtained a complete victory. . . .

In the midst of his triumphs Strongbow received an order from Henry so peremptory that he dared not disobey. Entrusting, therefore, the government to De Crogan, he embarked for England. . . .

Before venturing into the presence of Henry, Strongbow sent his friend Raymond le Gros to conciliate the irritated monarch. . . .

By the intercession of Hervè de Monte-marisco or Montmarais (now called Mountmorris) the Earl was reconciled to his sovereign, and permitted to retain all his Irish possessions under the English crown. But, notwithstanding the pardon given to Strongbow, Henry availed himself of the Irish expedition as a plausible pretext for seizing on all the castles in Pembroke, under pretence that they were justly forfeited by their owners having encouraged an illegal armament. Having thus strengthened his power in Wales, Henry offered up his solemn devotions in the church of Saint David's, and then proceeded to Milford Haven, where a powerful fleet and army had been directed to assemble.

The news of Henry's extensive preparations were received in Ireland with an apathy and unconcern which would be wholly unaccountable if there had not been some previous negotiations with the Irish prelates and princes. . . . He

came professedly not to conquer the country, but to take possession of an island granted him by the Pope ; and he relied for success on clerical intrigue rather than force of arms. By the latter end of October he received the submission of MacArthy, the powerful chief of Desmond, or South Munster, who resigned all his estates into the hands of the King. They were all regranted immediately on the usual conditions of feudal tenure, except the city of Cork, which Henry reserved to himself. MacArthy's example was immediately followed by the princes of Thomond, Ossory, and the Decies. Even O'Rourke of Breffney, whose family had been so long the most eminent partisans of the O'Connor dynasty, came to meet the English monarch on his march to Dublin, and humbly tendered his allegiance. . . .

In a temporary structure, erected outside the gates of the city, the Irish princes who had submitted were splendidly feasted by their new sovereign, and, far from regretting the loss of their independence, they congratulated themselves on becoming the subjects of a monarch so powerful as Henry Fitz-Empress—for by this name the native historians invariably designate the Norman monarch, in order to gratify their national pride and excuse their subjection by the great nobility of their master. To fulfil the conditions of the papal grant, and to provide for the future administration of the country, Henry summoned a synod of the Irish princes and prelates at Cashel, under the presidency of Christian, Bishop of Lismore, the legate of the Holy See. To this council came the Archbishops of Dublin, Tuam, and Cashel ; the Bishops of the different sees in the south and east ; a few of the English Clergy ; the most powerful toparchs of Munster and Leinster ; and all the Norman barons who had obtained, or hoped to obtain, grants of Irish estates. The bull of Pope Adrian, and its confirmation by Alexander, were read in the assembly, the sovereignty of Ireland granted to Henry by acclamation, and several regulations made for increasing the power and privileges of the clergy, and assimilating the discipline of the Irish Church to that which the Romish See had established in Western Europe. Gelasius, Archbishop of Armagh, did not attend the synod, but excused himself on account of his age and

infirmities ; but he subsequently came to Dublin, and publicly gave his full assent to all the proceedings. The rest of the winter was spent in preparations for extending and securing the conquest ; but, unfortunately, before Henry could put the wise plans which he meditated into execution, he was suddenly summoned to England by the alarming intelligence of the rebellion of his ungrateful sons, and of the arrival of two papal legates to inquire into the circumstances of Becket's murder. Sensible of his danger, the monarch sailed from Wexford on the feast of Easter, 1173, "leaving behind him," as Sir John Davis remarks, "not one more true subject than he had found on his first arrival." The government of Ireland was entrusted to Hugh de Lacy, with Robert Fitz-Stephen and Maurice Fitz-Gerald as his assistants. . . .

A.D.
1173

The premature departure of Henry was the primary cause of all the evils under which Ireland laboured for centuries. Had he completed the subjugation of the country, he would naturally have established a uniform system of law and government ; he would have made his followers and the native inhabitants bear the common name of fellow-subjects. Unfortunately after his departure the extension of the Anglo-Norman power was entrusted to private adventurers, whose rewards were the spoils of the vanquished. When spoliation was thus legalized, it is not surprising that many Norman leaders were unscrupulous in the selection of their victims, and seized the lands of those who were in the King's peace as eagerly as the estates of those who still disdained submission. Indeed, the septs which had been foremost in acknowledging the Norman sovereignty were the greatest sufferers. The adventurers seized their lands on any pretence, or on no pretence. The provincial governors were bribed by a share of the spoil to refuse redress ; and an appeal to the sovereign was difficult on account of the distance, and not likely to succeed when the crime was supposed favourable to the royal interests. The settlement at the Synod of Cashel was manifestly misunderstood by all the parties concerned. The clergy believed that Henry assumed the title of Lord Paramount only as deputy to the Pope ; the toparchs supposed that, by their tender of allegiance, they only conceded the precarious

sovereignty which had been enjoyed by the native princes ; and Henry imagined that he had secured the possession of the island, though his power really extended not beyond the places actually colonized by the Nórman. The distinction between the new settlers and the natives was preserved more forcibly by the continuance of the Brehon law and the old customs of tenure and descent. The English laws were granted only to the Norman settlers, to the citizens of the principal seaports, and to a few who obtained charters of denization as a matter of favour. Five principal septs—the O'Neills of Ulster, the O'Connors of Connaught, the O'Briens of Thomond, the O'Lachlans (or Melachlans) of Meath, and the MacMurroughs (called also Kavanaghs) of Leinster—were received within the pale of English law ; but all the rest were esteemed aliens or enemies, and could neither sue nor be sued, even down to the reign of Elizabeth. This, in fact, amounted to a total denial of justice for any wrongs inflicted on the natives. The old rolls contain numberless instances of complaints made for various acts of violence, to which the defendants plead that "the plaintiff is an Irishman, and not of the five bloods,"—an answer which, if verified, was always held sufficient. When an English settler was slain, the murderer was executed according to English law ; but the death of a native was compensated by an *eric*, according to the Brehon code. Such an incongruity afforded so many chances of escape to the powerful, and opened so many facilities for suppression, that we cannot wonder at the opposition which all plans for the establishment of a uniform system of law received from the adventurers and their descendants.

The incompleteness of the conquest produced another evil of even greater magnitude, whose effects are not wholly effaced at the present day. We have seen that land was held at the pleasure of the toparch, that all his followers were tenants-at-will, who might be dispossessed at a moment's warning. The possession of similar power was ardently desired by the Norman barons. With short-sighted policy, they preferred a horde of miserable serfs to a body of substantial yeomanry ; and they sacrificed readily their true interests, and the interests of both countries, to secure this object of their unworthy

ambition. A similar folly seems to have seized on the successive oligarchies that have wielded the destinies of Ireland. Nothing was deemed so formidable as an independent tenantry ; no possession more desirable than an estate stocked with beings who were slaves in all but the name. Hence, for many centuries, the valuable class of substantial farmers was utterly unknown in Ireland—hence the number of such is even now inconsiderable—and hence the great mass always ready for insurrection, when summoned by popular leaders or by their own passions ; men possessing no sympathy with their landlords—for never did community of feeling exist between master and slave ; men having nothing to lose in agrarian tumult, and everything to hope from the prospect of revolution. The Norman oligarchs (if such a word may be used) were bad masters and worse subjects. The monarchs soon found the degenerate English who had adopted Irish customs more obstinate and more formidable enemies than the natives. In the language of the old historians, “they were more Irish than the Irish themselves ;” and, from their first settlement, their principal object and that of their successors was, to control, and if possible prevent, the wholesome influence of the British Government, in order to maintain their own monopoly of oppression. Had Henry remained a sufficient time to complete his prudent plans, he might really have established an English interest in Ireland ; but he only left behind him an oligarchy, which, like all other oligarchies, in a country possessing the semblance of freedom, was ever jealous of the sovereign and odious to the people.

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH.

THE EMPIRE AND THE PAPACY.

A.D. 1085—1192.

THE histories of the Papacy and of the German Empire are from their very beginning almost inextricably interwoven. The struggle for pre-eminence is incessant; sometimes taking the form of angry dispute and vain negotiation, at other times breaking out into open war. The German Emperor claimed the temporal suzerainty of the Italian republics; the Pope claimed the spiritual suzerainty of the Empire. The rival powers could not peaceably co-exist, and in the long conflict between the Emperor Henry IV. and Pope Gregory VII. the contest might seem to have reached its climax; but the death of Gregory left it still undecided. His immediate successor, Victor III., was an old man, both unable and unwilling to carry out the policy of his predecessor. He was Pope but for five years, and this period was one of perpetual contest with an Antipope, upheld by the Emperor.

Urban II., who was chosen to succeed Victor (1088), had ^{A.D.} 1088 all the resolute firmness of Gregory; but his disposition was less aggressive, and his policy more cautious. With the view of raising up an enemy against Henry in the person of one of the most powerful of the German princes, he persuaded the Countess Matilda of Tuscany, the great benefactress of the Church, who was then forty-three years of age, to marry Guelf, Duke of Bavaria, a youth of nineteen; and, according to his expectations, a war in Germany was the immediate result. Henry would, in all probability, have been able to withstand his foreign enemies; but his foes were in his own household. His son Conrad—a boy of great beauty, piety, and gentleness, but weak and dreamy in character—shocked at the sacrilegious evils of the time, and attributing them to his father, whom he

A.D. believed guilty of the grossest crimes, turned against the Emperor, and took part with the Pope and the Countess. His revolt crushed for a time both the heart of the aged Emperor and the power of his party. Urban II. became supreme in Christendom, and consummated his victory by assembling the Council of Clermont, and exciting the princes of Europe to

1094 undertake the first crusade (A.D. 1094).

1099 Urban died A.D. 1099, before the tidings of the taking of Jerusalem could reach Rome; and Paschal II., already a cardinal of the Church, succeeded him.

The contest with the Empire continued. Young Conrad died; but Henry, his younger brother, followed his example of rebellion. The unfortunate Henry IV., excommunicated by the Pope, and made prisoner by his own son, was deposed, 1106 and expired in poverty and loneliness; his dying petition to young Henry being a prayer for forgiveness, and an entreaty that his earthly remains might repose with those of his ancestors in the cathedral of Spire.

In the career of the Emperor Henry V. it can scarcely be presumptuous to mark the retributive justice of God. The implacable enmity with which the Pope had persecuted his father now turned against himself. Disputes about investiture, contests for supremacy over the Italian republics, and open war between the armies of the Empire and of the Pope, mark 1118 the whole of his reign. Even when Paschal II. died, in 1118, after having worn the triple crown for nineteen years, the quarrel was still continued with his successor Gelasius II. The Emperor set up an Antipope; Gelasius fled from Rome, half-clad in his sacred vestments (such is the description of a sad eye-witness), and as fast as his horse could gallop. His cross-bearer followed;—he fell, and the cross was picked up and concealed by a woman. The Pope himself was found, weary, sorrowful, and moaning with grief, in a field near the church of St. Paul. Again he made his escape to France, but it was only to die. A sudden attack of pleurisy caused his death, at the 1119 abbey of Clugny, A.D. 1119.

His successor, Calixtus II., was the first Pontiff who established a close connexion with France. He endeavoured to make peace with the Emperor, and to settle the disputed ques-

tion of investiture ; and at length he succeeded. A treaty was framed by the papal legates in 1122, and ratified by the German Emperor and his people.

A. D.
1122

The Emperor gave up the right of investiture by the ring and pastoral staff, granted to the clergy the right of free election, restored all that had been seized during the wars in his father's time and his own, and pledged himself to protect the Church of Rome in all things. The Pope, on the other hand, granted that all elections of bishops and abbots should take place in the presence of the Emperor, or his commissioners ; and that the bishop-elect in Germany should receive, by the touch of the sceptre, the temporal rights of his see, those only excepted which were held immediately of the See of Rome. He also promised aid to the Emperor on all lawful occasions.

The papal legate then celebrated mass, administered the Eucharist to the Emperor, declared him to be reconciled to the Holy See, and received him and his partisans, with the kiss of peace, into the bosom of the Church. The Lateran Council ratified this most important treaty, which thenceforth became the law of Christendom.

Thus closed one period of the long strife between the Church and the Empire. Neither party was triumphant. The Pope no longer aspired to make the Church absolutely independent, and the Emperor ceased to exercise direct power over the Church by interfering with the election of the bishops. But the advantage gained was more on the side of the Emperor than the Pope. From this time the bishops of the Empire were Germans as well as Churchmen, and, in the subsequent contests which arose, they espoused the cause of their native land and became the bulwarks of the imperial power.

Pope Calixtus II. died in 1124, and the Emperor Henry V. 1124 in the following year. Honorius II. succeeded Calixtus ; Lothaire the Saxon succeeded Henry. During the six years of the pontificate of Honorius all was peace between the Empire and the Papacy ; but when the Pope died, in 1130, there was 1130 a contested election for his successor. A minority of the cardinals, secretly, on the very day of his death, elected the Cardinal of St. Angelo, who took the name of Innocent II. ;

the remainder waited for a short time, and then chose Cardinal Peter Leonis, one of a family which had long been conspicuous in Roman politics. He called himself Anacletus II.

Innocent was supported by Lothaire, Emperor of Germany, Louis VII. King of France, and Henry II. of England. More than all, he was upheld by the powerful influence of Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, the reformer of Church abuses, the reviver of monastic institutions, and not only the governing head of the severe monasteries which at this time sprung up in every part of Europe, but the leader of the councils of temporal sovereigns and the acknowledged director of the intellect of the age.

The life of St. Bernard demands a separate notice.¹ He was essentially the representative man of his age, exhibiting the spirit of that age in its best features—fiery zeal for the Church, then considered inseparable from zeal for God, severe personal self-denial, and unbounded energy in the work of arousing and converting his fellow-men. In those days of violence and bloodshed, monasteries were the only field for the full exhibition of these virtues; and Bernard, as the reformer of the monastic system, attracted to himself the noblest minds of the day. When he espoused the cause of Innocent II., all the sovereigns of Europe, with the exception of Duke Roger of Sicily (the son of the first Roger, who had established the Norman power in that island), recognised the election of Innocent as valid. But, at the very period when the power of the Pope and the Church seemed most firmly rooted, a spirit of antagonism, both spiritual and temporal, was being kindled against it, which aroused an eager controversy and a political rebellion at the time, and which, though afterwards apparently extinguished, still continued to smoulder, and was destined to break forth, four centuries later, in the overwhelming course of the Reformation.

Peter Abelard, the Breton, exhibited this antagonism theologically, and Arnold of Brescia politically. Both were contemporaries of St. Bernard, and both taught and acted in opposition to Innocent II. and the Papacy. Abelard preached

¹ See *Life of St. Bernard*, page 129.

doctrines which were deemed heretical, and was openly condemned; Arnold of Brescia—a man of severe morality and unimpeachable orthodoxy—rose in rebellion, and attempted to establish a republic in Rome. A.D. —

When Innocent II. died, in 1143, the disturbances consequent upon these republican doctrines were at their height. Celestine II., who succeeded him, lived but six months; and Lucius II., who followed, was Pope for scarcely a year. In that year he appealed to the Emperor Conrad of Franconia, the successor of Lothaire the Saxon, to support him against his rebellious subjects, but without success; and he then took up arms in his own defence, attempted to storm the Capitol in the front of his soldiers, and was mortally wounded with a stone. 1143

The pontificate of Eugenius III., who was chosen in 1145 to succeed Lucius, is chiefly marked by the preaching of a new crusade at Vézelay (A.D. 1146). It was Bernard indeed, who, by his eloquence and enthusiasm, roused the slumbering zeal of the European princes; but Eugenius, who was his personal friend, gave him his full support, and in a letter declared that nothing but the disturbances at Rome, where Arnold of Brescia had then fully established his republic, could have prevented him from following the example of his predecessor Urban, and appearing at the council. Bernard and Eugenius died in the same year (1153), both having lived to suffer a grievous disappointment in the failure of the crusade undertaken by Louis VII. and the Emperor Conrad of Franconia, the successor of Lothaire the Saxon. 1146
1153

The Republic of Rome did not interfere with the election of the Popes, and, on the death of Eugenius, the cardinals chose Anastasius IV., who, after a peaceful rule of one year and five months, was succeeded by Adrian IV. (Nicholas Breakspear), the only Englishman who ever occupied the papal throne.

Adrian's views of the papal dignity equalled those of the loftiest of his predecessors. The idea which he entertained of his unlimited power appears in the grant of Ireland which he made to the English Henry II. This was one of his first important acts. The next was to reduce the power of Arnold of Brescia, by placing Rome under an interdict, and banishing Arnold. The third was to confront and defy the power of

Frederick Barbarossa, the chief of the great German House of Hohenstaufen, who had been elected Emperor in 1152 on the death of his uncle, Conrad. The contest between Adrian and Frederick regarding their respective claims to supreme power deserves more detailed consideration than can here be given it.¹ Frederick secretly upheld the republicans in Rome; Adrian more openly took the part of the republics of Northern Italy. Milan, Brescia, and Crema rose in open rebellion against the Emperor, and bound themselves not to make peace with him without the consent of the Pope; and Adrian, thus supported, was preparing for the last act of defiance, the declaration of war and excommunication of the Emperor, when his death (Sept. 1159) put an end to all his schemes, and apparently left the victory to Frederick.

A.D.
1159

Then followed what was now so frequent, a contested election for the Papacy, ending in the elevation of two rival Popes, Victor IV. and Alexander III. Frederick Barbarossa acknowledged Victor, and of course was at open war with Alexander, whose claim was upheld by France, Spain, and England. Alexander took possession of Rome; but it was not safe to remain there—his enemies were too numerous and powerful. He sought refuge in France, and there, for three years, held his court, and carried out his ecclesiastical and spiritual rule over the kingdom which acknowledged his sway. When disputes arose between Henry II. and Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, appeals were made to Alexander; and the history of Becket is throughout in close connexion with that of Alexander and his Antipope, and the Emperor Frederick.

When Frederick and the Antipope were powerful in Italy, and when Henry II. threatened to withdraw his assistance from Alexander, and no longer to supply him with money for the pay of the armies which the Pope was obliged to raise, then Becket was well-nigh abandoned. But whenever the Emperor's power was on the wane, Becket was supported.

Frederick at length left Italy, and went back to Germany, where he seemed likely to be fully occupied with domestic wars, his cousin, Henry the Lion, the powerful Duke of Saxony,

¹ See Life of Frederick Barbarossa, page 191.

having rebelled against him. Alexander then ventured to return to Rome. The Antipope Victor was dead, but a new Antipope had been elected, still supported by Frederick. A renewal of the war was inevitable. The Lombard republics upheld by Adrian again rebelled; the battle of Legnano was fought (1176), and the Emperor was totally defeated. A treaty of peace was then arranged, and when two years afterwards the Antipope abdicated his vain title, and sought forgiveness for the sin of schism, Alexander's power seemed firmly established. It was enjoyed, however, but for a short time, for the following year (1179) he died.

A.D.

1179

For the next twenty years five popes—Lucius III., Urban III., Gregory VIII., Clement III., and Celestine III.—followed each other in rapid but unimportant succession; whilst the remainder of the history of Frederick Barbarossa, as far as regards Italy, is but a continuation of his contests with the reigning Pope, aggravated by the marriage of his son (afterwards the Emperor Henry VI.) with Constantia the Nun, the heiress of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

In order fully to understand the effect which this marriage had upon the destinies of Germany and Italy, it may be desirable to look back a few years and trace the progress made by Naples and Sicily, originally distinct states, founded by William and Roger de Hauteville, the two elder sons of the Norman knight Sir Tancred de Hauteville. It was in the year 1127 that Roger II. of Sicily, the son of the first Count, took advantage of the death of his childless cousin William, Duke of Apulia, the grandson of Robert Guiscard, to claim his inheritance, and was allowed by the Antipope, Anacletus, to assume the title of King of the Two Sicilies.

The sovereigns of Apulia, from their near vicinity to Rome, had always possessed great influence over the fortunes of the Papacy; and when, as was so frequently the case, two Popes claimed the tiara, one being supported by the German Emperor, it followed, almost as a necessary consequence, that his rival should be upheld by the Duke of Apulia. But the reigning Pontiff, whoever he might be, could ill afford to live on terms of enmity with his powerful neighbour. Anacletus had been the ally of Roger II., but Anacletus was not acknowledged by

the European princes generally. Innocent II. was recognised as the true Pope, and he was compelled for his own security not only to make peace with the King of the Two Sicilies, but to accept him as a friend.

The crown of Roger descended successively to his son and grandson, known as William the Bad and William the Good. The youth, and innocence, and personal advantages of William the Good, who came to the throne at a very early age, greatly endeared him to the nation ; but he lived only a short time, and, there being then no male descendant of the House of Hauteville, the succession to the crown devolved upon William's aunt, Constantia, the daughter of King Roger. It was this rich inheritance which Frederick Barbarossa desired to unite to his own German possessions, by marrying Constantia to his son Henry. The marriage was obnoxious to the Pope (Urban III.), not only because it was contracted in defiance of the vows of celibacy which Constantia had taken, but also because it would so greatly increase the power and influence of the German Emperor in Southern Europe ; and its consequences were fatal, for if it did not originate, it certainly stimulated and sustained, the implacable enmity of the Popes to the House of Hohenstaufen.

Frederick, however, was not to see the full effects of his ambitious policy. The Sicilians, indeed, rejected Constantia and her husband, and placed on the throne Tancred, an illegitimate grandson of King Roger ; but it was at the cost of discord and bloodshed that Tancred was able even for a few years to retain his crown ; and this temporary triumph would probably have been denied him but that the attention of Frederick was directed to a distant enterprise. The condition of Jerusalem, retaken by the Sultan Saladin, awakened the sympathy of Christendom, and the European princes, roused by Gregory VIII., pledged themselves to a new crusade.

The aged Emperor was the first to fulfil his vow. After making every effort to establish peace amongst the princes and knights of the Empire, and compelling the restless and ambitious Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony, to quit Germany and repair to the court of his father-in-law, the King of England, for three years, he set out for the Holy Land in the spring of

the year 1189. The King of Hungary, the Greek Emperor, and the Turkish Sultan of Iconium, promised him a free passage through their dominions; and the first prospects of the crusade were encouraging, for Hungary and Bulgatia were traversed without difficulty; but the Greek Emperor, as usual, proved treacherous, and endeavoured, though unsuccessfully, to oppose Frederick's progress. On the Wednesday in Easter week the Emperor landed on the coast of Asia with an army which, at the lowest computation, numbered eighty-two thousand fighting-men. The march began along the sea-coast, and then, misled by false guides, the crusaders entered the territories of the Sultan of Iconium. Here, notwithstanding the free passage promised them, they were attacked by the Turks, and with difficulty made their way through the mountainous region to the city of Iconium, which was attacked, and, after a conflict of six hours, taken. The crusaders after a short rest pushed on to Armenia, and on the 10th of June, 1189, the fourth day of their journey through this country, they arrived, after a wearisome march over a steep mountain, at Seleucia, a city lying in a fruitful plain, through which flows the river Selef, or Calycadnus. Here they proposed again to halt for repose; but in the evening, as they were pitching their tents, the sorrowful news spread through the camp that the good old Emperor was drowned.

According to one account Frederick was bathing in the stream, and attempted to swim across it, but was carried away by the current. Others, with more probability, have stated that, impatient of delay whilst crossing a narrow bridge, he attempted to ride through the river, and thus met his death.

The event caused the utmost consternation amongst the pilgrims. Under the guidance of the Emperor's son, the Duke of Suabia, they reached Antioch in safety, and from thence proceeded to Tyre; but there a division took place—a portion of the crusaders, thoroughly disheartened, resolved to return home, whilst the braver and more effective part joined the Christian army which was besieging Acre.

This was the last pilgrim army which attempted to reach Syria by land. The expedition had proved a failure, but,

owing to the Emperor's firmness, it was marked by one feature so striking that it enlisted the admiration of its enemies.

"Wonderful," wrote an Armenian prince to Saladin, "is the discipline of this people: whoever among them commits a crime is, without speech and answer, slaughtered like a sheep. The cause of this rigour is their anxiety about Jerusalem. Wonderful is their endurance of inconvenience, their equanimity, and their perseverance."

ST. BERNARD.

A.D. 1091—1153.

(From the "Life and Times of St. Bernard," by JAMES C. MORRISON, M.A.)

SAINT BERNARD was born A.D. 1091, and died A.D. 1153. ^{A.D.} 1091
 His life thus almost coincides with the central portion of the Middle Ages. . . . He was a Burgundian. Not far from Dijon, in full view of the range of the Côte d'Or hills, was a feudal castle, situate on a small eminence, which went by the name of Fontaines. This castle belonged to St. Bernard's father, Tesselin, a knight, vassal, and friend of the Duke of Burgundy, who followed his suzerain in his wars; and it is said that, when he did so, victory always attended the arms of the Duke.

But Tesselin was not merely a fighting baron; he belonged to a class of men who were not so rare in the Middle Ages as we are apt to suppose—men who united the piety of monks to the valour of crusaders. Of Tesselin we read that his manners were gentle, that he was a great lover of the poor, of ardent piety, and that he had an incredible zeal for justice. . . .

Tesselin's wife was a fitting partner for such a man—earnest, loving, and devout. Her name was Alith. She bore Tesselin seven children—six sons and a daughter. Piety and humbleness of mind distinguished her even more than her husband, and . . . the latter years of her life were passed in devotions and austerities, which were monastic in all but the name. . . .

Such were the parents of St. Bernard, of his mind and character no less than his bodily frame.

One of the earliest remembrances in Bernard's life must have been the First Crusade. In the year 1095 Peter the Hermit was going about Europe on his mule. In November of that year Pope Urban II. made his speech at Clermont, and all Christendom was in a ferment of preparation for the Holy

War. The "way of God," as it was called, seemed the only thing or enterprise which could rouse sympathy and interest. . . .

An odd and yet touching sight was afforded by the conduct of many of the ignorant poor. Harnessing their oxen to their farm-carts, they placed therein their goods and little ones, and started in all simplicity for the Holy City. Bad were the roads then, and long the journey, even from province to province. Slowly moving and creaking over marsh and moor, as town or castle rose in sight, the children would ask, "Is that the Jerusalem we are going to?"

This grand procession of the Crusade went thus gradually by, to disappear at last beyond the seas. For four years came back tidings of disasters,—of successes,—till at last it was told how, after toils and dangers beyond belief, Godfrey, on Friday, ^{A.D.} 1099 15th July, 1099, at three in the afternoon, had stepped from his wooden tower on to the walls of Jerusalem. But Europe was again ready to send forth another wave of armed men to overwhelm the East, and in the first year of the twelfth century a multitude of five hundred thousand departed for the Holy Land. The Duke of Burgundy was one of the chief leaders. He never returned alive. One of his last wishes was that his bones might rest in the cemetery of some poor monks recently settled at Citeaux, a few miles distant from Dijon. . . .

A vassal so near the Duke as Tesselin was could hardly have escaped some connexion with the rites and offices of his suzerain's burial; and if so, it is probable that the topic would not be unnoticed or untalked of round the hearth at Fontaines. In any case, Bernard's earliest years were passed in scenes and emotions among the most vivid the human race has known. . . .

He was passing from boyhood to youth when his mother died, . . . and he was left free to choose his own occupation in life. What shall his calling be? After all, there is no great choice. A gentleman and a knight has a well-defined career before him, and all know what it is. . . . Everybody is slaying or being slain, blockading or being blockaded, attacking or being attacked. It is a fierce world. The thoughtful and refined natures have little hesitation in quitting it. Dukes and princes, peasants and paupers, are ready to leave their luxury or their misery, and to seek a haven of shelter where, during

this short life, they may say their prayers and lie down for the long sleep in peace.

And such a haven was then open, and inviting to all. Between the clash of arms and the din of wars comes a silvery peal of convent-bells. In the deep, hushed winter's night the chorus-song of matins is heard in measured cadence, and the last chant of compline goes forth as the summer sun approaches the horizon. There, in the thick woods, sleeps the monastery from whence these voices and bell-tones are heard. Calm and holy it looks, casting long rays of light into the dark air, as the "lured traveller" hastens to its welcome shelter.

For a young, ardent spirit entering the world, the choice practically was between a life of strife, violence, wickedness, of ignoble or ferocious joys and sorrows, and one of sober, self-denying labour and solitude, with a solemn strain in the heart lightening and prospering the work of the hands.

Bernard had made trial of a secular life for some years, when, as his friend and biographer says, "he began to meditate flight." But whither? The new establishment at Cîteaux must surely be the very one of all others where what he seeks is to be found. The monks are austere, devout, and can hardly keep alive for poverty. These men must be in real earnest, and have gone there for what he so longs. . . .

While still undecided as to his ultimate course, he was proceeding to join his brothers, who, with the Duke of Burgundy, were at their usual occupation of besieging a castle. He, doubtless, felt he had fallen from the high resolves and aspirations of his early youth. The life of holiness and prayer, which had seemed to open before him under his mother's example and conversation, had faded away. Self-reproach and shame at his spiritual retrogression filled his mind with heaviness and grief. In this mood he rode along over the bare moor or through the tangled forest, thoughtful and sad. Presently he came to a church. But by this time the dark cloud of wavering had broken and vanished before the rising sun of Faith. On his knees in that wayside church, and in a torrent of tears, "he lifted his hands to Heaven, and poured forth his heart like water, in the presence of his Lord."

From that time his purpose of entering the monastic life never faltered. . . .

Having assembled a company of about thirty chosen spirits, he retired with them into seclusion at Châtillon, where for a space of about six months they devoted themselves to self-preparation for the great change that was at hand. . . .

A.D. When all arrangements were completed, in the year A.D.

1113 1113, Bernard being then twenty-two years old, he and his companions knocked at the gate, and disappeared within the walls of Cîteaux. . . .

The following was the ordinary routine in the Cistercian monasteries in Bernard's time:—At two in the morning the great bell was rung, and the monks immediately arose and hastened from their dormitory, along the dark cloisters, in solemn silence, to the church. . . . After short private prayer, they began matins, which took them about two hours. The next service—lauds—did not commence till the first glimmer of dawn was in the sky; and thus, in winter-time at least, a considerable interval occurred, during which the monk's time was his own. He went to the cloister, and employed it in reading, writing, or meditation, according to his inclination. He then devoted himself to various religious exercises till nine, when he went forth to work in the fields. At two he dined, at nightfall assembled to vespers, and at six, or eight, according to the season, finished the day with compline, and passed at once to the dormitory.

Bernard found these practices and austerities inadequate to satisfy his zeal and spirit of mortification. He determined to subdue, not only the desires of the flesh, which arise through the senses, but even those senses themselves. His days were passed in ecstatic contemplation. . . . Time given to sleep he regarded as lost. . . . As regards vigils, his rule was to pass the whole night sleepless. For food he had lost all desire; the thought of it seemed to give him pain, and nothing but the fear of fainting ever induced him to take any. . . .


When, from bodily weakness, he could not join in the hard manual labour of the monks, he betook himself to "other and more menial offices, that he might supply by humility his deficiency in labour." But if only his inexperience stood in the

way of imitating his brethren, he at once sought some employment equally arduous, and devoted himself "to digging, or hewing wood and carrying it on his shoulders." And thus did Bernard apply himself to the observance of the very letter of his rule of life.

But, even according to his own showing in after life, there was another influence to which he owed more than to all his austerities; and that was his love of, and communion with, Nature. . . . In fact, theology and external nature were Bernard's only subjects of intellectual meditation. . . . Of all the states of mind suited to enjoy and delight in external nature, the religious and emotional, unchilled by systematic, scientific thought, is perhaps the most calculated. One can conjecture the procession of burning thoughts, the rapture of ecstatic, admiring love, which would command Bernard's mind when he entered the gloomy forest, or watched the sailing clouds, or gazed at the setting sun filling the west with liquid fire. No cold abstractions came between him and these marvels. He thought of no "theories," "causes," or "effects;" and "laws" and "phenomena," in their modern sense, never crossed his mind. This glorious phantasmagoria of creation, what was it? The result of a word from God. This overwhelming and inconceivable beauty of river, and tree, and mountain, it was all to vanish one day; but they had been pronounced "very good," and prophet, psalmist, and patriarch had rejoiced in their loveliness. . . .

And thus Bernard glanced from Nature to his Bible, and from his Bible to Nature, the one helping him to understand the other. He was accustomed to say, that whatever knowledge he had of the Scriptures he had acquired chiefly in the woods and fields, and that beeches and oaks had ever been his best teachers in the Word of God. . . .

The arrival of St. Bernard and his thirty companions proved a turning-point in the history of Cîteaux. The monastery grew in fame, both through the praise of its friends and the detraction of its enemies. Out of the numbers which curiosity attracted to view, perhaps to criticise, the new order, many remained as monks who had come as scoffers. The small monastery had soon more inmates than it could conveniently hold. . . .



A.D. 1115 In the year 1115, that is, two years after the arrival of the thirty novices, it was necessary to look out for the means of founding another offshoot of the now prolific Citeaux.

Of all qualities requisite in a ruler, a ready and deep perception of character is one of the most important: of this power Stephen Harding, the Abbot of Citeaux, often gave proof; but he never exercised it with more effect than when he selected out of all before him the young Bernard, just turned four-and-twenty, to be the head of the new community. The choice gave surprise in the abbey. . . . An abbot, like a bishop, . . . was required to be a man of energy, experience, and personal influence. On him depended much of the welfare, and even safety, of those under him. He was often brought into rude, even hostile, collision with the secular power around him. In every case, years and a matured character would appear all but indispensable for the arduous task of founding a monastery. . . . Such reflections naturally arose on the occasion of Bernard's selection.

Twelve monks and their young abbot, representing our Lord and His Apostles, were assembled in the church. Stephen placed a cross in Bernard's hands, who solemnly, at the head of his small band, walked forth from the monastery. The monks who were to remain accompanied them to the abbey gates, for Bernard's powerful and assimilating nature had won all hearts, and the day of his departure was a sad one in Citeaux. . . . They struck away to the northward. For a distance of nearly ninety miles he kept this course, passing up by the source of the Seine, by Châtillon, of school-day memories, till he arrived at La Ferté, about equally distant between Troyes and Chaumont, in the diocese of Langres, and situated on the river Aube. About four miles beyond La Ferté was a deep valley opening to the east. Thick umbrageous forests gave it a character of gloom and wildness, but a gushing stream of limpid water, which ran through it, was sufficient to redeem every disadvantage. In June, A.D. 1115, Bernard took up his abode in the valley of Wormwood, as it was called, and began to look for means of shelter and sustenance against the approaching winter. The rude fabric which he and his monks raised with their own hands consisted of a building covered by

a single roof, under which chapel, dormitory, and refectory were all included. Neither stone nor wood hid the bare earth, which served for floor. Windows scarcely wider than a man's hand admitted a feeble light. In this room the monks took their frugal meals of herb and water. Immediately above the refectory was the sleeping apartment. It was reached by a ladder, and was, in truth, a sort of loft. Here were the monks' beds, which were peculiar: they were made in the form of boxes, or bins of wooden planks, long and wide enough for a man to lie down in; a small space, hewn out with an axe, allowed room for the sleeper to get in or out. The inside was strewn with chaff or dried leaves, which, with the woodwork, seem to have been the only covering permitted.

At the summit of the stair or ladder was the Abbot's cell. It was of most scanty dimensions, and these were further reduced by the loss of one corner, through which access was gained to the apartment from below. A framework of boards was placed over the flight of steps, in such a manner that they were made to answer the purpose of a bed. Two rough-hewn logs of wood were his pillows. The roof was low and slanting to such a degree that it was impossible to sit upright near the wall. It was the sole means of obtaining both light and air; sometimes too easily, as, through its imperfect joining, wind, rain, heat and cold, found a ready entrance. Such was the commencement of Clairvaux.

The monks had thus got a house over their heads, but they had very little else. . . . Autumn and winter were approaching, and they had no store laid by. Their food during the summer had been a compound of leaves, intermixed with coarse grain. Beech-nuts and roots were to be their main support during the winter. And now to the privations of insufficient food was added the wearing out of their shoes and clothes. Their necessities grew with the severity of the season, till at last even salt failed them. Bernard strove to rouse their drooping spirits by dwelling on the hopes of eternal life and Divine recompense. Their sufferings made them deaf and indifferent to their Abbot's words. They would not remain in this valley of bitterness, they would return to Citeaux. Bernard, seeing they had lost their trust in God, reproved them no more, but himself

sought in earnest prayer for release from their difficulties. Presently a voice from heaven said, "Arise, Bernard, thy prayer is granted thee." Upon which the monks said, "What didst thou ask of the Lord?" "Wait, and ye shall see, ye of little faith," was the reply; and presently came a stranger, who gave the Abbot ten livres.

On another occasion he said to Brother Guibert, "Guibert, saddle the ass, go to the fair, and buy us salt." Guibert answered, "Where is the money?" "Believe me," said Bernard, "I know not the time when I had gold or silver. But fear not, my son, go in peace. He who holds our treasures will be with thee in the way, and will grant thee all those things for which I send thee." Guibert received his Abbot's benediction, and proceeded on the ass—the solitary animal in the possession of the community—to the Castle of Risnellum, where the fair was. As he approached his destination he met a priest. "Whence comest thou, brother, and whither art thou bound?" He told his questioner the object of his expedition, and drew a sad picture of the misery and suffering to which he and all the monks under Bernard were reduced. The tale so wrought upon the priest that he took him to his own house, gave him half a bushel of salt, and fifty *solidi* or more. Guibert soon hastened back to Clairvaux, and told Bernard all that had occurred to him. "I tell thee, my son," said Bernard, "that no one thing is so necessary to a Christian as faith. Have faith, therefore, and it will be well with thee all the days of thy life." . . .

After this crisis was over, a bright prospect opened on Clairvaux. Indeed, it would seem that a new monastery was in a measure bound to win its way to public fame by first of all getting nearly extinguished by cold and hunger. The curiosity first, then the sympathy, of the neighbourhood were attracted, and Clairvaux was soon placed beyond the reach of those trials by which it won its first renown.

In the meantime Bernard had been solemnly consecrated Abbot of Clairvaux. His diocesan, the Bishop of Langres, being absent from his see, a substitute had to be found to perform the ceremony. "The good fame of the venerable Bishop of Châlons, the renowned Master William of Champeaux—celebrated throughout France for his admirable Dia-

lectics—was soon heard of, and it was determined to go to him." . . . In their first conference "Bernard's modesty of speech showed the Bishop better than any eloquence could the wisdom that was in him." The experienced master of the Paris Schools doubtless soon perceived that in the threadbare, careworn youth before him a rare and ardent spirit was concealed. He prevailed on Bernard to pay him a short visit. The foundation of a deep and lasting friendship was laid at this interview, and they afterwards visited each other so frequently that Clairvaux became a sort of bishop's palace, and Châlons became in a measure another Clairvaux. William's friendship also made many others enter upon friendly relations with Bernard.

But these labours, anxieties, and powerful emotions which his new duties imposed upon him, in addition to his own excessive austerities, had well-nigh brought Bernard to the grave. . . . A robust constitution must have succumbed to such incessant demands on the powers of life. Bernard's enfeebled frame was failing fast, when his friend, the Bishop, came to pay him a visit. He found Clairvaux confused with grief at the condition of its Abbot. He was told there was no hope; that either death, or a life that was worse than death, must be expected for Bernard. William did not take quite so desponding a view of the case. He said he had hopes, not only of Bernard's life, but even of his health, if he could be induced to spare himself a little, and take rest. Yet he fully appreciated the danger of his condition, more especially as he found Bernard quite inflexible with regard to the required change. William resorted to a stratagem, which was as creditable to his subtlety as its motive was to his heart. He started off at once for Cîteaux.¹ He found the chapter assembled, and, entering,

¹ In the tenth and eleventh centuries convents were freed from the supervision of Bishops and were made subject only to the Pope. Corruption in consequence crept in amongst them, and Stephen Harding, the celebrated Abbot of Cîteaux, introduced amongst the Benedictine monasteries a system of mutual supervision. Representatives of the various abbeys forming a chapter met annually, the Abbot of Cîteaux being, in virtue of his position, at their head. Complaints were then made, inquiries entered into, and all who were found negligent in keeping the rules of the order were admonished, and if necessary could be deposed.

prostrated himself—Bishop as he was—before Stephen and the abbots around him. William begged and obtained leave to direct and manage Bernard for one year only. So provided, he hastened back to Clairvaux, and now found its Abbot as obedient as he had before been unyielding. He caused a small cottage to be built outside the monastery walls; in this he ordered Bernard to dwell; at the same time commanding that neither his food nor his drink should be regulated by the monastic rule, while all care and responsibility as regarded the abbey were removed from his mind. The good Bishop probably hoped that he had taken measures prompt and vigorous enough to ensure his object, and returned to Châlons, from which he had been so long absent for his friend's sake.

In the meantime, Bernard continued to do as he was told. The result of this passive obedience is related by an eyewitness, his friend and biographer, William de St. Thierry. William, in company with another abbot, had paid him a visit, and gives this account of it. "I found him," says the affectionate chronicler, "in his hut, . . . freed by the order of the Bishop and Abbots from all care of the monastery, whether external or internal, at leisure for himself and God, and exulting, as it were, in the delights of Paradise. . . . I tarried with him a few days, unworthy though I was; and whichever way I turned my eyes, I marvelled, and thought I saw a new heaven and a new earth, and the old pathways of the Egyptian monks, our fathers, with recent footsteps of the men of our time, left in them. The golden age seemed to have revisited the world then at Clairvaux. . . . In this valley, full of men, where no one was permitted to be idle, silence deep as that of night prevailed. The sounds of labour, or the chants of the brethren in the choral service, were the only exceptions. The order of this silence, and the fame that went forth of it, struck such a reverence even into secular persons that they dreaded breaking it—I will not say by idle or wicked conversation, but even by pertinent remarks. The solitude, also, of the place—between dense forests in a narrow gorge of neighbouring hills—in a certain sense recalled the cave of our father St. Benedict; so that while they strove to imitate his life, they also had some similarity to him in their habitation and loneliness." . . .

About the year 1119, Bernard (having recovered his health, ^{A.D.} and resumed his duties of Abbot) commenced that career of literary and ecclesiastical activity—that wide and impassioned correspondence—that series of marvellous sermons—which have won for him the title of the “Last of the Fathers.” His first essays—the first strong but untutored efforts of his powerful intellect—are curious as being *his*, rather than for merits of their own. . . . But they are also valuable as evidences of what effect a highly stimulating, objective theology will have on a passionate mind, when unprotected by thought and knowledge of a non-religious character. In Bernard’s time, the mythology which had gathered round Christ’s religion impelled and occupied, without rival or restraint, the warmest temperaments and most active intellects which rose at all above the level of feudal barbarism. . . .

Although the physical world was supposed to be incessantly invaded and subdued by the spiritual—insomuch that miracles were considered the natural course of events—yet the spiritual was constantly apprehended and interpreted in the most unspiritual manner. Moral goodness was thought to be imparted to physical objects. The miraculous powers of a saint were transferred to his clothes, or anything he had touched. Even sanctity itself was figured as an odour. Hence the events of the Gospel history were examined like the bones of a martyr—with awe-struck reverence, doubtless, but with a mystical belief in the magical import and efficacy of the letter and external fact, to the frequent neglect of the spirit and the life. Nothing was without meaning—nothing but what enclosed a hidden virtue, if it could be got at. . . .

The men of that time believed that the air swarmed with angels—or, if not with angels, then with devils. . . . They believed they heard the laughter of the fiends borne on the night-gusts of the moaning wind, and gradually retiring before the chorus-song of rejoicing angels, swelling up on the morning air. . . . They did not worship the powers of nature, as their pagan ancestors did; but they had fully the same belief in the capriciousness of their exercise: they had the same anchorless insecurity as to what the invisible world would next do to, and in, the visible world. The men they saw, the trees, the houses,

the green earth, the forest, were alternately possessed and quarrelled over by the unseen powers of good and evil. And poor feeble man had to pick his way in the midst of them; on either side of his path, at all hours of sleeping or waking, his mind and his heart were the desired prize of one or the other. The deliberately wicked man was given over, for the time, in full property to the fiend. The good, the deeply holy man, was surrounded by choirs of angels; and the devils were supposed almost to howl at his approach. He was changed; he was another creature to their believing eyes; he was in direct correspondence with God. . . . Would it have been possible to doubt that to such a one the forms and things of this miserable, accursed earth would yield a swift obedience as of servants to their lord? Could inert matter—which even the very devils were able to work upon—resist a holy man, full of the Spirit of God? Must not the earthly give way to the heavenly? Must not Christ be the conqueror of Satan?

It was thus all but inevitable that a man in Bernard's position should have miraculous powers attributed to him. They had been attributed to hundreds before him with far less warrant. . . . These legends are neither to be admired nor vituperated, neither to be accepted with credulity nor denied with fury. As belonging to the time, as much as feudal castles and mail armour do, they must form part of a picture of it. The intense convictions of men for several centuries are at least as much the property of history as their outward actions. . . .

At this time, and for a few years after this, Bernard was still a secluded monk, of a new and humble order. His influence was, however, slowly spreading, and the commencement was being laid of that authority and estimation which enabled him to take the chief part in quelling a wide-spread schism, in opposing a renowned and formidable heretic, and in giving the strongest impulse to the Second Crusade.

The principal means by which, at this time, Bernard's power and importance were felt, was his vigorous and persevering correspondence. He was the most indefatigable of letter-writers. He writes to persons of all classes, on all subjects. Some letters, especially the earlier ones, are sermons directed to individuals, and by no means free from rhetorical exaggeration.

... Others are the most terse and business-like conceivable, going direct to the point, with no verbiage; and it is noticeable how, as years and occupations increased on Bernard, the exuberance of mediæval grandiloquence was sensibly curtailed. And this latter class of epistles is the most valuable portion of his writings. They are a wide repertory of indubitable facts. They are generally, almost invariably, written with a distinct practical object in view,—either to answer a question, which often leads to the giving of curious and valuable advice, or to request the performance of some act of justice or mercy at the hands of a feudal neighbour.

For instance, the great and puissant Lord of Champagne—to whom Bernard and his order will one day owe so much—was on one occasion guilty of a piece of ferocious cruelty, from which even the best of the Middle Age knights were never quite free. One, Humbert by name, had been accused (falsely, Bernard says), and condemned to prove his innocence by a judicial combat. In this he failed; and his suzerain not only confiscated his fief, and thus reduced his wife and children to destitution, but also incarcerated him, and, as a small addition to these penalties, put out his eyes. This occurred at Bar-sur-Aube, and Bernard was probably better acquainted with the facts than Theobald, the Count of Champagne. Perhaps, also, he did not think so highly of single combat, as a means of satisfying justice, as the Count did. He wrote him a letter, in which he pointed out that, whatever the crime of the man, his guiltless wife and children ought not to be made to suffer. Count Theobald took no notice of this letter, apparently. Bernard applied to Geoffrey, Bishop of Chartres, to get him to use his influence with the Count. He wrote himself in a much sharper tone, telling him that, if he had asked for gold or silver, he did not doubt but he would have received it; that God could disinherit Theobald as easily, nay, far more easily, than Theobald could Humbert; and concluded with a prayer, that, as he himself hoped to receive mercy from God, he would not hesitate to show mercy to others. At last Bernard, by his importunity, brought the unwilling Baron to examine the case himself, and, when satisfied of Humbert's innocence, to reinstate him by an act of grace.

In such cases as this—and they are constant during the best period of the Middle Ages—there can be very little doubt what was the part played by the spiritual power. It was the tradition of a divine morality and superior culture coming into contact with, and strong enough to withstand, a vigorous barbarism. It is just possible to imagine what might have been the result to Greek and Roman civilization if such a restraining influence had been at work among their patricians and oligarchs. . . .

About this time Bernard came into collision with the feudal lord who enjoyed the title of the King of France. Though a king, he had a far less enviable position than Bernard. Louis VI. did not fast much; indeed, he was a prodigy of obesity. It is probable he said his prayers only occasionally; in short, made no pretence of monastic austerity; yet few monks of his day led a harder, more painful life. Although he was called a king, his nominal subjects were, many of them, far more powerful than he. Even the small territory which was especially called the royal domain was always on the point of being further reduced, and even extinguished, by the intrigues and rebellions of the numerous little knights and barons who held castles over it. . . . His life was a long tournament, a succession of sieges, forays, and general devastation. But there was this difference between Louis VI. and his enemies—that generally he was in the right, and they were in the wrong; that he generally fought for the good cause of justice and mercy, they for their own selfish aggrandizement or plunder.

The growth and power of the feudal aristocracy had now reached their height. In the greater part of Europe the independence of the barons had produced a system of intolerable oppression to their dependents. . . . Almost every act and necessary of life was under a merciless tax. When the lord gave his daughter in marriage, the vassal paid something towards her dower. When the lord was taken prisoner, the vassal paid his ransom. When the young heir was made knight, the vassal paid for it. If he wished to grind his corn, he could only do so at his lord's mill. The distance might be great, yet he could go nowhere else under penalties. He had perhaps to wait several days before his turn came. The exactions and frauds of the lord's miller were very grievous; yet

for all this oppression he must *pay* at the rate of one bushel in fifteen on the amount ground. When the corn was at last turned into flour, the peasant might not bake it into bread, except in the lord's oven. The peasant was taxed; his wife, his children, his home, his land, were all taxed. Besides this, there was the constant exaction of personal service—now to repair the castle and its outworks, now to thrash corn, now to carry wine, or to mount guard at night, or to shoe the horses. If the lord went into a village, food, lodging, and stabling must be found for him. In some countries it was the peasant's business to keep his lordship's dogs. In others the vassals must lend their horses, cows, and oxen to their suzerain, when he wanted them. They were also prohibited from selling their wine as long as his remained unsold. Every bridge and castle exacted a toll; and, with a grotesque tyranny, defects or deformities of body had to be paid for. In Provence players and minstrels were forced to dance and make merry before the lady of the castle; the pilgrim must sing a song; the Moor had to throw up his turban, and paid five sous full weight; the Jew was forced to put his stockings on his head, and recite a Pater-noster in the dialect of the place. Over and above all this came the perpetual devastation, plundering, and massacring caused by the baronial wars. The lord stripped his vassals to make war on his enemies, and his enemies stripped them still more to impoverish and paralyse him.

Such was the position of the bulk of the population. The feudal aristocracy was without any competent rival power to restrain and balance it. The Church alone was at all able. . . . And now, in France, in the centre of feudalism, another ally is going to join them, viz. the royal power. "King Louis VI.," says Suger, "took care of the interests of the Church, and, what had been for long unknown, was anxious for the peace of the labourers and of the poor." . . .

The historical significance of Louis VI.'s reign is in the gradual revival of the influence and extent of the kingly power, which he fostered and stimulated. The great barons began to recognise him as something more than a mere phantom of authority, and a growing respect for his office and person is manifested during his whole life. . . .

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the leaders of the ecclesiastical power had lost faith in spiritual wealth if accompanied by earthly poverty ; they believed rather in broad lands and gold pieces. . . . But it was not so when St. Bernard, when the great Popes and Bishops of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, stood forth the champions of law, morality, and religion, against the anarchy and violence of their times. Doubtless there were always some bad exceptions, but it is as demonstrable as anything historical can be, that the aspiring and noble characters of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries found the Church not a hindrance, but a help ; that the good and true generally were welcomed and protected in it ; that in ages of cruelty, violence, and injustice men turned to their "mother," as they were glad to call her, in loving hope, mostly fulfilled, of justice, mercy, and forgiveness.

The slight dispute which about this time occurred between Bernard—or, rather, the Cistercian order—and King Louis VI. is not a little obscure in itself, and only worthy of notice as the first passage of Bernard from his monastic seclusion to intercourse and conflict with that outer world which he had long ago forsaken. It arose in this manner : Louis VI., whose whole life showed his respect and sympathy for the Church, for some cause but ill-defined, had a disagreement with Stephen, Bishop of Paris, and, shortly after, with Henry, Archbishop of Sens. . . . It is probable that there were some venal clerks about Louis, who advised him to take measures with regard to the taxation of ecclesiastical persons, which the Bishop of Paris thought himself justified or strong enough to resist. However, the result was that he and the Archbishop of Sens placed the kingdom under interdict, and fled to Citeaux to watch the effect of their measure.

Then came forth a voice from that asylum of poverty and religion, which fell on the ears of men with a sudden and strange emphasis of authority and power :—

"To the illustrious King Louis,—Stephen, Abbot of Citeaux, and the whole assembly of the Abbots and Brethren of Citeaux, send health, safety, and peace in Christ Jesus. The King of heaven and earth has given you a kingdom in this world, and will give one in that which is to come, if you study to rule

justly and wisely over what you have already received. . . . Momentous charges are brought against you; . . . the Church finds you an enemy, whom she ought to have found a friend. . . . The venerable Bishop of Paris, our friend and father, has requested of us letters to the Pope by right of his brotherhood with us. . . . But we have deferred yielding to his request. . . . If it please God to make you incline an ear to our prayers, and to make your peace with the Bishop, or rather with God, we are prepared, for this end, to undergo any fatigue, or to meet you wherever you please to appoint. If it is not as we hope, then we must listen to the demand of our friend, and obey the priest of God. Farewell!"

This vigorous epistle and the measures taken by the bishops of the province of Sens had nearly induced Louis to restore the stolen property, now the whole subject of dispute, when, to the consternation of all, the King produced letters from Pope Honorius, raising the interdict, and putting the militant churchmen in a most painful, almost ludicrous, position before the world. Bernard and Hugh of Pontigny wrote a short, but very significant, letter to the Pope, upon his conduct on this occasion. "Great is the necessity which draws us from our cloisters into the world. . . . We have seen it, and speak it with sadness, that the honour of the Church has received no slight wound in the time of Honorius."

This bold pun, levelled at the supreme head of the Western Church by the Abbot of an obscure monastery but just founded, showed men how little of a respecter of persons Bernard was, and gave evidence of that stamp of character which was destined before long to transfer the Papacy virtually from Rome to Clairvaux. . . .

Pope Honorius II. died February 14, 1130. As the factious ^{A.D.} 1130, and party spirit of Rome had so often penetrated into the Sacred College and produced the most scandalous results, the cardinals had agreed that the election of a new Pope should be confided to eight of their number, chosen with the express object of avoiding confusion and disputes. But although William, Bishop of Præneste, made them bind themselves, under pain of an anathema, to respect this convention; although the ambitious and intriguing Cardinal Peter Leonis declared

that he fully adhered to it, and would rather be plunged in the depths of the sea than be the cause of strife and bitterness; it became evident that neither party intended to observe the conditions longer than their apparent interest required. . . . Those who were determined that, whoever was Pope, Peter Leonis should be excluded, hastily assembled, and on the same evening proclaimed Cardinal Gregory, of St. Angelo, supreme Pontiff of the Christian world, under the name of Innocent II. The party of Peter forthwith went through the form of election with their Pope, dressed him in the proper pontificals, and declared that he, under the title of Anacletus II., was the authentic Vicar of Christ.

Rome now contained two armies of ferocious partisans. . . . Anacletus began the attack by laying siege to the church of St. Peter. Bursting open the doors, and making a forcible entrance into the sanctuary, he carried off the gold crucifix, and all the treasure in gold and silver and precious stones. Through his ill-gotten gains he bought over the powerful, while he constrained the weak to take his side. Innocent II. determined to fly from the turbulent city. Two galleys, containing himself and his few faithful adherents, dropped down the Tiber, and landed him safely at Pisa. Again taking ship, he sailed for St. Gilles, in Provence, and began his journey into France. . . .

A papal schism in those days did not mean a far-off, imaginary evil, which could be avoided when convenient, but a very present palpable inconvenience thrust into common life. . . . To prevent, therefore, or mitigate, so formidable an evil, the ever-vigilant Louis VI., in concert with his bishops, convened a Council at Étampes, for the purpose of fully discussing the respective claims of the hostile Popes. To this Council Bernard was invited, "in a special manner," by the King and the chief bishops. . . . Fasting and prayer preceded the opening of the Council, which at once began its deliberations by unanimously agreeing that a "business which concerned God should be entrusted to the man of God," and that his judgment should decide the views of the assembly. He examined the whole question of the double election; the respective merits of the competitors; the life and character of the first

elected : and when he opened his mouth, the Holy Ghost was supposed to speak through it. Without hesitation or reserve he pronounced Innocent the legitimate Pope, and the only one whom they could accept as such. Acclamations received this opinion, and amid praises to God, and vows of obedience to Innocent, the Council broke up.

Louis VI. forthwith sent Suger to Cluny to greet his newly-recognized spiritual chief, and escort him on his way northward. The Pope came to Saint-Benoit-sur-Loire, and was there met by the King, Queen, and royal children. Louis bowed "his often-crowned head" as if before the sepulchre of St. Peter, fell on the ground at the feet of the Pontiff, and promised affection and devoted service both to him and to the Church. From thence the Pope moved on to Chartres, where came also the Norman Henry I. of England, with an immense retinue of bishops and nobles. Henry was undecided as to which Pope would suit him best. His own bishops had nearly persuaded him to acknowledge Anacletus, when Bernard appeared before him. The two foremost men then in Europe were in presence of each other—the wisest soldier-statesman of his age and the greatest monk out of all the cloisters of Christendom. These two were for once brought face to face—the old knight and the young priest, the man of action and the man of meditation ; there they were, urging and disputing. The enthusiast convinced the man of the world. "Are you afraid," said Bernard, "of incurring sin if you acknowledge Innocent? Bethink you how to answer for your *other* sins to God ; that one I will take and account for." Henry yielded to the supremacy of Innocent.

Having thus received the friendship of the two Western sovereigns, Innocent determined to sound the disposition of the German Emperor. He accordingly left Chartres and proceeded to the monastery of Morigny, near Étampes. Here the goodly company of Pope, Bishops, and Cardinals, with the chief of them all, Bernard, remained three days. . . . They then proceeded to Liège ; and it was a time of anxious deliberation in the councils of the Pope, for they were going to meet the owner of that imperial crown of which former possessors had wrought such trouble and injury to the Church. . . .

Lotharius received the Pontiff with due honour, but, to the amazement of all, he appeared to think that this was a good opportunity to renew the question of investitures which had been settled eight years before between Henry V. and Calixtus II. at the Concordat of Worms. There was something quite horrible in such a suggestion at such a moment, when the schism had nearly paralysed the Papacy for offensive war. . . .

Again Bernard came to the rescue, and placed himself as a wall of strength before the frightened Italians. He boldly faced the Emperor in his demands, and with great freedom of speech reduced him to humble acquiescence in the claims of Innocent. Lotharius, on foot, went through the crowd towards the Pope on his white palfrey. With one hand he took the rein, in the other he held a wand—a symbol of protection to his acknowledged lord. When Innocent got down from his horse, the Emperor was there to assist him; and thus, before all men, in that age of forms and ceremonies, proclaimed his submission. . . .

Innocent visited many of the French towns after this, but his sojourn at Clairvaux is the only one which will need notice here. There he was met by a tattered flock “of Christ’s poor,” preceded by a cross, without noise or tumult. Every eye was fixed on the ground, no prying curiosity watched and followed the movements of the brilliant cavalcade; with closed lids, the monks were seen of all, and saw no one. The plain unornamented church, the simple bare walls of the monastery, offered nothing to the Romans either to admire or wish for. The hard fare of the monks appeared more wonderful still. If by chance a fish was to be had, it was placed before the Pope alone.

Innocent had consumed more than a year in his politic and profitable visits to the French churches, when he began to think of going southward. Indeed, there was a danger, if he stayed too long, that he would tire the hospitality of his hosts. A Pope with all his following of bishops and courtiers, especially a Pope cut off from his Italian revenues, was necessarily a most expensive guest. Before setting out, however, on his return south, it was arranged that a Grand Council should be holden at Rheims; Louis VI. wished it—wished the Pope to consecrate his young son Louis, under circumstances of peculiar

solemnity—for the active and politic King of France was at this moment bowed down with sorrow by a domestic bereavement. Shortly before, as his eldest son Philip, a “rosy-cheeked, pleasant youth” of sixteen years, was riding in the suburbs of Paris, a “diabolical pig” ran between his horse’s legs, and threw horse and rider heavily on the ground. Before night the Prince expired. Louis was inconsolable from grief; indeed, Suger and others of his friends feared he might sink under the shock; so they persuaded him to proceed to Rheims, and preside at the consecration of his second son, Louis.

The Council was well attended. Thirteen archbishops, two hundred and sixty-three bishops, besides a large number of abbots, clerks, and monks, assembled at Rheims towards the middle of October 1131. The King entered, followed by ^{A.D.} 1131 Rudolf of Vermandois and a crowd of barons, ascended the dais where the Pope sat, kissed his feet, and took his seat beside him. Louis then made a prayer for his lost son, which brought tears to the eyes of all present. Whereupon the Pope, turning towards the King, began thus:—“It behoves you, most excellent King, who rule over the most noble nation of the Franks, to lift up your eyes to the Majesty of that Highest King, by whom kings reign, and to adore and submit to His will in all things. . . . He smiteth and healeth and chasteneth every son He loveth. And why? Lest man, who, made in the image of God, through the transgression of sin has fallen into the shadows of this mortal life, should mistake for his country the land of his exile. For we are all strangers and sojourners, as our fathers were; nor have we here an abiding city, but we seek one to come. To that city your child, full of purity and innocence, has departed. Lay aside, therefore, this sadness of mind. God, who has taken to Himself one of your sons, has left you others to reign after you. To us strangers, driven from our sees, you owed and you gave consolation. You received us with honour and loaded us with benefits. May God repay you for it in that city of which glorious things are spoken, in which life knows no death, eternity no failing, joy no end.”

The Pope, when he had finished speaking, rose, and reciting the Lord’s Prayer in an undertone, absolved the soul of the

deceased youth. Preparations were then made for the ceremony of consecration, which was to take place on the morrow.

The sun rose on the morning of the solemnity with a splendour which surpassed his wonted brightness. At the doorway of the cathedral the King and his knights awaited the arrival of the Pope. When he came, they all entered the church. The little Prince was presented at the altar, and "consecrated with the oil with which St. Remigius had anointed Clovis on his conversion." Louis was so comforted through the performance of this rite that he returned home with his Queen, his son, and his court, and again gave his attention to the public business of his kingdom. . . .

Innocent, after the rising of the Council, began his journey towards the south without delay, . . . still accompanied by the Abbot of Clairvaux. Bernard, entirely convinced that the cause of Innocent was the cause of right, justice, and religion, set no bounds to his passionate advocacy of it. Kings, dukes, private persons, bishops, and monks, were caressed or threatened in long discourses or laconic notes, to induce them to acknowledge or assist the Pope of Bernard. This is a letter to the King of England, Henry I. :—

"To Henry, the illustrious King of the English, Bernard, called the Abbot of Clairvaux, wishes honour, safety, and peace.

"To wish to give you instruction, especially in those matters which concern propriety of conduct, is what would occur only to a very foolish person, or to one entirely unacquainted with your character. A simple account is therefore all that is needed. . . . We are, then, at the entrance of the city ; Salvation is in the gates ; Justice is with us. But that is a food not palatable to Roman soldiers. Therefore by righteousness we appease God ; by warfare we terrify our enemies. We are only deficient in every necessity. What remains to be done, in order that you may complete the work which you began by that magnificent and honourable reception of our Lord Pope Innocent, you know best."

It appears that the crafty Norman did not find it convenient to understand the hint which Bernard conveyed to him. He sent no money by which "our Lord Pope Innocent" could be

relieved from his painful condition of indigence. The Pope, nevertheless, through the help of the Emperor Lotharius, succeeded in entering Rome. But Anacletus was still too strong for him in his own capital. Indeed, he also had been able to attach to his cause one more powerful adherent, who, moreover, was not too far off to give valuable assistance when it might be needed. This was the Norman, Roger, Duke of Sicily, who saw distinctly that Innocent, favoured and supported by two Kings and an Emperor, would appreciate his adhesion much less than Anacletus, who had hitherto depended on the Roman populace and his own wealth only. Roger therefore professed himself satisfied that Anacletus was the lawful Pope, and Innocent a schismatical usurper. Innocent felt that it was wise to retire in time. The help of the German Emperor was distant and doubtful; Roger was present and unscrupulous. Pope Innocent therefore withdrew to Pisa, and there remained till the termination of the schism. A comparative calm came over Europe in consequence. Each portion of Europe was satisfied with its own Pope, and waited the time when his rival should be removed. . . .

Bernard began now to feel that his absence from home could not be prolonged without grave disadvantage both to himself and his flock at Clairvaux. During the four years which had elapsed since the death of Honorius II. he could only have given them a few hasty visits, snatched from the turmoil of business and travelling. It is supposed he returned at the beginning of the year 1135. . . .

He had left Clairvaux to the care of hands he could well confide in during his long absence in Italy. His kinsman Geoffrey was prior, and his brother Gerard cellarer. These two took upon them the working routine of the monastery, and did all in their power to increase the leisure of their Abbot, which they were all persuaded would not be lost to the interests of the Church. But, after all the turmoil and agitation of the schism, Bernard wanted not leisure only, but rest, reflection, and solitude. He retired to a little hut, or bower, near the abbey, where he could write, think, and dream. Melancholy, lingering, retrospective glances at bygone days were unknown to either Bernard or his age. Still it is hardly possible that he

A.D.
1135

can have fallen back on this repose and seclusion without remembering the fact and circumstances—now fifteen years past—of his similar retreat once before. What a change had those fifteen years been witnesses of! He was then a young abbot of an unknown order; he was now the acknowledged chief of the most active minds in Europe. Over all those broad realms of France and Germany he was respected and feared. Even the Britons, entirely divided from the whole world, had lately been showing that they knew of him and revered him. And the changed life he had recently led! Years of solitude and patient endeavour after holiness and peace followed by world-wide activity and command! And now a little haven of shelter again showed in the midst of that tempestuous sea; quiet hours, and loved faces, and the sound of old voices known from childhood, were to be his again for a season. As he sat in his beautiful vale, looking out on the landscape (still visible to us), he cannot have wanted material for thought, and even for meditation. . . . The first twenty-six sermons on the Canticles were the result.

In the "auditorium," or talking-room, of the monastery—sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the afternoon—Bernard, surrounded by his white-cowled monks, delivered his spiritual discourses—a very solemn business to all concerned. Sermons must always, in their essence, resemble that for ever memorable one, addressed in the prison-cell at Athens to a party of mourning friends, concerning that "journey" which the speaker was about to make. Sooner or later the journey has to be made by all, and those who best realize that fact are ever the least reluctant to hear discourse ("sermo") in reference to it. To Bernard's hearers, whose lives were one long, painful endeavour after holiness and peace, the address from the Father Abbot—who was believed to know every incident of the Pilgrim's Progress they were attempting to perform—came as a sweet pause of rest and reflection in the midst of the labour of the steep ascent. Bernard preached often—oftener than was usual among the Cistercians. He scarcely allowed a day to pass without saying some words to his monks. . . . The hour of the sermon varied from early morning to approaching sunset. When Bernard was at home, and well enough to

preach, the assembly of grown, silent men would noiselessly gather in the auditorium, whether from the night's vigils and psalmody, or the day's labour in the hot fields. A strange company it must have been: the old, stooping monk, whose mortifications were nearly over—the young beginner, destined perhaps to pass half a century in painful self-denial—the lord of wide lands, and the peasant who had worked on them—one after another came in with soft glide and took their places, waiting for the man whose thoughts and conversation they verily believed came from another world. . . . Bernard's mystical views on a mystical book of the Old Testament would probably have but feeble attractions for modern readers; but his sermons on the Canticles are extremely free and discursive, running off frequently into long disquisitions and contemplations, which have little or no connexion with the spiritual raptures of the Hebrew king. . . .

It was partly to hear such sermons as these that men came to Clairvaux; . . . for the way in which the small nucleus of law and order which survived in the monasteries attracted to itself individuals from the feudal confusion around is curious to observe. These men-slaying barons of the twelfth century were drawn into the monastic life very often as by a force they could not resist. They hovered near the abbey, half knowing, half dreading their fate; retired from it, and then returned, as a moth to a candle, with increased haste. . . . Thus, on one occasion, fifteen young German nobles, on their way from the schools of Paris, stopped for the night at Morimona. After being received with the usual forms of monastic hospitality, they retired to bed, but not to rest. The Abbot Walter, a worthy disciple of Bernard, had made a deep impression on them; the psalms the monks were singing when they arrived still rang in their ears: the bell which called the community to matins summoned them also from their sleepless beds. They found that they had all had the same reflections, and the same unrest; they sent for Abbot Walter, and begged leave to become his monks.

More remarkable still was the conversion of Henry of France, son of Louis VI. Henry came one day to Clairvaux to speak with Bernard on some secular business. Seeing the monks

assembled, he commended himself to their prayers. Bernard said to him: "I trust in the Lord that you will not die in the state in which you now are, but rather that you will soon test by your own experience what these prayers which you have just asked for can effect for you." A little while afterwards, on the very same day, Henry astounded the whole convent by declaring his intention of becoming a monk. . . .

Peace, doubtless, and great calm there were within the gates of Clairvaux for many who sought them like Prince Henry; but they were for the monks far more than for the great Abbot whose commanding personality had attracted them to a religious life. Although Bernard might descant on the heavenly joys in his sermons on the Canticles, and almost give his hearers a foretaste of divine peace in his mellifluous eloquence, yet peace and rest were never to be long his in this world; . . . not only churchmen, but all persons of distinction in Europe, seem to have thought that Bernard's time, attention, and influence were, or ought to be, at their disposal. . . . But it is in his correspondence with the Pope that his manly, vehement spirit is best displayed. It is indeed, in a general way, a most noticeable fact—the freedom of speech and censure practised by the great churchmen of the Middle Ages, as compared with the dumb, unbroken submission of subsequent times. A prominent bishop or abbot, in the good period, if he sees an abuse or an injustice, never hesitates to denounce it with all his power, to call all men to witness against it, and to do what he can to get it removed. . . . As for Bernard, he writes to Innocent in this manner:—

"I speak boldly, because I love faithfully; nor is that love sincere where any uncertainty keeps up suspicion. . . . There is but one voice among our faithful bishops, which declares that justice is vanishing from the Church; that the power of the keys is gone; that episcopal authority is dwindling away; that a bishop can no longer redress wrongs, nor chastise iniquity, however great, even in his own diocese; and the blame of all this they lay on you and the Roman Court. What they ordain aright, you annul; what they justly abolish, that you re-establish. All the worthless, contentious fellows, whether from the people or the clergy, or even monks expelled from their monasteries,

run off to you, and return boasting that they have found protection, when they ought to have found retribution. Your friends are confounded, the faithful are insulted, the bishops are brought into contempt and disgrace; and while their righteous judgments are despised, your authority also is not a little injured. . . . I should fear the charge of presumption for writing this, if I forgot to whom I was writing, or were myself unknown to him. But I know your inborn gentleness; and the affection I bear to you, which prompts me to this, is known to you."

In striking contrast to these fiery effusions are those tokens of love and tenderness which Bernard, from time to time, found leisure to send to absent friends. . . . Here is a good letter to a man he had never seen:—

"Although your face is unknown to me, you are not. Fame has told me of you; nor is it a small or vulgar part of you which I rejoice to possess through her means. For, to confess the truth, most beloved brother, such is the picture formed of you in my mind, that, even though I be occupied with many things, the serene thought of you will so lay hold of me and win me to itself that I willingly dwell upon it, and find a sweet rest therein. But then, the more I welcome you in mental vision, the more I desire your bodily presence. But when will that be? This at least is certain, that, if we meet not before, we shall do so in the city of our God; that is, if we have not here an abiding city, but are seeking for that other one. There, there shall we see face to face, and our hearts shall rejoice. In the meantime, these things which I hear of you shall still be my delight; and for the remainder, *i.e.* the sight of you in the body, I shall hope and expect it in the day of the Lord, that my joy may be full. Please to add, dearest Father, to those good things which are constantly coming to us from you, your prayers for us, and those of your monks."

This, also, to a young abbot, a disciple and friend, is characteristic and good:—

"The letter you have sent is redolent of your love to me, and has stirred up mine towards you. I cannot write an answer such as I am moved to do. . . . And you, at least, will not estimate by the shortness of a letter an affection

which no words could ever declare. The number and importunity of my occupations may, indeed, be a cause that I write little, but never that I love little. One action may interfere with, and even exclude another, but it can never prevent the flow of feeling. . . . And now be careful to be found a wise and faithful servant, and communicate the heavenly bread to your fellow-servants without envy or idleness. . . . Take heed to give to your words the voice of power.—What is that, do you ask? It is, that your works harmonize with your words, or, rather, your words with your works; that you be careful to *do* before you teach. . . . In these two commandments, *i.e.* of precept and example, the whole of your duty resides. You, however, if you be wise, will add yet a third, namely, a zeal for prayer, to complete that treble repetition of the Gospel concerning feeding the sheep. . . . For although, as it has been said, the strength of speech is work, yet prayer wins grace and efficacy for both work and speech." . . .


Shall we not say that this, whether monk or not, was a broad, strong, and good man? Here is "culture" in the highest sense. Monasticism, as practised by Bernard, was temporary, caducous, and charged with germs of evil, which in time overcame the good. But that it had a soul of goodness is very manifest, or Bernard could not have grown up to the height he did under its shelter. . . .

In writing some hundreds of letters, such as the above, did Bernard spend his leisure time at Clairvaux. He will soon have to leave his fair valley again, though he can never do so without a pang of regret. But Anacletus at Rome and Roger of Sicily are still troublesome, and he must go to Italy again. It seems understood that he alone can put things straight when they go wrong.

But the melancholy condition of Louis VI. of France must be noticed before Bernard starts on his journey across the Alps. In spite of all his campaigning and jousting, Louis had grown so fat that he could hardly move about. . . . Still his fightings and disputes . . . continued as before. . . . With a most noble army "he attacked the Château of Saint Brisson on the Loire, to punish the rapacity of its owner in plundering merchants." He "dissolved it by fire," and compelled both the lord and the tower to capitulate.

The exertion he made on this occasion brought on an attack of diarrhoea, to which he was not unfrequently subject. He soon became greatly alarmed about himself, and reflected on the state of his soul with much anxiety. He prayed and confessed with earnestness. He had but one strong wish, and that was, to be carried to the shrine of St. Denis, and, before the sacred relics, to lay aside all regal state, and replace it by the frock and cowl of a Benedictine monk. . . .

He continued too ill, however, to carry out his wish. His doctors prescribed for him potions and powders so nauseous and bitter, that scarcely would a hale, hearty man have been able to endure them. Still none of these evils ruffled the evenness of his temper; he was accessible, kind, and benevolent to all, as if he suffered no pain or inconvenience. Presently his disease grew suddenly worse, and "scorning to die suddenly or meanly," he summoned many bishops, and abbots, and religious persons to his presence. Laying aside all ceremony, through reverence of God and His holy angels, he begged that he might confess himself at once, and be fortified in his death with the viaticum of the Lord's Body and Blood. While they were making their preparations, to the astonishment of all, the King dressed himself, and proceeded forth from his room to meet the Eucharist, of which he most devoutly partook. Then, before a great assemblage of clergy and laity, he abdicated his kingdom, confessed that he had reigned in sin, and placed on the finger of his son Louis the ring of investiture. He made him also swear that he would defend the Church, the poor, and the orphan; give every one his due; apprehend no one in his court, unless for the cause of actual misdemeanour. He then made a grand distribution of all his goods to the poor; his gold and silver and "desirable cups," his cloaks and cushions, and every moveable he was possessed of, he gave away, for the love of God, to the churches, the poor, and the needy, not sparing his own clothes, even to his shirt. Being thus denuded of all earthly attractions, humbly on his bended knees, before the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, he broke forth into a confession of the true and Catholic faith, not as an illiterate layman might have been expected to do, but more like a learned theologian. . . .



He rallied awhile after this, and, in spite of the heavenward direction of his thoughts, took advantage of the respite to marry his son to Eleanor, the rich heiress of Guienne. . . . But he was soon ill at Paris of his old malady. This time there was to be no reprieve: he made haste to confess and communicate, and desired forthwith to be carried to the shrine of St. Denis. But it was too late; he must die where he was. Ordering a carpet to be placed upon the ground, and ashes to be sprinkled thereon in the form of a cross, the failing King was laid on this monastic deathbed, where he soon gave up the ghost, in the act of making the sign of his faith. . . .

(In the meanwhile the affairs of the Papacy did not improve. Innocent II. remained an exile at Pisa, and Anacletus II., supported by the adventurous Norman chief, Roger of Sicily, was supreme at Rome. To the consternation of orthodox Europe, the famous Benedictine monastery of Monte Casino declared for Anacletus; and this circumstance induced Bernard once more to leave Clairvaux and repair to Italy, hoping by his personal efforts to bring back the allegiance of the Romans to him whom he deemed their lawful head. His brother, Gerard, who accompanied him, fell ill at Viterbo—so ill that no hope seemed left. Bernard's prayers were fervent and unceasing, and were answered by his brother's recovery; and he then proceeded to Rome. His efforts in support of Innocent were successful. The party of Anacletus rapidly declined in number and influence, and very soon the death of the Antipope put an end to the schism, and Bernard returned to Clairvaux.

But Pope Innocent did not continue his friend till death. Perhaps the obligations under which he lay were oppressive to him. He found fault with Bernard for some arrangements which were made respecting the property of a cardinal who had made Bernard and two abbots his executors, charging them to give a certain portion of his goods to the poor. Bernard and the abbots carried out the will as best they could, but their manner of doing so offended Pope Innocent; and he seems to have spoken so harshly that Bernard, when repelling the charge made against him, says he is sorry to hear that the Pope has had too many of his letters, but it is a fault which can be easily rectified, and shall be, as far as he is concerned.)—*Abridged.*

A.D.
1138 In the year 1138 Bernard's brother, Gerard, who had been ill when they were in Italy, became ill again—so ill that this was to be the last time, for he was dying. It was the custom among the Cistercians, when a monk was very ill or approaching death, to proceed thus:—The bell was rung, and the religious hastened into the choir. They then went in procession into the infirmary, the abbot first, followed by priests, who carried a cross, a light in a lantern, and holy water. The

sacristan was in his place, bearing the oil, and a piece of flax or a towel with which to wipe it away. The rite of extreme unction was then performed. They all then left the sick man, went to the church, and presently returned with a cross, a light, and holy water, with which the patient was sprinkled. The priest then said to him, "Behold, brother, the Body of the Lord Jesus Christ, which we bring to thee. Dost thou believe that in it are our salvation, resurrection, and life?" On his answering, "I believe," he was bidden to repeat the *Confiteor*. The priest next administered the holy viaticum, saying, "The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve thee unto everlasting life;" and they all left him. But when his end visibly drew near, he was placed on the floor on a serge cloth, under which had been spread some straw over a cross of ashes, which had been blessed. The bell was rung four times, and wherever the community might be, they must hasten to the infirmary as quickly as possible. They there knelt around the sick brother, and answered the prayers recited by the celebrant. The seven penitential Psalms were said, and, unless he was actually dying, the monks again retired, leaving him a lighted candle, the cross, and holy water.

That all the proper forms and ceremonies were observed at the deathbed of the brother of Bernard we cannot doubt. When at last the lamp of life was extinguished, the funeral service was performed by the bereaved Abbot, who, however, of all present, appeared the least moved at the burial of the dead. The grief of others broke forth in sobs and tears. The infinite sorrow of Bernard made him only preternaturally calm. He went through his routine of duty as usual; and part of that duty was his exposition of the Song of Songs, which he had resumed since his return from Italy. At the appointed time he ascended the pulpit, as he was wont, and began a sermon (from which the following passages referring to his brother are extracted):—

. . . "When he was taken away through whom my meditations in God were made free, . . . I did violence to my mind, . . . lest it should appear that faith was overcome of feeling. While others wept, I, as ye may have observed, followed his body to the grave with unmoistened eyes; I stood by his

tomb, and dropped no tear till the burial of the dead was over. . . . I resisted my affliction with all the resources of faith which I could summon. . . . But the suppressed anguish struck deeper root within, and has become more bitter, as I perceive, from not being allowed a vent. I own I am conquered. Let it go forth, as I cannot endure it within. Let it go forth before the eyes of my children, who, knowing my affliction, will bear more leniently with my complaint, and give me a sweeter consolation.

“You know, my children, the reasonableness of my sorrow—you know the lamentable wound I have received. You appreciate what a friend has left me in this walk of life which I have chosen—how prompt to labour, how gentle in manner! Who was so necessary to me? To whom was I equally dear? He was my brother by blood, but more than my brother by religion. . . . Better would it have been for me, O Gerard! to have lost my life than thy presence, who wert the anxious instigator of my studies in the Lord, my faithful helper, my careful examiner. . . . God’s wrathful displeasure goeth over me, and His indignation lieth hard upon me. The delights we derived from each other’s society and conversation I only have lost, whilst thou hast exchanged them for others; and in the exchange great has been thy gain. In place of us, dearest brother, whom thou hast not with thee to-day, what an exceeding multitude of joys and blessings is thine! Instead of me, thou hast Christ. . . . But what have I in thy stead? What would I not give to know what thou now thinkest of thy Bernard, tottering amid cares and afflictions, and bereaved of thee, the staff of my weakness! . . . Through thee, O brother mine, have I enjoyed a quiet mind, a grateful rest; through thee my speech has had more power, my prayer more unction, my reading has been more frequent, my affection more fervent. Alas! thou art gone, and with thee all these things as well. With thee all my delights and joys have flown away. . . . To survive thee is labour and grief. I shall, whilst I live, live in bitterness. I shall live in sorrow; and be this my consolation, that I be stricken down with grieving. I will not spare myself, but will assist the chastening hand of the Lord; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me. . . .

"Forgive me, my children; nay, if children, sympathise with your father's trial. Pity me; pity me, you at least, my friends, who surely know how severely I am chastened of the Lord for my sins. He hath smitten me with the rod of His indignation, justly for my misdeeds, heavily according to my strength. Would any one say it was a light thing for me to survive Gerard, except one who knew not what Gerard was to me? I do not contradict the words of the Holy One. I do not find fault with the judgment by which every one receives according to his merits: he, the crown which he had won; I, the punishment I deserved. Because I feel the blow, do I therefore dispute the sentence? One is human, the other impious. . . .

"Neither is this our weeping a mark of unbelief, but rather of our condition; nor, because I groan when smitten, do I arraign the Striker. I appeal to His mercy. I would fain appease His wrath. My words are charged with grief, but not with murmuring. . . . 'Righteous art Thou, O Lord, and upright are Thy judgments.' Thou gavest Gerard; Thou hast taken him away. . . . Thou hast sought again what was entrusted to us; Thou hast received Thine own. These tears put an end to my words. Do Thou, O Lord, vouchsafe an end and a measure to my tears."

Thus spoke the sorrowful Bernard on the death of his brother: assuredly among funeral sermons one of the most remarkable on record. Evidently the monk in those days did not cease to be a man—even a loving and impassioned man.

The year following this great affliction Bernard made the acquaintance of a man whose fortunes and character excited his interest, and ultimately his warm affection. This was Archbishop Malachy, Primate of Ireland, who, on his way to Rome, put up at Clairvaux and tarried there awhile. Malachy was a man whose apostolic zeal and sanctity might bear comparison with Bernard's own. Indeed, his long and heroic struggle against the barbarism of his countrymen, if not beyond the power of the Abbot of Clairvaux to imitate, was at least such as circumstances never allowed the latter to show he was equal to.

Bernard evidently regarded him with an admiration mingled with wonder. He constantly refers to the "barbarians" from amidst whom he sprang, and places Malachy's virtues in startling contrast with the social condition of his nation. He speaks of the Irish as utter savages, much as a modern philosopher might of Polynesian islanders. He clearly felt that the Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians with whom he came in contact were quite civilized compared with Malachy's countrymen. So much the stronger and more genuine were his regard and reverence for his illustrious guest. Bernard survived him by several years, and wrote his life,—a curious record both of the man and his nation, one of the pleasantest and most interesting of Bernard's works, in which, though never thinking of it, he

- A.D. has put an image of his own beautiful and ardent soul. . . .
 1139 Towards the end of the year 1139, Bernard and Geoffrey, Bishop of Chartres, received the following letter from William of St. Thierry :—"I am confounded before you, my lords and fathers, when I, a person of no consideration, am compelled to address you on a subject of great and general importance, through your silence and that of others to whom it belonged to speak. For seeing, as I do, that faith which is the hope of all dangerously and grievously injured, no man gainsaying or resisting, . . . I wither and pine away, and for very anxiety of heart and sorrow of spirit I am driven to speak in defence of that, for which, if it were necessary and fitting, I would lay down my life. Nor is the danger concerning minor points only, but threatens faith in the Blessed Trinity, in the Person of the Mediator, in the Holy Spirit, in the grace of God, in the mystery of our common Redemption. . . . This evil has grown, and is growing ; and, if it be not stopped, will become a serpent for which a charmer will scarce be found. The reason I speak thus you shall now hear.

"I lately fell by accident upon one of the works of Abelard, which bore the title 'The Theology of Peter Abelard.' I acknowledge I was struck, and felt a curiosity to read the book. There were two treatises containing almost the same things, except that one embraced a little more than the other. I have marked those passages which moved me to anger, and have annexed my reasons for being incensed. And I have

sent the whole to you. You must judge whether I have been in the right or not. Being vehemently disconcerted by innovations of expression in matters of faith, by new discoveries of unheard-of senses, and having no one near me to refer to, I have chosen you, before all others whom I could call to the defence of God's cause and that of the whole Latin Church. . . ."

Bernard at once replied that he highly approved of what William had done; that as for going deeply into so difficult a question, he could not do so yet, not before Easter (*i.e.* of 1140); and that he would be exceedingly glad to have some earnest consultation with William on the subject, if they could meet. Meanwhile Lent, in which they now are, is the season for prayer. Bernard confesses ingenuously that he has, however, as yet no knowledge of the matter, though we cannot suppose that the name of so notorious a person as Abelard was unknown to him. For more than a quarter of a century before this date Europe had been ringing with his fame, or even his infamy, it might be, in Bernard's ears. His meaning is, therefore, that the special details of Abelard's heresy were strange to him; and it is quite consonant with the Abbot of Clairvaux' character to suppose that he would not readily travel out of his way to seek such, if some practical object did not bring them before him. That object had now arrived, and in a form which, of all others, was most calculated to rouse the whole force of energy within him, viz. the welfare of the Church and the Christian faith. . . .

The time, indeed, was one of growth and ferment, and every sign in the heavens proclaimed change and strife. Bernard observed these portents before they struck the vulgar senses. . . . That at this period, in France, in Italy, and in Germany, a bold spirit of inquiry was abroad, he could not allow himself to doubt. He had proofs in many parts of Europe of what Abelard's doctrines would lead to, if they could not be checked.

In the South of France, ever since the beginning of the twelfth century, a vigorous and encroaching heresy was propagated by Peter de Brui, from whom his followers were called Petrobrusians. Their doctrines went to the complete subver-

sion of the Church's authority. . . . Peter paid for his temerity by being burnt at St. Gilles, in Provence. Nevertheless his sect grew, and, under the leadership of one Henry, a Cluniac monk, spread into the northern provinces of France. . . . But these obscure provincial schismatics had been of late quite thrown into the shade by a young Italian, Arnold of Brescia, whose exploits in Lombardy had brought new troubles upon Innocent II. at the very hour of his triumphs over Anacletus. Arnold was a more formidable enemy than either Peter or Henry, for this reason, that while he denounced the hierarchy in the most vehement language, no erroneous doctrine could be laid to his charge. His own mode of life also, and personal austerity, extorted reluctant admission from his most bitter opponents. He raised such a commotion in North Italy, that Pope Innocent procured his banishment from the peninsula at the second Council of the Lateran. Passing into France for a time, he subsequently settled at Zurich, where he enjoyed the protection, and even friendship, of the Cardinal Guido, afterwards Pope Celestine II. Bernard became aware of the fact, and was filled with alarm by it. He wrote a remonstrating letter to Guido, and begged him not to harbour such a declared schismatic.

While these popular preachers of rebellion against the Church were spreading their views among the multitude, in the cells and schools of the lettered few a more subtle spirit of disaffection was gaining ground. . . . It is evident that Abelard's scholars developed or exaggerated their master's teaching in a manner that could not fail to create alarm and animosity. . . .

The Abbot of Clairvaux arose in all his vehement energy and resentment to stay the progress of this great plague. He scattered broadcast over Europe his fiery appeals to Pope, cardinals, princes, and bishops, to assist in repressing this Arius, Pelagius, and Nestorius in one. It is with a cry almost of anguish that Bernard confesses that Abelard has admirers and adherents even among the cardinals of the Papal Court. Abelard sought Henri le Sanglier (Henry the Wild Boar), the Archbishop of Sens. . . . Henry was about to preside over a numerous synod, at which the holiest relics of his province were to be exposed to the veneration of the faithful. Abelard

demanding to be heard publicly before the assembly. He insisted on being confronted with his accuser. He was prepared, he said, to answer all objections raised against his teaching. The Archbishop . . . acceded to the request, and summoned Bernard to attend the council. . . .

Bernard refused, because, to use his own words, "I was but a child, and he a man of war from his youth." But his friends made him feel that this inaction could not be allowed. They represented to him how "all men had prepared for the spectacle, as it were. They fear lest his absence should cause scandal to the people, and make grow the horns of the adversary." At last he yielded, but with tears and heaviness. . . . Probably never crusader marched against overpowering infidels, never knight entered on a single combat, with more trust in God and less in man or himself than did Bernard when he left Clairvaux to be present at Sens. Without preparation or study, reflecting only on the promise, "Take no thought how or what ye shall speak, for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak," he set forth, and was at Sens on the appointed day. . . .

The first day of the council was taken up with the inspection and adoration of the sacred relics. The question of Abelard's heresies was brought before it the second day. . . .

In a pulpit, which was in existence up to the time of the French Revolution, stood Bernard, holding before him the incriminated work of Abelard. He read, or caused to be read, the passages he had marked for reproof, explanation, or condemnation. But the lecture had hardly begun, when, to the speechless astonishment of all, Abelard rose up, said he refused to hear more, or answer any questions; he appealed to Rome; and at once left the assembly. . . .

Abelard had checked his enemies in mid career, and caused them to pause. But the ruling spirit which presided there was not apt to renounce a deliberately chosen course of action. The person of the heretic was suffered to go free, in deference to the Holy See; his heresies and perverse opinions were condemned: they were read and re-read in "public audience, and were proven to be not only false, but plainly heretical, both by most evident reasons and also by testimonies from Augustine

and others of the Fathers, brought forward by the Abbot of Clairvaux. And because," the bishops continue, in their letter to the Pope, "they draw many into most pernicious and damnable error, we unanimously beg, most beloved lord, with earnest prayers, that you will mark them with perpetual condemnation, and visit all who defend them with condign punishment." . . .

But although Bernard had not scrupled to employ authority to crush errors at which he was horrified, yet his mind was too powerful and noble to rest contented with a victory due to authority alone. He prepared a succinct but highly-wrought treatise against the errors of Abelard. In the form of a letter to Pope Innocent he discussed, "not all his errors, but such as could not be passed over;" and whatever may be thought of the tone of this tract, whatever may be thought of the exalted Bernard striking at the downfallen Abelard, there can be but one opinion as to the commanding powers which passed from action to speculation, from ruling men to refuting opinions, without pause or difficulty. Bernard's arguments are triumphant from his own point of view; but the differences between him and Abelard were of a kind which no argument can ever really remove. It is Abelard's method more than his results, his tone more than his opinions, which alarms Bernard. . . .

(In the intervals of quiet which Bernard now occasionally obtained, he indulged the hope of recovering the peace and seclusion which had been his chief inducements to become a monk, but while he lived he was destined to be brought into connexion with every matter of any importance which occurred in Europe.

About this time a quarrel arose between King Louis VII. and Theobald, Count of Champagne, who had lately shown himself a firm supporter of the Church.

A cousin of the King, named Ralph of Vermandois, fell deeply in love with Petronilla, the sister of Queen Eleanor. But Ralph was already married to a niece of Count Theobald, and the only mode of removing this obstacle to his wishes was by obtaining a divorce upon the ground of affinity.

The Bishops of Noyon, Laon, and Senlis dissolved the marriage, and Ralph and Petronilla were united.

Count Theobald indignantly appealed to the Pope on behalf of his divorced niece. The Pope inquired into the affair by his legate, and the marriage of Ralph and Petronilla was declared null and void. They were excommunicated, the territory of Vermandois was laid under an interdict, and the three bishops were suspended from ecclesiastical functions.

Louis VII., who had had a previous dispute with the Pope as to the election of a Metropolitan Archbishop of Bourges, now openly espoused the cause of Ralph and Petronilla, being especially urged to this by Queen Eleanor, who felt keenly her sister's disgrace. They looked upon Theobald also as their most important enemy, not only because he was a great feudal lord, but because of his intimate connexion with churchmen, and especially with Bernard, through whom he was known to possess no small influence at Rome. In the year 1142 Louis invaded Theobald's territory, and laid siege to the town and castle of Vitry. Numbers of the besieged took refuge in a church; the town was set on fire by the King's troops, the flames caught the church, and thirteen hundred persons were burnt alive.

Louis shed tears over the event, but pursued his career of conquest. Theobald's friends and allies forsook him; only Bernard felt deeply for him, and openly expressed his sympathy.

At last, driven to extremity, Count Theobald was ready to sue for peace on almost any terms. He was required to bind himself by oath to intercede for Ralph and Petronilla at the Roman Court, and procure the raising of the sentence of excommunication and of the interdict. The oath was taken; but Theobald and his advisers knew well that the excommunication and interdict could at any moment be renewed, and Bernard wrote to the Pope, candidly explaining that they desired to meet cunning by cunning. The Pope withdrew the interdict, and the King restored to Theobald the town of Vitry; but this was no sooner done than Ralph and Petronilla were again threatened with excommunication because they still refused to separate. Bernard strained to the utmost his immense authority to prevent the King from renewing the war; and at length, when Innocent II. was dead, a more permanent pacification was made by his successor, Celestine II. (A.D. 1143). The King and his dominions were freed from all ecclesiastical censure, but Ralph still remained excommunicated, and continued so till his wife's death. A.D.
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At this period of Bernard's history, the fifty-fifth year of his life, nearly half a century had elapsed since the appeal made to Christian Europe at Clermont, which was followed by the First Crusade and the establishment of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem.

During the first thirty years of the twelfth century the new monarchy had on the whole progressed; the conquests of the crusading princes of the royal family were consolidated, and the principalities of Tripoli and Edessa were in the possession of bold and able warriors, who were not likely to allow the Turks to gain any permanent advantage.

But in the year 1145 Zenghis, the Emir of Mossul, known as "The hope of Islam," roused his countrymen to energy, and commenced an aggressive war against the Christians. A fortress belonging to the veteran Count of Edessa, Joscelyn de Courtenay, was attacked by the Sultan of Iconium. Joscelyn lay on his sick bed at Edessa. He desired his son to confront the enemy, but the young Joscelyn was a coward, and refused to undertake the expedition; and the old warrior caused a litter to be made, and was carried at the head of his soldiers to meet the Turks. The terror which his name inspired was sufficient to terrify the enemy; they fled at 1145

his approach : on the tidings being brought to the Count, he ordered his litter to be placed on the ground, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, thanked God for the mercy shown him in his last moments ; and so, surrounded by his knights and men, he expired under the open sky.

His son, Joscelyn the Coward, was then lord of Edessa. He held it but for a little while. Zenghis attacked and took it, after a siege of thirty-eight days ; and for two years the city remained in the hands of the infidels. Then Zenghis was assassinated, whilst he slept, by one of his Mamelukes, and Count Joscelyn having no longer to dread so valiant an enemy, made an effort to recover his inheritance. The Saracen garrison shut themselves up in the citadel, and Joscelyn took the town, and for six days he held it. At the expiration of that time Noureddin, the second son of Zenghis, appeared before the walls with ten thousand men, and Joscelyn and his companions in despair resolved to evacuate the city as quickly as they could. Many of the inhabitants resolved to join in the flight. In the night warriors, old men, women, and children stole forth noiselessly. But their escape was discovered, and they were pursued by the army of Noureddin. Joscelyn ran for his life, and saved it in the fortress of Samosata. The Christian knights fought their way into the open country ; the helpless people who accompanied them dispersed themselves in every direction.

And thus was Edessa a second time lost to the Christians.)—*Abridged.*

The fall of Edessa was regarded as a calamity throughout Christian Europe. The conquest had seemed so complete, that men's minds were quite unprepared for the doleful tidings. . . . Louis VII. celebrated Christmas at Bourges, with more than usual splendour. A large concourse of nobles, both lay and ecclesiastical, were present. . . . Godfrey, Bishop of Langres, who had just returned from the Holy Land, made an affecting speech touching the melancholy capture of Edessa, and the sufferings and insults to which the Christians were exposed at the hands of the Turks. He urged the King and his Court to hasten to the deliverance of their brethren in the East. Louis VII. was so wrought upon, that he at once sent to invoke Bernard's counsel and assistance. Bernard replied, that in a matter of such gravity he could not undertake to advise without the wishes of the Holy See being known. The King sent to Rome to learn the mind of the new Pope, Eugenius III.—a Cistercian monk of the filiation of Clairvaux ; and also he appointed a general meeting at Vezelai for the following Easter. The Pope returned a long letter of exhortation to the good work, and delegated to his spiritual father, Bernard, the office of preaching the Second Crusade.

Fifty-five years of age, and old for his years, was Bernard at

this period. The last fifteen years had been full of heavy labour and gnawing care. They had well-nigh broken down the feeble body, in spite of the strong spirit which supported it. In the year 1143 he had written to Peter of Cluny, "I do not intend to leave Clairvaux, except for the meeting of the chapter at Cîteaux once a year. Here, supported and consoled by your prayers and good offices during the few days now left me to fight in, I am waiting till the change do come. . . . I have the valid reason for staying at home that I cannot run about as I was once wont to do." And to the Pope he says, "If any suggestion be made to you of adding to my present labours, I would have you know that my strength is not equal to those which devolve on me already. My intention of not leaving the monastery, I believe, is not a secret to you." Thus Bernard thought to prepare himself peace and rest before he lay down for the rest of the grave, when France and the Pope declare he shall preach to them, and "run about" for them, and go through more labour generally than he had ever done in all his previous life. Easter came, and multitudes flocked to Vezelai, at the united bidding of the Pope and King. The town could not contain the ever-gathering throng. On the declivity of the hill which overlooks the plain of Vezelai the people were assembled. The King and the knights were there, the beautiful and haughty Eleanor was there, the crowd of poor hard-worked peasants was there,—each grade, by its dress and bearing, showed to what class of society it belonged. But now nobles and courtiers, even the young King and his Queen, have ceased to be the centre to which all eyes are turned, for Bernard of Clairvaux has come. Pale and attenuated to a degree which seemed almost supernatural, his contemporaries discovered something in the mere glance of his eyes which filled them with wonder and awe. That he was kept alive at all seemed to them a perpetual miracle. But when the light from that thin, calm face fell upon them, when the voice flew from those firm lips, and words of love, aspiration, and sublime self-sacrifice reached their ears, they were no longer masters of themselves or their feelings. . . . At the top of the hill a machine of wood had been erected, and on this platform Bernard, attended by the King, appeared. Raised thus high above the crowd, he could be

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seen, if not heard, from all parts of the vast concourse. He spoke: the mere sound of his voice was grateful to the loving admiration which surrounded him. Presently rose a murmur from the sea of faces, which rapidly swelled into a shout of "Crosses, crosses!" and Bernard began to scatter broadcast among the people the large sheaf of them which had been brought for that purpose. They were soon exhausted. He was obliged to tear up his monk's cowl to satisfy the demand. He did nothing else but make crosses as long as he remained in the town. . . .

At Vezelai it was determined that preparations for the Crusade should be made during a whole year. Another meeting was also convened at Chartres, which distinguished itself by electing Bernard commander-in-chief of the Crusaders' army. He almost cries aloud, in a letter to the Pope, as in wonder where the popular excitement would stop. He superfluously demonstrates his ignorance of war, his unsuitableness for the task. The Pope had not much difficulty in accepting a refusal which every man of sense among the Crusaders must have approved. The more befitting office of preaching the Crusade in Germany and north-eastern France was deputed to Bernard.

The weakness and exhaustion of which he had complained were soon forgotten, when work which he felt it was his duty to do came before him. He left Clairvaux with the known design of arousing the enthusiasm of the multitude for the Crusade; and wherever he appeared the usual bonds of society seemed loosed, and all moved round him as around a new
A. D. 1146 centre of life. What remained of the summer of the year 1146 he spent in France. Towards the autumn he began to enter on the less known fields of Germany. The German nation had, up to this period, taken a much less active part in the Crusades than the French, and it was believed that the Emperor Conrad III. was strongly opposed to the present expedition. Bernard therefore prepared for a great effort. Friburg, Basle, Constance, Spire, Cologne, Frankfort, Mayence, and numerous other towns of north-western Germany, were visited and preached in by him. A daily repetition took place of the same phenomena—Bernard's appearance in a district; the

simultaneous rush and tumult of the whole population to see and hear him; and then the assumption of the cross by the greater portion of the able-bodied male inhabitants. . . .

Bernard had, however, a good deal of trouble with the Emperor Conrad III., who could not be induced to promise that he would join the Crusade. . . .

Bernard was on the point of returning home from Frankfort when Herman, Bishop of Constance, came and implored him to meet the Emperor at Spires during the approaching Christmas, and make one more effort to convince him of his error. Bernard went, and argued a long time without effect; he could only get the Emperor to say he would give an answer on the following day. Bernard proceeded to celebrate mass, when "the Divine Spirit began to stimulate him, so that he declared—no one having asked him—that it were better not to pass the day without a sermon." He spoke, and towards the end of his discourse, turning to the Emperor, he addressed him with all freedom, not as an emperor, but as a man. He pictured forth the future judgment of man before the tribunal, and Christ commanding and saying to him, "What is there, O man, which I ought to have done thee, and have not done?" And then, dwelling on the height and pomp of royalty, he enumerated the Emperor's riches, his councillors, his manly strength of mind and body. Presently the Emperor burst into tears, and exclaimed, "I acknowledge the gifts of the Divine favour; neither for the future shall I be found ungrateful to God's mercy. I am prepared to serve Him, seeing that I am thus admonished of Him." A shout from the crowd greeted the Emperor's words. Bernard, from the high altar, invested him with the cross, and gave him the standard which he was to bear when he marched at the head of the Crusaders.

Thus the chivalry of Europe, commanded by a king and an emperor, was ready to advance towards the Holy Land. The Second Crusade had, in fact, begun. . . .

(The history of the expedition is, unhappily, to be given in few words. It was a series of disasters. The Emperor and the King of France agreed to keep their armies at a distance from each other, fearing lest their undisciplined hosts should begin some fierce quarrel. Conrad left Ratisbon at Easter; Louis delayed till Pentecost. The passage of the Crusaders through Hungary was peaceful, but when they entered the territory of the Greek

Emperor a great change was noticed. The Greeks were treacherous ; but the Germans were, it must be confessed, fierce, barbarous, and suspicious. Outrages took place on both sides. Conrad, who arrived first at Constantinople, allowed his soldiers ruthlessly to destroy the park, which was the delight of the inhabitants, thus giving deep offence both to the Emperor Manuel and his people ; and although Louis, who followed, was received with all outward courtesy, there was little doubt that a longing for revenge lurked in the heart of the Greek monarch.

Conrad, with his followers, trusting implicitly to the guides furnished by Manuel, pushed on rapidly in the direction, as was supposed, of Iconium. The treacherous Greeks, however, led them astray ; and after journeying with them for eight days fled, in the middle of the night, and left the Christian army utterly without supplies in a desert country, and amongst mountains swarming with Turks.

A fierce onslaught of the enemy followed. The nimble cavalry of the Turks swooped down on the heavy-armed knights like eagles on a flock of sheep. The Emperor was struck by two arrows, his soldiers fell around him by thousands, and the rout was complete. About one-tenth only of the army was ever seen again.

The course of the French was scarcely more successful. When the news of Conrad's defeat reached Louis, he immediately despatched troops to his assistance, and himself followed them quickly. The two princes when they met fell on each other's necks and wept aloud. Louis comforted the Emperor as best he might, and declared that they would for the future share the same tent. For himself, he proposed to proceed with his army along the coast of *Æolia* and *Ionian*. Conrad agreed to accompany him, but, broken in health, left him at *Ephesus* and returned to Constantinople. The French pushed slowly on to *Laodicea*, gaining on the way a victory over the Turks, who endeavoured to prevent them from crossing the river *Mæander*. Then began their long journey to *Attalia*. In the intricate defiles of the *Phrygian* mountains the Turks, assisted by hostile Greeks, awaited them. A small body of troops was sent forward in advance to secure the summit of the mountain : but, instead of taking possession of the pass, they proceeded onward till they had descended the other side, where they pitched their tents. The main body of the army followed ; and when the long array of knights and pilgrims was spread over the vast slope, the enemy attacked them.

A terrible scene of confusion and defeat followed. Whilst the Turks from above threw their deadly volleys of arrows with precision, the pack-horses slid and fell over the slippery rocks, and stones loosened by the plunging of the knights' steeds rolled after them, till the masses of men, horses, and baggage which shot over the precipice into the chasm underneath threatened almost to fill it up.

Louis performed prodigies of valour. Separated from his escort, he was attacked by the victorious Mussulmans, and only saved himself by climbing to the summit of a rock, where he turned upon his opponents and managed to defend himself till nightfall, when the Turks retired, and he was able to rejoin the main body of his followers.

This was the most fatal attack which the French army experienced, and they never recovered from it. Attalia was reached, not without opposition, but without further defeats; but there a difference of opinion arose between the King and his barons. The latter, exhausted and dispirited, urged that it would be wise to go from Attalia to the Christian city of Antioch by sea; whilst Louis considered this to be a weak falling away from their purpose, and proposed that only the sick and helpless should take advantage of the safer mode of transport. The Greeks, however, who were to provide the ships, demanded so large a sum for each passenger, that the King's humane plan was found to be impossible. He at length agreed to pay down 500 marks, on condition that the pilgrims should be conducted safely as far as Tarsus, the nearest town to the Christian principality, and that the sick and wounded should be taken into Attalia, and sent on by sea to Antioch after their companions.

The Greeks took the money, and, as soon as the King and his army had sailed from Attalia, broke all their promises. No escort was provided for the unhappy pilgrims, the Christians were scarcely suffered to come into the town, and the Turks were informed of their miserable state. Two knights left to guard their unfortunate countrymen deserted them, and sailed for Antioch. The wretched Christians, crowded under a low wall, were then entirely at the mercy of their enemies, who, posted at convenient places, shot them down at their ease. Such at length was their condition, that even the fierce Turks were touched with pity, and nursed the wounded and fed the sick and starving, whilst the Greeks only made slaves of such of the pilgrims as were strong and serviceable. This horrible scene virtually put an end to the Second Crusade. The French King, indeed, and a few courtiers, proceeded from Antioch to Jerusalem; but it was in the character rather of humble pilgrims than of bold Crusaders; and soon afterwards Louis was recalled to France, by the remonstrances of the wise Abbé Suger, who represented to him the miseries which his kingdom was suffering from his absence, and who had, indeed, good reason to complain, as he was administering the affairs of the country out of the revenues of his own abbey.)—*Abridged.*

It must have been a matter of no ordinary joy to Bernard that, in the autumn of the year 1148, his old friend Malachy again made his way to Clairvaux. He had been absent nine years—years which had been well filled, in his case as well as Bernard's, with hard work and fierce opposition, but with a fair share of triumph over it all in the end. He was again intending to go to Rome, on the same errand as had led him there before, namely, to solicit of the Pope the use of the pallium.¹ A.D. 1148

¹ The pallium was the distinctive mark of an archbishop. It is a long scarf woven from the wool of lambs blessed by the Pope on St. Agnes' Day, and is presented by the Pope himself to a primate.

Bernard's delight at seeing him again was unbounded. "Though he came from the West, he was truly the dayspring from on high which visited us. What an addition was that radiating sun to our Clairvaux! What a bright holiday shone upon us when he arrived! How quickly did I, though trembling and weak, spring forward to meet him! how I hastened to embrace him! With what joy in my countenance and in my heart did I lead thee, my father, into my mother's house, into the chamber of her who bore me! What days of festivity did I pass in thy company! but, alas! how few." For Malachy had indeed been only four or five days with his friend when he was seized with fever.

A deep grief settled on Clairvaux when the fact was known, and a universal emulation to help or relieve the sufferer urged the monks to try every form of remedy; but in vain. Malachy grew steadily worse, and . . . on the Feast of All Saints he was visibly dying. Towards evening he called the monks to his bedside, and, placing his hands on each one, and giving his blessing to all, he bade them go to rest, as his hour had not yet come. They went, and returned towards midnight. Several abbots who were staying at Clairvaux were present. "With psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," says his biographer, "we followed our friend on his homeward journey. In the fifty-fourth year of his age, in the place and at the time he had foretold and chosen, Bishop Malachy, taken by angels out of our hands, happily fell asleep in the Lord." . . .

Bernard had hardly turned from the grave in which he had laid his friend, St. Malachy, when the utter and hopeless failure of the Crusade became known in Western Europe. Rumours of misfortune had doubtless been moving about; but only when the crestfallen and vanquished Louis, attended by a few dispirited followers, entered his kingdom, as it were, by stealth, was the full extent of the calamity appreciated. Grief and lamentation possessed the land, and astonishment that God should put true believers to such confusion was not wanting. But presently the popular humiliation began to cast about for an individual victim on whom the responsibility of failure could be thrown, and thus a vent be afforded to the vague discontent and indignation which were oppressing every heart; and soon,

from the broad population of Europe, a murmur of wrath and reproach was heard, which, rising in every swelling volume, at last broke into articulate utterance, and thundered out the name "Bernard" with every mark of anger and resentment.

It was so: Bernard was accused and reviled as the author of the calamities which had overtaken the Crusade. Why did he preach it? Why did he prophesy success? Why did he work miracles to make men join it, if this was to be the result? . . . Fortunately for Bernard, public opinion had not been the object of his solicitude. He had his own sorrows about the Crusade, and high and deep they were. The fact that men vilified and despised his name, which they formerly loved, was a small and unimportant matter, and did not require much notice in such a time of trial.

"We have fallen on evil days," he writes to Pope Eugenius, "in which the Lord, provoked by our sins, has judged the world before its time—with justice, indeed, but forgetful of His wonted mercy. . . . The judgments of the Lord are righteous, as each of us knows; but this *one* is an abyss so deep, that I dare to pronounce him blessed whosoever is not scandalized in it." . . .

It was during this dark and troubled time that Bernard conceived the plan, and began to execute the largest literary work he ever undertook, viz. the five books *De Consideratione*, addressed to Pope Eugenius III., once his disciple. His manner and sentiments with regard to his pupil, after his elevation to the papal chair, are curious to notice. At first he was vehemently afraid lest the cardinals had made a mistake in electing him. . . . But, as time wore on, Bernard found that Eugenius was likely to make a very fair Pope, as Popes went; . . . and he himself was always ready to help his pupil with his advice and vast experience. Some people, indeed, said that it was not Bernard of Pisa, but Bernard of Clairvaux, who was Pope. Such a reproach was nearly sure to be made, in consequence of the relation in which Bernard and Eugenius had once stood to each other. But candid history will scarcely assert that the Abbot of Clairvaux' influence became greater when his disciple mounted the papal throne than it had been during the pontificates of Innocent, Celestine, and Lucius.

But although Eugenius appeared to be discharging his papal duties with zeal and discretion, Bernard thought there was no small error and confusion as to what those duties really were. "The Pope," he observes, "is occupied from morning till night in hearing lawsuits. . . . He can scarcely ever get an hour to himself; and when is he to pray, when to teach the people, when to edify the Church, if he is to be always disputing, or hearing others dispute?" A sudden and complete change he does not recommend; but he should certainly begin by degrees to introduce a better order of things. . . . "Let the cause of the widow, the cause of the poor, of him who hath not wherewith to give, come before you. The rest you can leave to the decision of others; indeed, many are not worthy even to be heard."

This was not the first time that Bernard had lifted up his voice against the evils which an excessive centralization was bringing on the Papacy. Several years before he had told Pope Innocent what he thought on the subject, and pointed out the injury which thence resulted to the Church. Priest and churchman as he was in every fibre of him, he could not endure corruption, incapacity, or injustice, even when they borrowed the robes of the sanctuary for their protection. . . .

That the papal supremacy in the Middle Ages conferred great benefits on Europe is a position which few will now be inclined to question. As a counterpoise to the brute force of feudalism, its services can with difficulty either be valued or overvalued. . . . But, like the despotism of the Cæsars, the despotism of the Popes first relieved its subjects from intolerable evils, and then inflicted on them evils as great, or greater. An unflinching centralization was gradually established, by which all independent life and energy were withdrawn from the members, and condensed at Rome. The episcopal office was lowered and weakened, both in reality and in public estimation, by the swarms of legates who were spread over Europe. . . . By their close connexion with the Holy See they towered high above the national bishops in influence and authority. If they were able and upright, they only added to the prestige and power of Rome; if they were rapacious and incompetent, they only humbled to a greater degree the local clergy, who

bore their exactions as they best could, for an appeal against the Pope's legate was not a measure from which much could be hoped. As these pretensions increased, the pecuniary needs of Rome increased in a similar or greater ratio. The belief throughout the West was universal that any cause could be made to triumph at Rome, if well supported by money. As the Popes wanted money very much indeed, and appeals to Rome contributed a great deal of money, it was their policy to stimulate and foster the tendency to appeal to the utmost of their power. . . . The revenues of the Papacy were vastly increased ; externally, the monarchy of the Popes rose in grander proportions of majesty and power. But the seeds of the foulest corruption were planted at the base of the mighty fabric, and grew, with little interruption, till the great catastrophe in the sixteenth century.

Bernard only saw the beginnings of these evils ; but he saw enough to make him give forth "no uncertain sound" with regard to them. "It appears to me," he says, "that appeals may become a great evil, if they are not managed with the greatest care. Appeals come to you from all the world. This is a testimony to your supremacy. But if you be wise, you will not rejoice in the supremacy, but in its usefulness. . . . Appeals are made against law and right, against custom and order. The good are appealed against by the bad, in order that they may not do good ; and they refrain, fearing your voice of thunder. . . . What remedy will you find for this disease ? Now you will ask, perhaps, 'Why do not those who are thus unjustly treated come before me, display their innocence, and expose the guilt of their adversaries ?' I will repeat what they are in the habit of replying : 'We will not be vexed for nothing. At the Roman Court are men who readily favour appellants, and encourage appeals. As we must yield, it is better to yield here than at Rome, cheaper to lose our cause at home than after a tedious journey across the Alps.' " . . .

He then draws the Pope's attention to another grievance, if indeed it be another, and not the same : "I speak of the murmur and complaint of the Churches. . . . Abbots are withdrawn from the authority of the bishops, bishops from that of archbishops, and the latter from that of patriarchs or primates.

By doing this, you prove that you have a plenitude of authority, but scarcely of justice. You act thus, because you are able to do so; but whether you ought to do so admits of question. . . . Is it not unbecoming in you to have no law but your own will, and, because there is no tribunal before which you can be called, therefore to exert your power and despise reason? . . . Remember the deed, or rather the crime, of Ahab, who was lord of all, and yet lusted after another's vineyard. May God preserve you from hearing the words which he heard: 'Thou hast killed, and also taken possession.'"

These passages . . . show the lofty character of Bernard's mind, and the far-reaching glance of his intellectual vision. His mind almost seems to pierce through the gloom of four centuries of the future, and to anticipate Luther's denunciations against the sins of the Papacy. Indeed, to any who can look below the surface, to any who can see through the varying costume which each successive age throws over the deeper characteristics of human nature, there will appear much in the Abbot of Clairvaux to remind them of the great Saxon reformer: the same vehemence, not to say hastiness, of temper; the same fearless disregard of consequences in denouncing falsehood and sin, the same dauntless courage, the same real humility and gentleness under all their divine wrath. This similarity becomes almost startling, if we compare the language in which they both speak of Rome and its inhabitants. The Catholic Abbot evidently remembered his visits to the metropolis of Christianity with feelings differing but little from those which the founder of Protestantism experienced there twelve generations afterwards. . . .

Another incident also occurred about this time, to add to the vexations which the failure of the Crusade had caused Bernard. Among his secretaries was one named Nicholas. Nicholas had been a monk at Montiramey, but by dint of perseverance and importunity had succeeded in changing his monastery for Clairvaux. He was young, accomplished, and endowed with peculiarly winning manners. He was justly valued for his abilities by his new friends the Cistercians, and a large portion of their vast correspondence devolved on him.

A.D.

1151 . . . Two years before his death Bernard discovered that his

trusted and clever secretary had been guilty of the grossest treachery and duplicity towards him. As no doubt of his fidelity was entertained, he had possession of Bernard's seal ; and of this advantage he had availed himself for the purpose of writing a number of letters to persons of every description, not only without his Abbot's knowledge, but for objects which were most repugnant to Bernard's real wishes. He had even had the audacity to send some of his forgeries to Pope Eugenius III. When his misconduct became known, he fled from Clairvaux to England, and found a refuge, it was said, in the monastery of St. Alban's. The annoyance caused to Bernard by this incident was very great. He found that his name and authority had been repeatedly used to recommend men and causes often most unworthy of his patronage. He called this period of his life "the season of calamities ;" not without reason, in comparison with the earlier period of his career.

For, besides these external trials, the state of his health was daily growing more precarious and distressing. His weakness of stomach was such that he could take no solid food : even liquids gave him pain. Sleep had left him ; his legs and feet were enormously swollen ; his debility was extreme : yet not even for a moment did his unconquerable mind yield to his bodily suffering. . . .

The interesting and pathetic letter which he wrote to his uncle Andrew¹ . . . must have been among the last he ever wrote:—

"Your last letter found me confined to my bed ; yet I received it with longing hands, read it and re-read it with delight. But with still greater delight should I have seen you yourself. I perceive your wish to see me. I also notice your fears of danger for the land which the Lord honoured with His presence, for the city which He dedicated with His blood. Woe, woe to our princes ! They have done no good in the Holy Land. In their own country, to which they so hastily returned, they exercise an incredible amount of wickedness. Powerful are they to do evil, but how to do good they know not. We trust, however, that the Lord will not drive back His people, nor desert His inheritance. You do well in comparing yourself to an ant. For what else are we inhabitants of earth and sons of men but ants, exhausting ourselves upon vain and useless objects ? What return hath a man for all the labour with which he laboureth under the sun ? Let us therefore rise above the sun, and let our conversation be in the heavens, our minds preceding whither our bodies will hereafter follow.

There, my Andrew, will be found the fruit of your labour, there your reward. You fight under the sun, but for One who sitteth above the sun. Our warfare is here, our wages are from above.

"You would like to see me, you say, and that with me it rests whether your wish shall be gratified or not. You also wait for my command on this point. And what shall I say to you? . . . On the one hand, I should like to gratify your desire, and my own, of meeting. On the other hand, ought I not to defer to the general opinion, that you are so necessary to the Holy Land that no little danger would attend your absence from it? Therefore, what to say I do not know. Yet I hope to see you before I die. You yourself are better placed for judging whether you can leave Palestine without evil result. And it might happen that your coming would be attended with good effects. One thing I would add: if you mean to come, come quickly, lest you come presently and find me not. For I am ready to be offered, and consider that my stay is short upon the earth. Would that before I depart I might be refreshed by your sweet presence, if it be God's will!"

There was little left, of a truth, to attach Bernard very much to the earth in these last days. To say nothing of the bright radiance of the hope which for him shone through the portals of the tomb, the world had darkened more and more as he had advanced in years. And now his old friends and worthy companions were dying, and preceding him to those realms beyond the sun he spoke of to his uncle Andrew. First the good Suger died. . . . A year after . . . occurred the death of Count Theobald of Champagne, Bernard's life-long friend and benefactor (in January 1152). Another year passed, and Pope Eugenius, Bernard's disciple, fell asleep (in July 1153).

Bernard had no wish to remain behind these beloved friends. When, in accordance with his beautiful faith, he attributed a slight recovery to the prayers of his sorrowing monks, he said to them, "Why do you thus detain a miserable man? You are the stronger, you prevail against me. Spare me, spare me, and let me depart." The unwearied activity of mind which had hitherto distinguished him gradually faded away; the marvellous brain, which had grasped and influenced more or less every question and event in Europe for a whole generation, fell by degrees into peaceful repose. Public affairs ceased to interest him. When his cousin, the Bishop of Langres, came to him about some business, he found he could not attract Bernard's attention. "Marvel not," said the expiring saint; "I am already no longer of this world."

The weeping multitude of his friends, in the delirium of grief, implored him not to leave them—to have pity on them, and to stay with them. The last earthly struggle he ever knew had commenced in Bernard's soul. Things temporal and things eternal, his earthly and his heavenly home, the love of God and the love of man, contended with him. But for a moment. Raising up his "dove-like eyes," he said he wished that God's will might be done. . . . It was, for he was dead. A.D. 1153

ABELARD.

A.D. 1079—1142.

(From MILMAN'S "*Latin Christianity*.")

PETER ABELARD was a Breton (a native of Palais, about four leagues from Nantes). In him were centered the characteristics of that race: the uncontrollable impetuosity, the individuality which delighted in isolation from the rest of mankind, the self-confidence which swelled into arrogance, the perseverance which hardened into obstinacy, the quickness and fertility which was rapidly fostered into a passion for disputation. His education ripened with unexampled rapidity his natural character; no man is so overbearing or so stubborn as a successful disputant; and very early in life Abelard became the most powerful combatant in the intellectual tilting-matches of the schools, which had now become one of the great fashions of the day. His own words show the singular analogy between the two paths of distinction open to aspiring youth. "I preferred," said Abelard, "the strife of disputations to the trophies of war." Skill in dialectics became to the young churchman what the management of the lance and of the courser was to the knight. He descended into the lists, and challenged all comers; and those lists, in the peaceful conventual schools, were watched with almost as absorbing interest by spectators hardly less numerous. Before the age of twenty, Abelard had

wandered through great part of France, as an errant logician, and had found no combatant who could resist his prowess. He arrived in Paris, where the celebrated William of Champeaux was at the height of his fame. The Schools of Paris, which afterwards expanded into the renowned University, trembled at the temerity of the youth who dared to encounter that veteran in dialectic warfare, whose shield had been so long untouched, and who had seemed secure in his all-acknowledged puissance. Abelard in a short time was the pupil, the rival, the conqueror, and of course an object of implacable animosity to the vanquished chieftain of the schools. To have been the master of Abelard might seem indeed to insure his rebellion. He seized at once on the weak parts of his teacher's system, and in his pride of strength scrupled not to trample him in the dust. . . He succeeded in drawing off all William of Champeaux' scholars. The philosopher, in disgust at his empty hall, retired into a brotherhood of Black Canons. Abelard assumed his chair. . . .

But there was one field alone for the full, complete, and commanding development of dialectic skill, which had now drawn itself to a certain extent apart into a distinct and separate camp. . . . That field was theology. This was the single, all-engrossing subject, which the disputant could not avoid, and which alone, through the church or the monastery, led to permanent fame, repose, wealth, or power. As yet Abelard had kept prudently aloof, as far as was possible, from that sacred and uncongenial domain. For Abelard had no deep devotional training, no severe discipline, no habits of submission. He might aspire remotely to the dignity, honour, or riches of the churchman, but he had nothing of the hierarchical spirit, no reverence for rigid dogmatic orthodoxy. . . .

Of the monk he had still less: whatever love of solitude he might indulge was that of philosophic contemplation, not of religious or mystic meditation. His place in the convent was not the chapel at midnight, or before the break of morning; his was not either the richly-intoned voice swelling the full harmony of the choir, or the tender orison of the humble and weeping penitent. Of his fasts, of his mortifications, of his self-torture, nothing is heard. His place is in the adjacent school,

where he is perplexing his antagonists with his dexterous logic, or losing them with himself in the depths of his subtle metaphysics. Yet the fame at least of theologic erudition is necessary to crown his glory; he must be profoundly learned, as well as irresistibly argumentative. He went to Laon to study under Anselm, the most renowned theologian of his day. The fame of this Anselm survives only in the history of Abelard—lost perhaps in that of his greater namesake, now dead for many years. . . . Abelard openly declared the venerable divine to owe his fame to his age rather than to his ability or knowledge. He began at once to lecture, in opposition to his master, on the Prophet Ezekiel. His renown was now at its height. There was no branch of knowledge on which Abelard did not believe himself, and was not believed, competent to give the fullest instruction. Not merely did all Paris and the adjacent districts throng to his school, but there was no country so remote, no road so difficult, but that the pupils defied the toils and perils of the way. From barbarous Anjou, Poitou, Gascony, and Spain; from Normandy, Flanders, Germany, Swabia; from England, notwithstanding the terrors of the sea, scholars of all ranks and classes crowded to Paris. Even Rome, the great teacher of the world in all arts and sciences, acknowledged the superior wisdom of Abelard, and sent her sons to submit to his discipline.

The romance of Abelard's life commenced when it usually begins to languish in others: that romance, so singularly displaying the manners, habits, and opinions of the time, becomes grave history. . . . His studies had kept him aloof from the society of highborn ladies; yet, though Abelard was looking out, like a gallant knight, for a mistress of his affections, there was nothing chivalrous or reverential in his passion for Heloisa—a maiden who was no less distinguished for her surpassing beauty than for her wonderful talents and knowledge. He offered to board in the house of her uncle, the Canon Fulbert, in order that he might cultivate to the utmost the mind of this accomplished damsel. The avarice and vanity of the uncle were equally tempted. Without suspicion he made over his niece to the absolute authority of the teacher, permitting him even to inflict personal chastisement.

Abelard's new passion only developed more fully his wonderful faculties. The philosopher and theologian became a poet and a musician. The lovers made no attempt at the concealment of their mutual attachment. All Paris admired the beautiful amatory verses of Abelard which were allowed to transpire; and Heloisa, in the deep devotion of her love, instead of shrinking from the breath of public fame, thought herself an object of envy to all her sex. The Canon Fulbert alone was ignorant that he had entrusted, in Abelard's own words, "his spotless lamb to a ravening wolf." When the knowledge was at last forced upon him, the indignant Canon insisted on the reparation of his family honour by marriage. Abelard consented; Heloisa alone, in an absolute, unrivalled spirit of self-devotion, so wonderful that we forget to reprove, resisted. . . .

As his wife, Heloisa closed against him that ascending ladder of ecclesiastical honours,—the priorate, the abbacy, the bishopric, the metropolitanate, the cardinalate, and even that which was beyond and above all. There was no place to which Abelard—as her heart and mind assured her, the first of men—might not reasonably, rightfully aspire; and was his Heloisa to stand in his way? These were the arguments of Heloisa herself; this is a heroism of self-abnegation incredible in any but a deeply-loving woman, and even in her so rare as to be matter of astonishment.

The fears or the remorse of Abelard were stronger than the reasonings of Heloisa. He endeavoured to appease the injured uncle by a secret marriage, which took place at Paris. But the secret was soon divulged by the wounded pride and the vanity of Fulbert. Heloisa, still faithful to her lover's least wishes, denied the marriage, and Abelard removed her to the nunnery of Argenteuil. . . . He himself entered the monastery of St. Denys: Heloisa took the veil at Argenteuil. But, even to the end, her fervent affections were hardly transferred to holier and more spiritual objects; religion, when it became a passion, might soften, it could not efface from her heart, that towards Abelard.

The fame of Abelard, and his pride and ungovernable soul, still pursued him; his talents retained their vigour; his temper was unsubdued. The monastery of St. Denys was dissolute.

Abelard became a severe reformer : he rebuked the abbot and the whole community for their lax discipline, their unexemplary morals. He retired to a private cell, and near it opened a school. So great was the concourse of scholars, that lodging and provision could not be found for the countless throng. On the one side, he was an object of the most excessive admiration ; on the other, of the most implacable hatred. His enemies urged the bishop of the province to interdict his lectures, as tainted with secular learning unbecoming a monk. His disciples, with more dangerous adulation, demanded of the great teacher the satisfaction of their reason on the highest points of theology, which they could no longer receive in simple faith. They would be no longer the blind leaders of the blind, nor pretend to believe what they did not clearly comprehend. Abelard composed a theological treatise, in which he discussed the awful mystery of the Trinity in Unity.

His enemies were on the watch. Two of his old discomfited antagonists at Laon, named Alberic and Litolf, denounced him before Rodolph, Archbishop of Rheims, and Conon, Bishop of Præneste, the legate of the Pope. He was summoned to appear before a council at Soissons. A rumour was spread abroad that he asserted that there were three Gods. He hardly escaped being stoned by the populace. . . .

The enemies of Abelard persuaded the Archbishop and the Legate, who were unlettered men, and weary of the whole debate, to command the book to be burned, and the author to be punished by seclusion in a monastery, for his intolerable presumption in writing and lecturing on such subjects without the authority of the Pope and of the Church. This was a simple and summary proceeding. Abelard was compelled to throw his book into the fire with his own hands, and, weeping at the loss of his labours, to recite aloud the Athanasian Creed. He was then sent, as to a prison, to the convent of St. Médard, but before long was permitted to return to his cell at St. Denys.

His imprudent passion for truth plunged him in a new calamity. He ventured to question, from a passage in Bede, whether the patron saint of the abbey was indeed the Dionysius of St. Paul, the famous Areopagite. . . .

He was denounced as guilty of treasonable impiety against

France, by thus deposing her great tutelar saint. The vengeance of the King was invoked against him. Abelard fled. . . .

After some delay . . . he found a wild retreat, near the small river Ardrissan, not far from Troyes. There, like the hermits of old, he built his solitary cabin of osier and of thatch. But the sanctity of Antony or of Benedict, or of the recent founder of the Cistercian order, was not more attractive than the cell of the philosopher. . . .

The desert was peopled around him by his admiring scholars : they left the castle and the city to dwell in the wilderness ; for their lofty palaces they built lowly hovels ; for their delicate viands they fed on bread and wild herbs ; instead of soft beds they reposed contentedly on straw and chaff. . . . A monastery arose, which had hardly space in its cells for the crowding votaries. Abelard called it by the name of the Paraclete—a name which, for its novelty and seeming presumption, gave new offence to his multiplying enemies.

But it was not the personal hatred alone which Abelard had excited by his haughty tone and vituperative language, or even by his daring criticism of old legends. His whole system of teaching, the foundation, and discipline, and studies in the Paraclete, could not but be looked upon with alarm and suspicion. This new philosophic community,—a community at least bound together by no religious vow, and governed by no rigid monastic rules ; in which the profoundest and most awful mysteries of religion were freely discussed ; in which the exercises were those of the school rather than of the cloister, and dialectic disputations, rather than gloomy, ascetic practices, the occupation—awoke the vigilant jealousy of the two great reformers of the age : Norbert, the Archbishop of Magdeburg, whose great achievement had been the subjection of the regular canons to a severe rule ; and Bernard, whose abbey of Clairvaux was the model of the most rigorous, most profoundly religious monastic life. . . .

Neither Norbert nor Bernard probably comprehended the full tendency of this premature intellectual movement ; but they had an instinctive apprehension of its antagonism to their own power and influence, as well as to the whole religious system which had now full possession of the human mind.

There was as yet no declaration of war, no direct accusation, no summons to answer specific charges before council or legate; but that worse hostility of secret murmurs, of vague suspicions spread throughout Christendom, of solemn warnings, of suggested fears. Abelard, in all his pride, felt that he stood alone, an object of universal suspicions; he could not defend himself against this unseen, unaggressive warfare; he was as a man reported to be smitten with the plague, from whom the sound and healthy shrunk with an instinctive dread, and who had no power of forcing an examination of his case. His overweening haughtiness broke down into overweening dejection. He was so miserable, that in his despair he thought seriously of taking refuge beyond the borders of Christendom. . . . Whether from personal respect, or the natural pride of the Bretons in their distinguished countryman, he was offered the dignity of abbot in a monastery on the coast of Brittany, in Morbihan, that of St. Gildas de Rhuys. It was a bleak and desolate region, the monks as rude and savage as the people; even the language was unknown to Abelard. There, on the very verge of the world, on the shores of the ocean, Abelard sought in vain for quiet. The monks were as lawless in life as in manners; there was no common fund, yet Abelard was expected to maintain the buildings and religious services of the community. . . .

Abelard, always in extremes, endeavoured to submit this rugged brotherhood to the discipline of a Norbert or a Bernard; but rigour in an abbot who knows not how to rouse religious enthusiasm is resented as tyranny. Among the wild monks of St. Gildas the life of Abelard was in constant peril. From their obtuse and ignorant minds his wonderful gifts and acquirements commanded no awe; they were utterly ignorant of his learned language; they hated his strictness and even his piety. Violence threatened him without the walls; treachery within. They tried to poison him; they even drugged the cup of the Holy Eucharist. A monk who had tasted food intended for him died in agony. The Abbot extorted oaths of obedience, he excommunicated, he tried to the utmost the authority of his office. He was obliged at length to take refuge in a cell remote from the monastery, with a very few of the better monks: there he was watched by robbers hired to kill him.

The deserted Paraclete in the meantime had been re-occupied by far different guests. Heloisa had lived in blameless dignity as the prioress of Argenteuil. The rapacious monks of St. Denys, to whom Argenteuil belonged, expelled the nuns and resumed the property of the convent. The Paraclete, abandoned by Abelard's scholars, and falling into decay, offered to Heloisa an honourable retreat with her sisters : she took possession of the vacant cells. A correspondence began with the Abbot of St. Gildas. Abelard's history of his calamities, that most naked and unscrupulous autobiography, re-awakened the soft but melancholy reminiscences of the Abbess of the Paraclete. Those famous letters were written, in which Heloisa dwells with such touching and passionate truth on her yet unextinguished affection. Age, sorrow, his great calamity, his persecutions, his exclusive intellectual studies, perhaps some real religious remorse, have frozen the springs of Abelard's love, if his passion may be dignified with that holy name. In him all is cold, selfish, almost coarse ; in Heloisa the tenderness of the woman is chastened by the piety of the saint. . . .

The monastery of St. Gildas seemed at length to have been reduced to order ; but when peace surrounded Abelard, Abelard could not be at peace. He is again before the world, again in the world ; again committed, and now in false strife with his great and unforgiving adversary, Bernard. His writings had now obtained popularity as wide-spread, as perilous, as his lectures and his disputations. Abelard, it might seem, in desperation provoked the contest with that adversary in his stronghold. He challenged Bernard before kings and prelates whom Bernard ruled with irresistible sway ; he entered the lists against authority where authority was supreme—in a great council. At issue with the deep devotional spirit of the age, he chose his time when all minds were excited by the most solemn action of devotion—the Crusade ; he appealed to reason when reason was least likely to be heard.

A council had been summoned at Sens for a religious ceremony, which, more than all others, raised the passions of local and national devotion—the translation of the body of the patron saint. The King, Louis VII., the Counts of Nevers and Champagne, a train of nobles, and all the prelates of the

realm were to be present. Before this audience Abelard dared his adversary to make good his charges of heresy, by which it was notorious that Bernard and his monks had branded his writings. . . .

The second day of the council (the first had been devoted to the solemn translation of the reliques) was appointed for this grand theological tournament. Not only the King, the nobles, the prelates of France, but all Christendom watched in anxious solicitude the issue of the conflict. . . .

Bernard demanded that the most obnoxious passages should be read from Abelard's works. It was to his amazement, no less than that of the whole council, when Abelard, instead of putting forth his whole strength in a reply, answered only, "I appeal to Rome," and left the hall of council. It is said, to explain this unexpected abandonment of the field by the bold challenger, that he was in danger of his life. At Sens, as before at Soissons, the populace were so exasperated at the daring heretic, who was reported to have impeached the doctrine of the Trinity, that they were ready to rise against him. . . .

The council may have been disappointed at this sudden close of the spectacle which they were assembled to behold ; but they were relieved from the necessity of judging between the conflicting parties. . . .

An appeal from Bernard to Rome was an appeal from Bernard to himself. Pope Innocent II. was too completely under his influence, too deeply indebted to him, not to confirm at once his sentence. . . .

Absent, unheard, unconvicted, Abelard was condemned by the supreme Pontiff. The condemnation was uttered almost before the charge could be fully known. The decree of Innocent reprov'd all public disputations on the mysteries of religion. Abelard was condemned to silence ; his disciples to excommunication.

Abelard had set out on his journey to Rome ; he was stopped by severe illness, and found hospitable reception in the abbey of Clugny. Peter the Venerable, the Abbot of that famous monastery, did more than protect the outcast to the close of his life. He had himself gone through the ordeal of a controversy with the fervent Bernard, though their controversy

had been conducted in a milder and more Christian spirit. Yet the Abbot of the more luxurious or more polished Clugny might not be sorry to show a gentleness and compassion uncongenial to the more austere Clairvaux. He even wrought an outward reconciliation between the persecuted Abelard and the victorious Bernard. It was but an outward, a hollow reconciliation. Abelard published an apology, if apology it might be called, which accused his adversary of ignorance or of malice. The apology not merely repelled the charge of Arianism, Nestorianism, but even the slightest suspicion of such doctrines; and to allay the tender anxiety of Heloisa, who still took a deep interest in his fame and happiness, he sent her his creed, which might have satisfied the most austere orthodoxy. Even in the highest quarters, among the most distinguished prelates, there was at least strong compassion for Abelard, admiration for his abilities, perhaps secret indignation at the hard usage he had endured. Bernard knew that no less a person than Guido di Castello, afterwards Pope Celestine II., a disciple of Abelard, spoke of him at least with affection. To him Bernard writes, "He would not suppose that though Guido loved the man, he could love his errors." He suggests the peril of the contagion of such doctrines, and skilfully associates the name of Abelard with the most odious heresies. When he writes of the Trinity, he has a savour of Arius; when of grace, of Pelagius; when of the Person of Christ, of Nestorius. To the Cardinal Ivo he uses still stronger words: "Though a Baptist without in his austerities, he is a Herod within." Still for the last two years of his life Abelard found peace, honour, seclusion, in the abbey of Clugny. He died at the age of sixty-three: Peter the Venerable communicated the tidings of his death to the still faithful Heloisa. . . . The remains of Abelard were transported to the Paraclete; an absolution obtained by Peter was deposited in his tomb; for twenty-one years the Abbess of the Paraclete mourned over her teacher, her lover, her husband, and then reposed by his side.

FREDERICK BARBAROSSA, HENRY VI.,
AND THE POPES.

A.D. 1153—1199.

(From "*Latin Christianity*," by DEAN MILMAN.)

IN the same year with Bernard died the friend of Bernard, the ^{A.D.} 1153
Cistercian Pope, Eugenius III. . . .

The Republic, true to its principles, did not, like the turbulent Roman nobles or the heads of factions in the former century, interfere, either by force or intrigue, in the election of the Popes. The cardinals quietly raised Conrad, Bishop of Sabina, a Roman by birth, to the pontifical chair, with the name of Anastasius IV. On the death of Anastasius, after, it should seem, a peaceful rule of one year and five months, the only Englishman who ever filled the papal chair was raised to the supremacy over Christendom.

Nicolas Breakspear, born, according to one account, at St. Alban's, wandered forth from his country in search of learning: he was received into a monastery at Arles; became a brother, prior, abbot. He went to Rome on the affairs of his community, and so won the favour of the Pope Eugenius that he was detained in his court, was raised to the cardinalate, undertook a mission as legate to Norway, and, something in the character of the old English apostles of Germany, confirmed that hard-won kingdom in its allegiance to the See of Rome. Nicolas Breakspear was a man of exemplary morals, high fame for learning, and great eloquence; and now the poor English scholar, homeless, except in the home which he found in the hospitable convent—friendless, except among the friends which he has made by his abilities, his virtues, and his piety—with no birth or connexions to advance his claims—is become the head of Christendom; the lord of Rome, which surrenders

her liberties before his feet ; the Pontiff from whose hands the mightiest and proudest Emperor is glad to receive his crown ! What pride, what hopes, might such a promotion awaken in the lowest of the sacerdotal order throughout Christendom ! In remote England not a youthful scholar but may have had visions of pontifical grandeur ! This at all times wonderful, how much more so in the age of feudalism, in which the pride of birth was paramount !

Nor did Hadrian IV. yield to any of his loftiest predecessors in his assertion of the papal dignity ; he was surpassed by few in the boldness and courage with which he maintained it. The views of unlimited power which opened before the new Pontiff appear most manifestly in his grant of Ireland to Henry II. of England. . . . He assumed the right of sanctioning the invasion on the ground of its advancing civilization and propagating a purer faith among the barbarous and ignorant people. The tribute of Peter's pence from the people was to be the reward of the Pope's munificence in granting the island to the English, and his recognition of Henry's sovereignty. The prophetic ambition of Hadrian might seem to have anticipated the time when, on such principles, the Popes should assume the power of granting away new worlds.

But Hadrian had first to bring rebellious Rome under his sway. The mild measures of Pope Eugenius had undermined the power of Arnold of Brescia. Hadrian had the courage to confront him with open hostility. He vouchsafed no answer to the haughty demands of the Republic to recognize its authority ; he pronounced sentence of banishment from the city against Arnold himself. Arnold denied the power of the Pope to issue such sentence. But an opportunity soon occurred in which Hadrian, without exceeding his spiritual power, bowed the whole rebellious people under his feet. The Cardinal of San Pudenziana, on his way to the Pope, who was in the palace raised on the Vatican by Eugenius III., encountered a tumult of the populace, and received a mortal wound. Hadrian instantly placed the whole city under an interdict. Rome for the first time was deprived of all its religious ceremonies. No procession moved through the silent streets ; the people thronged around the closed doors of the churches ; the clergy,

their functions entirely suspended, had nothing to do but to inflame the minds of the populace. Easter was drawing on; no mass would atone for, no absolution release them from, their sins. Religion triumphed over liberty. The clergy and the people compelled the Senate to yield. Hadrian would admit of no lower terms than the abrogation of the republican institutions, the banishment of Arnold and his adherents. The Republic was at an end, Arnold an exile, the Pope again master in Rome.

But all this time great events were passing in the North of Italy—events which, however in some respects menacing to Pope Hadrian, might encourage him in his inflexible hostility to the republicans of Rome. On the death of Conrad, Germany, with one consent, had placed the crown on the head of the great Hohenstaufen prince, his nephew, Frederick Barbarossa. If the Papacy, under Hadrian, had resumed all its haughty authority, the Empire was wielded with a terrible force which it had hardly ever displayed before. Frederick was a prince of intrepid valour, consummate prudence, unmeasured ambition, justice which hardened into severity, the ferocity of a barbarian somewhat tempered with a high chivalrous gallantry,—above all, with a strength of character which subjugated alike the great temporal and ecclesiastical princes of Germany, and was prepared to assert the imperial rights in Italy to the utmost. . . . He was to the Empire what Hildebrand and Innocent were to the Papedom. . . .

In the autumn of the year of Hadrian's accession Frederick descended the Alps by the valley of the Trent. . . . He came to receive the iron crown of Italy from the Lombards, the imperial crown from the Pope at Rome. . . . The Lombard cities, most of which had now become Republics, hastened to send their deputies to acknowledge their fealty. . . . Pavia, Genoa, Lodi, Crema, vied in their loyalty: even haughty Milan, which had trampled under foot Frederick's mandate, commanding peace with Lodi, sent her consuls. The Duke Guelf of Bavaria, under the protection of the Emperor, took quiet possession of the domains of the Countess Matilda: it was no time for the Pope even to enter a protest. Frederick appeared with the iron crown in the church of St. Michael, at Pavia. . . .

Among the first articles which the Pope enforced on the Emperor, as the price of his coronation, was the surrender of Arnold of Brescia into his hands. . . . Arnold had fled from Rome, doubtful and irresolute as to his future course: his splendid dreams had vanished, the faithless soil had crumbled under his feet. In Otricoli he had met Gerhard, Cardinal of St. Nicolas, who took him prisoner. He had been rescued by some one of the viscounts of Campania, his partisans, perhaps nobles, who held papal estates by grant from the Republic. By them he was honoured as a prophet. Frederick sent his officers, who seized one of these Campanian nobles, and compelled the surrender of Arnold. He was carried to Rome, committed to the custody of Peter, prefect of the city, who held for the Pope the castle of St. Angelo. No time was to be lost. He had been, even till within a short time, an object of passionate attachment to the people; there might be an insurrection of the people for his rescue. If he was reserved for the arrival of Frederick at Rome, what change might be wrought by his eloquence before the imperial tribunal, by the offers of his republican friends, by the uncertain policy of Frederick, who might then consider the demagogue an useful control upon the Pope! The Church took upon itself the summary condemnation, the execution, of the excommunicated rebel. . . . The execution was despatched with such haste, perhaps secrecy, that even at the time various rumours as to the mode and place of punishment were spread abroad. In one point alone all are agreed, that Arnold's ashes, lest the foolish people should worship the martyr of their liberties, were cast into the Tiber. The Church had been wont to call on the temporal sword to shed the blood of man; the capital punishment of Arnold was, by the judgment of the clergy, executed by the officer of the Pope: even some devout churchmen shuddered when they could not deny that the blood of Arnold of Brescia was on the Church.

The sacrifice of human life had been offered, but the treaty which it was to seal between the Emperor and the Pope was delayed by mutual suspicion. . . . Hadrian would not trust himself to the power of Frederick; as the German advanced towards Rome, the Pope continued to retire. The deputation

from the Roman Republic encountered Barbarossa on the Roman side of Sutri. Their lofty language showed how deeply and completely they were intoxicated with the doctrines of Arnold: they seemed fondly to hope that they should find in Frederick a more powerful Arnold of Brescia; that by some scanty concessions of title and honour they should hardly yield up their independence of the Empire, and secure entirely their independence of the Pope. They congratulated Frederick on his arrival in the neighbourhood of Rome, if he came in peace, and with the intent to deliver them for ever from the degrading yoke of the clergy. They ascribed all the old Roman glory, the conquest of the world, to the Senate of Rome, of whom they were the representatives; they intimated that it was condescension on their part to bestow the imperial crown on a transalpine stranger—"that which is ours of right we grant to thee;" they commanded him to respect their ancient institutions and laws, to protect them against barbarian violence, to pay five thousand pounds of silver to their officers as a largess for their acclamations in the Capitol, to maintain the Republic even by bloodshed, to confirm their privileges by a solemn oath and by the imperial signature. Frederick suppressed for a time his kingly, contemptuous indignation. He condescended in a long harangue to relate the transference of the Roman Empire to Charlemagne and his descendants. At its close he turned fiercely round: "Look at my Teutonic nobles, my banded chivalry. These are the patricians—these are the true Romans; this is the senate invested in perpetual authority. To what laws do you presume to appeal but those which I shall be pleased to enact? Your only liberty is to render obedience to your sovereign."

The crestfallen republicans withdrew, in brooding indignation and wounded pride, to the city. It was now the turn of Hadrian to ascertain what reception he would meet with from the Emperor. From Nepi Hadrian rode to the camp of Frederick, in the territory of Sutri. He was met with courteous respect by some of the German nobles, and escorted towards the royal tent. But he waited in vain for the Emperor to come forth and hold his stirrup as he alighted from his horse. The affrighted cardinals turned back, and did not rest till

they reached Civita Castellana. The Pope remained with a few attendants, and dismounted: then came forth Frederick, bowed to kiss his feet, and offered himself to receive the kiss of peace. The intrepid Pope refused to comply till the King should have shown every mark of respect usual from former emperors to his predecessors: he withdrew from before the tent. The dispute lasted the whole following day. Frederick at last allowed himself to be persuaded by the precedents alleged, and went to Nepi, where the Pope had pitched his camp. The Emperor dismounted, held the stirrup of Hadrian, and assisted him to alight. Their common interests soon led at least to outward amity. The coronation of Frederick as Emperor by the Pope could not but give great weight to his title in the estimation of Christendom, and Hadrian's unruly subjects could only be controlled by the strong hand of the Emperor. By the advice of Hadrian, Frederick made a rapid march, and took possession of the Leonine city and the church of St. Peter. The next day he was met on the steps of the church by the Pope, and received the crown amid the acclamations of the army. The Romans on the other side of the Tiber were enraged beyond measure at their total exclusion from all assent or concern in the coronation. They had expected and demanded a great largess; they had not even been admitted as spectators of the pompous ceremony. They met in the Capitol, crossed the bridge, endeavoured to force their passage to St. Peter's, and slew a few of the miserable attendants whom they found on their way. But Frederick was too watchful a soldier to be surprised: the Germans met them, slew one thousand, and took two hundred prisoners; whom he released on the interposition of the Pope.

But want of provisions compelled the Emperor to retire with the Pope to Tivoli: there, each in their apparel of state, the Pope celebrated mass, and gave the Holy Eucharist to the Emperor on St. Peter's Day. The inhospitable climate began to make its usual ravages on the German army: Frederick, having achieved his object, after the capture and sacking of Spoleto and some negotiations with the Byzantine ambassadors, retired beyond the Alps.

And Hadrian was thus, if abandoned by the protecting power,

relieved from the importunate presence of the Emperor. The rebellious spirit of Rome seemed to have been crushed, the temporal sovereignty restored to the Pope. He began again to bestow kingdoms, and by such gifts to bind to his interests the old allies of the pontificate more immediately at hand. . . . At Benevento, William of Sicily received from his hands the investiture of the kingdom of Sicily, of the dukedom of Apulia, of the principalities of Capua, Naples, Salerno, and Amalfi, and some other territories. William bound himself to fealty to the Pope, to protect him against all his enemies, to pay a certain tribute annually for Apulia and Calabria, and for the March.

The Emperor Frederick had aspired to be as absolute over the whole of Italy as of Germany. Hadrian had even entered into an alliance with him against Sicily; the invasion of the kingdom had only been postponed on account of the state of the imperial army and the necessary retirement of the Emperor beyond the Alps. In this Sicilian alliance Frederick saw at once treachery, ingratitude, hostility. It betrayed a leaning to Italian independence, the growth and confederation with Rome of a power inimical to his own; . . . yet, fully occupied by the affairs of Germany, the Emperor's only revenge was an absolute prohibition to all German ecclesiastics to journey to Rome, to receive the confirmation of their ecclesiastical dignities, or on any other affairs. . . .

The next year Frederick descended for the second time into Italy. . . . At first his cruelties and his successes carried all before him. He enforced the submission of Milan. The haughty manner in which he asserted the imperial rights, the vast army with which he enforced those rights, the merciless severity with which he visited all treasonable resistance, seemed to threaten the ruin of all which remained either of the temporal or spiritual independence of Italy. He seemed, determined, he avowed his determination, to rule the clergy like all the rest of his subjects; to compel their homage for all their temporal possessions; to exact all the imperial dues; to be, in fact as well as in theory, their feudal sovereign. He enforced the award already made of the inheritance of the Countess Matilda to his uncle Guelf VI. of Bavaria. . . .

Slight indications betrayed the growing jealousy and alienation of the Emperor and the Pope. These two august sovereigns seemed to take delight in galling each other by petty insults; but each of these insults had a deeper significance. Guido, of a noble German house, the Counts of Blandrada, was elected, if through the imperial interests, yet according to canonical forms, to the archiepiscopate of Ravenna, once the rival, now next to Rome in wealth and state. Guido was sub-deacon of the Roman Church, and Hadrian refused to permit the translation, under the courteous pretext that he could not part with so beloved a friend, whose promotion in the Church of Rome was his dearest object. Hadrian soon after sent a letter to the Emperor, couched in moderate language, but complaining with bland bitterness of disrespect shown to his legates; of the insolence of the imperial troops, who gathered forage in the papal territories, and insulted the castles of the Pope; of the exaction of the same homage from bishops and abbots as from the cities and nobles of Italy. This letter was sent by a common, it was said a ragged, messenger, who disappeared without waiting for an answer. The Emperor revenged himself by placing his own name in his reply before that of the Pope, and by addressing him in the familiar singular instead of the respectful plural—a style which the Popes had assumed in addressing the Emperor, and which Frederick declared to be an usurpation on their part. Hadrian's next letter showed how deep the wound had sunk. "The law of God promises long life to those who honour their father and their mother. . . . My son in the Lord, . . . we wonder at your irreverence. This mode of address incurs the guilt of insolence, if not of arrogance. . . . We warn thee to be prudent. If thou hast deserved to be consecrated and crowned by our hands, by seeking more than we have granted thou mayest forfeit that which we have condescended to grant." This was not language to soften a temper like Frederick's: his rejoinder rises to scorn and defiance. He reminds the Pope of the humble relation of Silvester to Constantine. . . . He reverts to higher authority, and significantly alludes to the tribute paid by our Lord himself through St. Peter to Cæsar. . . .

Some of the German bishops, more especially Eberhard of

Bamberg, endeavoured to mediate and avert the threatened conflict. The Emperor consented to receive four cardinals. They brought a pacific proposition, but accompanied with demands which amounted to hardly less than the unqualified surrender of the imperial rights. . . . Frederick commanded his temper : such grave matters, he said, required the advice of his wisest counsellors. . . . He complained of the intrusion of the papal legates into the Empire without his permission, the abuse of appeals, the treaties of the Pope with the Greek Empire and with the King of Sicily ; above all, his clandestine dealings with the insurgents, now in arms at Lombardy. He significantly intimated that if he could not make peace with the Pope, he might with the Senate and people of Rome.

Peace became more hopeless. As a last resource, six cardinals on the part of the Pope, and six German bishops on that of the Emperor, were appointed to frame a treaty. But the Pope demanded the re-establishment of the compact made with his predecessor Eugenius. The imperial bishops reproached the Pope with his own violation of that treaty by his alliance with the King of Sicily : the Germans unanimously rejected the demands of the Pope ; and now the Emperor received with favour a deputation from the Senate and people of Rome. These ambassadors of the republican party had watched, had been present at the rupture of, the negotiations. The Pope, with the embers of Arnold's rebellion smouldering under his feet, with the Emperor at the head of all Germany, the prelates as well as the princes, with no ally but the doubtful, often perfidious Norman, stood unshaken, betrayed no misgivings. . . . He was preparing for the last act of defiance—the open declaration of war, the excommunication of the Emperor, which he was pledged to pronounce after the signature of the treaty with the Republics, when his death put an end to this strange conflict, where each antagonist was allied with a republican party in the heart of his adversary's dominions. ^{A.D.} Hadrian IV. died at Anagni, A.D. 1159 : his remains were ¹¹⁵⁹ brought to Rome, and interred with the highest honours, and with the general respect, if not the grief, of the city, in the church of St. Peter. Even the ambassadors of Frederick were present at the funeral. So ended the poor English scholar, at

open war with perhaps the mightiest sovereign who had reigned in transalpine Europe since Charlemagne.

The whole conclave must have had the determined courage of Hadrian to concur in the election of a Pope : a schism was inevitable. . . . On one side were the zealous churchmen, who would hazard all for the supremacy of the spiritual power ; . . . on the other side were those who were attached to, or who dreaded the power of Barbarossa, . . . and thought it the best wisdom of the Church to conciliate the Emperor. . . .

On the third day of debate fourteen of the cardinals agreed in the choice of Roland of Sienna, the Cardinal of St. Mark, the Chancellor of the Apostolic See. . . . The cope was brought forth in which he was to be invested. Conscious of his insufficiency for this great post, he struggled against it with the usual modest reluctance. Three only of the cardinals, Octavian of St. Cecilia, John of St. Martin, and Guido of Crema, Cardinal of St. Callisto, were of the adverse faction, in close league with the imperial ambassadors. . . . Octavian, prompted it is said by that ambassador, cried aloud he must not be compelled, and plucked the cope from his shoulders. The two others, the Cardinals Guido and of St. Martin, declared Octavian Pope ; but a Roman senator who was present (the conclave then was an open court), indignant at his violence, seized the cope, and snatched it from the hand of Octavian. But Octavian's party were prepared for such an accident. His chaplain had another cope ready, in which he was invested with such indecent haste that, as it was declared, by a manifest divine judgment, the front part appeared behind, the hinder part before. At this the assembly burst into derisive laughter. At that instant the gates, which had been closed, were forcibly broken open, a hired soldiery rushed in with drawn swords, and, surrounding Octavian, carried him forth in state. Roland (Alexander III.) and the cardinals of his faction were glad to escape with their lives, but reached a stronghold fortified and garrisoned for their reception near St. Peter's ; and for nine days they lay concealed and in security from their enemies. Octavian, in the meantime, assumed the name of Victor IV. : he was acknowledged as lawful Pope by a great part of the senators and people. . . .

The Emperor was besieging the city of Crema when he received the intimation of this election from each of the rival Popes. He assumed the language of an impartial arbitrator: he summoned a council of all Christendom to meet at Pavia, and cited both the Popes to submit their claims to its decision. Victor, already sure of the favourable judgment, appeared with attestations of his lawful election from the canons of St. Peter and a great body of the clergy of Rome. . . . Neither Alexander, nor any one with authority to defend the cause of Alexander, appeared in the court. . . . The council, after a grave debate, and hearing of many witnesses (the Emperor had withdrawn to leave at least seeming freedom to the ecclesiastics), with one accord declared Victor Pope, condemned and excommunicated the contumacious Cardinal of Sienna. To Victor the Emperor paid the customary honours, held his stirrup and kissed his feet. Victor, of course, issued his excommunication of the Cardinal Roland. There was a secret cause behind, which no doubt strongly worked on the Emperor, and through the Emperor on the council: letters of Alexander to the insurgent Lombard cities had been seized, and were in the hands of the Emperor. . . .

Alexander did not shrink from the contest. At Anagni he issued his excommunication against the Emperor Frederick, the Antipope, and all his adherents. He despatched his legates to all the kingdoms of Europe. His title was sooner or later acknowledged by France, Spain, England, Constantinople, Sicily, and Jerusalem, by the Cistercian and Carthusian monks. . . . The Empire, Hungary, Bohemia, Norway, Sweden, submitted to Victor. Italy was divided: wherever the authority of the Emperor prevailed, Victor was recognized as the successor of St. Peter; wherever it was opposed, Alexander. . . . From Anagni, knowing that Frederick dared not withdraw any strong force from the North of Italy, Alexander made a descent upon Rome, in order to add to the dignity of his cause by his possession of the capital city. He celebrated mass in the Lateran Church, and at Santa Maria Maggiore. But Rome, which would hardly endure the power of a Pope with undisputed authority, was no safe residence for one with a contested title. The turbulence of the people, the intrigues of the Anti-

- A.D. pope, the neighbourhood of some of the Germans in the fortresses around, . . . the uncertainty of support from Sicily, which was now threatened with civil war, . . . induced Alexander to seek refuge in France. . . . He was received everywhere with demonstrations of the utmost respect. . . . The rival Kings of France and England seemed to forget their differences to pay him honour. He was met by both at Courcy, on the Loire ; the two kings walked on either side of his horse, holding his bridle, and so conducted him into the town. There for above three years he dwelt, maintaining the state and performing all the functions of a Pope in every part of Europe which acknowledged his sway. During his absence, Frederick and Frederick's Pope seemed at first to be establishing their power beyond all chance of resistance throughout Italy. . . . But dark reverses were to come. Two years after the departure of Alexander to France, the Antipope Victor died at Lucca. Guido of Crema was chosen, it was said, by one cardinal only, but by a large body of Lombard clergy, and took the name of Paschal III. . . . He was consecrated by the Bishop of Liège. But the Antipope did not dare to contest Rome : he was, in fact, a German Antipope overawed by German prelates. In Rome the vicegerent of Pope Alexander, Julius, the Cardinal of Palestrina, ruled with almost undisputed sway. When he died, the Cardinal of St. John and St. Paul was appointed in his place. This cardinal was a man of great address and activity. By artful language and well-directed bribery, notwithstanding all the opposition of Christian, the Chancellor of the Empire, he won over the versatile people ; the Senate were entirely at his disposal.
- 1165 The Pope, at the summons of his Vicar, and lavishly supplied with money by the Kings of France and England, embarked, on the octave of the Assumption of the Virgin, at Marseilles, himself in one vessel, the cardinals of his party . . . in another. They were watched by the fleet of Pisa, in the interests of the Emperor. The vessel which contained the cardinals was taken, searched in vain for the person of the Pope, then released ; that with the Pope on board put back into the port. Shortly after, in a smaller and swift-sailing bark, he reached Messina : there he received a splendid embassy

from the King of Sicily; several large vessels were placed at his command. . . . The fleet landed at Ostia: the clergy and senators of Rome crowded to pay their homage to the Pope. He was escorted to the city by numbers bearing olive-branches. At the Lateran gate the clergy in their sacred vestments, the authorities of the city and the militia under their banners, the Jews with their Bible in their hands, presented themselves; and in the midst of this festive procession he took possession of the Lateran palace.

But it was not the policy of the Hohenstaufen Emperor to desert the cause of his Antipope, and to leave Alexander in secure possession of Rome. After Alexander had occupied Rome for a year, in the following year Frederick crossed the Alps with a great force. . . .

He reached Rome, and easily got possession of the Leonine city; the Vatican alone maintained an obstinate defence, till some of the buildings caught fire and compelled the garrison to capitulate. The Antipope took possession of St. Peter's, reeking with blood up to the high altar, and performed the papal functions. The Emperor attended; the Empress Beatrice received the imperial diadem, and the crown of Frederick was blessed again by the Pontiff. A.D. 1167

Alexander seemed at first determined to defend to the utmost the city on the other side of the Tiber. Some Sicilian vessels had sailed up the river to bring supplies of money and to convey him away. Alexander refused to embark. . . . Before long he thought it more prudent to escape in disguise to Gaeta; there he resumed the pontifical attire, and withdrew to Benevento. Rome consoled herself for her enforced submission by the re-establishment of her Senate in supreme authority. The Emperor endeavoured, by the grant of various immunities, to secure the fidelity of the people; but many of the nobles remained aloof in sullen silence, and kept within their impregnable fortress-palaces. But the Pope had a more powerful ally. Never did the climate of Rome so fearfully humiliate the pride of the Emperor, or work with such awful force for the liberation of Italy. No wonder that the visible hand of God was seen in the epidemic which broke out in the German army, . . . and which was no less terrific from its

rapidity than from its intensity. Men were in perfect health in the morning, dead before the evening; it was hardly possible to perform the rites of decent burial. The Emperor broke up his camp in the utmost haste, retreated, not without hostile resistance in the pass of Pontremoli, by Lucca and Pisa to Pavia. Of nobles, bishops, knights, and squires, not reckoning the common soldiers, he had lost two thousand by the plague and during his retreat. Nor was this the worst: all Lombardy was in arms. A league had been formed to throw off his tyrannical yoke by Venice, Verona, and all her dependencies. . . .

A. D. 1168 The Emperor was not safe in Pavia. Early in the spring of the next year the haughty Barbarossa hardly found his way to Germany in disguise; with greater difficulty the wreck of his army stole through the passes of the Alps.

With the flight of the Emperor fell the cause of the Antipope. City after city declared its allegiance to Alexander. The Antipope maintained himself in St. Peter's; but his death in the autumn of the year might have been expected to terminate the schism. No single cardinal of his faction remained; but the obstinate few who adhered to him persuaded John, formerly Abbot of Struma, now Bishop of Tusculum, to assume the papacy under the name of Calixtus III. His legates were received by Frederick at a great diet at Bamberg; yet the Emperor did not scruple during the following year to send Eberhard, the Bishop of Bamberg, to negotiate with Alexander, now avowedly the head of the Lombard league. The great fortress which had been erected in the plains of Piedmont, as the impregnable place of arms for the league, was named after the Pope, Alexandria. . . . Yet Alexander dared not to take up his abode in Rome. The prefect still commanded there in the name of the Emperor. . . .

1174 It was not till the pride of Barbarossa had been humbled by his total defeat at Legnano, the battle-field in which the Lombard Republics won their independence, that Alexander could trust the earnest wishes of the Emperor for peace. The Emperor could no longer refuse to recognize a Pontiff at the head of the league of his conquerors. It was of awful omen that the fortress named after the Pope had borne before the fatal battle all the brunt of the war, and defied his mightiest

armament. A secret treaty, now that a treaty was necessary for both parties, arranged the chief points in dispute between the Pope and the Emperor. The general pacification was not publicly proclaimed till the following year.

Then the Pope, under the safe-conduct of the Emperor, 1175 embarked with his retinue in eleven stately galleys for Venice. He was received with the highest honours by the Doge, Sebastiano Ziani, and the senators. Some dispute took place as to the city in which was to be holden the general congress. The Lombards proposed Bologna, the Emperor Venice; and Venice was at length agreed upon by all parties. But though the terms of reconciliation between the Pope and the Emperor might be arranged with no great difficulty, . . . more embarrassing questions arose on the terms insisted on by the Pope's allies, especially the Lombard Republics. The Emperor demanded the full acknowledgment of all the imperial rights claimed or enjoyed by his predecessors. The Republics insisted on the confirmation of their customs as recognized by the late emperors, Henry V., Conrad, and Lothaire. As peace seemed impracticable, the Pope at length suggested a truce. The Emperor at first indignantly rejected the proposition, but was prevailed on to yield to a truce of six years with the Lombard league; of fifteen with the King of Sicily. In the meantime the Emperor was to retain possession of the domains of the Countess Matilda; after that they were to revert to the Pope. The Lombards bitterly complained of this abandonment of their cause: they had borne the brunt and expenditure of the war; the Pope only consulted his own advantage. But Alexander judged more wisely of their real interests. The cities during the truce were more likely to increase in wealth and power, might quietly strengthen their fortifications and gather the resources of war; the Emperor in that time might be involved in new hostilities in Germany. At all events, the Christian prelate might fully determine to obtain a suspension of arms, if he could not a permanent peace: the chances of peace were better for all parties than those of war.

The Emperor then advanced towards Venice. When he arrived at Chioggia, the eager and tumultuous populace were disposed to transport him into the city, without precaution or

exchange of hostages. The distrustful Pope was so alarmed that he kept his galleys prepared for flight. . . . But the grave wisdom of the Doge Ziani, and of the Senate, appeased the popular movement, arranged and guaranteed the ceremonial for the proclamation of the peace on the meeting of the Pope and of the Emperor.

On Tuesday, the 24th of July, the Pope went in great state to the church of St. Mark : the Doge, with the Bucentaur and other splendid galleys, to meet the Emperor at S. Niccolo del Lido. The Bishops of Ostia, Porto, and Palestrina, with other cardinals, were sent forward to absolve the Emperor and his adherents from the ban of excommunication. . . . The Emperor, with the Doge and senators, and with his own Teutonic nobles, advanced to the portal of St. Mark's, where stood the Pope in his pontifical attire. Frederick no sooner beheld the successor of St. Peter than he threw off his imperial mantle, prostrated himself, and kissed the feet of the Pontiff. Alexander, not without tears, raised him up, and gave him the kiss of peace. Then swelled out the *Te Deum* ; and the Emperor, holding the hand of the Pope, was led into the choir, and received the papal benediction. From thence they proceeded together to the ducal palace. The next day, the feast of St. James the Apostle, the Pope celebrated mass and preached to the people. The Emperor held his stirrup when he departed from the church ; but the courtesy of the Pope prevented him from holding the bridle along the Place of St. Mark. At a great council held in the church the Pope excommunicated all who should infringe the treaty. . . .

Even Rome was overawed by the unity between the Emperor and the Pope. The city sent seven of her nobles to entreat Alexander to honour Rome with his presence. After some negotiation, a treaty was agreed on. The Senate continued to subsist, but swore fealty and rendered homage to the Pope ; the church of St. Peter and the royalties seized by the people were restored. Alexander took possession of the Lateran
A.D.
 1176 palace, and celebrated Easter with great pomp. In the August of the same year the Antipope, Calixtus III., abdicated his vain title. . . . He went to Tusculum, fell at the feet of Alexander, confessed his sin of schism, and implored forgive-

ness. Alexander received him with Christian gentleness, and even advanced him afterwards to a post of dignity—the government of the city of Benevento.

A great council in the Lateran was the last important act in the long and eventful pontificate of Alexander. He died in Civita Castellana, A.D. 1181. A.D.
1181

On the death of Alexander he was succeeded by a native of Lucca, Lucius III. . . . At Verona met the Emperor and the Pope in apparent amity. Frederick had hopes that the Pope would consent to permit him to devolve the imperial crown upon his son. Lucius had the address to suggest that a second Emperor could not be crowned till the reigning Emperor had actually abdicated the empire. They parted in mutual mistrust. . . . Lucius III. had fulminated an anathema against the sects which were now spreading in the North of Italy, and were all included in the hated name of Manicheans—the Cathari, the Paterini, the Umiliati, the poor men of Lyons, the Passagini, the Giuseppini; he had visited with the like censures the Arnoldists and rebels of Rome. The Emperor left the papal thunders to their own unaided efforts; he moved no troops; he would not break the peace of Italy either to persecute the heretics or to subdue Rome. . . .

On the death of Lucius, A.D. 1185, his successor, Urban III., 1185 elected by twenty-seven cardinals, retained the archbishopric of Milan (thus holding at once the two great sees of Italy): he chiefly resided at Verona. The peace of Venice had seemed but precarious during the pontificate of Lucius; . . . and Urban the Turbulent (Turbanus)—such was the ill-omened name which he received from his enemies—was more the republican Archbishop (in that character he had already, even in war, been amongst the most dangerous enemies of Barbarossa) than the supreme Pontiff. There were three fatal points in dispute, each sufficient to break up so hasty a treaty, to estrange Powers who had so little sympathy with each other. In Germany, Frederick was accused of seizing the estates of vacant sees. In Italy, the great question of succession to the territories of the Countess Matilda had been only adjourned: the longer the Emperor maintained the possession, the less disposed was he to fulfil his covenant for the restoration of these wealthy

domains to the Roman See. The third and most dangerous controversy concerned the coronation of his son, if not as Emperor, as King of Italy. The Emperor had made with success a master-stroke of policy: he had obtained the hand of Constantia, the heiress of the kingdom of Sicily, for his son Henry. The kingdom of Sicily was thus, instead of a place of refuge for the Pope against the Emperor, now an imperial territory. . . . Urban III. strove in vain against the perilous marriage; he resolutely refused the coronation of Henry with the iron crown of Italy: this was his function as Archbishop of Milan. The office was assumed by the Bishop of Aquileia. The conduct of the ferocious Henry, the son and heir of Barbarossa, the husband of the Sicilian Constantia, aggravated the terrors of beholding the crown of Sicily on the brows of a Hohenstaufen. While yet in Lombardy, he demanded of a bishop of whom he held the investiture of his see. "Of the Pope alone," three times replied the resolute ecclesiastic. Henry ordered his attendants to seize, to beat, and to roll in the mire the obstinate prelate. In the south he entered into an alliance with the rebel Senate of Rome. A servant of the Pope, on the way from Rome with a large sum of money, was seized by his command, stripped of his treasures, and sent empty-handed, and with his nose cut off, to the Pope. . . .

At a full diet at Gelnhausen Barbarossa arraigned the Pope as having refused to crown his son; as having excommunicated the bishop who, at the Emperor's command, had officiated at that ceremony. . . . The German bishops were called upon to aid their Emperor in his resistance to this contumacious Pope. They offered their mediation; they signed and sealed a document, imploring the Pope in these perilous times not to renew the old fatal wars: they urged him at least to politic dissimulation. . . . Urban III. at length determined on the excommunication of Frederick: but the citizens of Verona declared that no such act of hostility should take place within their walls.

Urban departed to Ferrara, for this part of Verona was of evil augury, as only remaining allies, the Lombard

as to this, act of resistance on the part of the citizens of Verona was of evil augury, as only remaining allies, the Lombard

growing opulence in his cause. At Ferrara he died. Of his death there is an account by one who solemnly protests to the truth of his statement—he was an eye-witness. Peter of Blois rode with the Pope from Verona towards Ferrara. Peter endeavoured to appease the deadly hatred which had been instilled into the soul of Urban against Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury.¹ The Pope, red with anger, broke out, “May I never dismount this horse and mount another, if I do not depose him !” He had hardly spoken, when the cross borne before him was dashed in pieces. It was hastily tied together. At the next town Urban fell ill : he never again mounted a horse. He was conveyed slowly by water to Ferrara. . . . Urban hardly retired to Ferrara, and died of grief, it was said, (though the news could not possibly have reached Italy) for the taking of Jerusalem by the Sultan Saladin, A.D. 1187. A.D.
1187

But Urban knew not that this disaster would save the Papacy from its imminent peril. It diverted at once even Barbarossa himself from his hostile plans ; it awed the most implacable enemies in Christendom to peace and amity. The first act of Gregory VIII. . . . was to issue lamentable letters to the whole of Christendom. They described in harrowing terms the fall of Jerusalem. . . . The Pope exhorted all men to take arms, or at least to offer the amplest contributions for the relief of their imperilled brethren, the recovery of the city, the sepulchre, the cross of the Lord. He appointed a fast for five years, to appease the wrath of God. Every Friday in the year was to be observed as Lent ; on Wednesdays and Saturdays meat was forbidden. To these days of abstinence the Pope and the cardinals were to add Monday. The cardinals imposed on themselves even more exemplary duties : to take the cross, to go to the Holy Land as mendicant pilgrims, to receive no presents from those who came on business to the Papal Court ; not to mount on horseback, but to go on foot so long as the ground on which the Saviour walked was trodden by the feet of the unbeliever. Gregory set off for Pisa to reconcile the hostile Republics of Pisa and Genoa, in order that their mighty arma-

¹ Baldwin had set up a chapter of secular canons against the unruly monks of Canterbury. The monks appealed to Rome, and aroused in the mind of the Pope implacable resentment against Baldwin.

captivity—the Pope ventured on no measure of resistance, and Henry passed contemptuously by Rome to his southern prey. The Apulian cities opened their gates. Henry marched without further opposition . . . from the Garigliano to the Straits of Messina, from Messina to Palermo. Palermo received him with open gates, with clouds of incense and joyous processions. The youthful William, the second son of Tancred, laid his crown at the feet of the Emperor, and received the hereditary countship of Lecce.

A.D.

1194

The campaign began in August; the Emperor celebrated Christmas in Palermo, A.D. 1194. There had been no sound of arms, no disturbance, except from the jealousy of the Pisans and Genoese: not a drop of blood had been shed. At Christmas, the period of peace and festivity, Henry laid before a great assembly of the realm letters—it was said forged letters, but letters, even if they did not reveal, declared to reveal, an extensive conspiracy against his power. Bishops, nobles, the royal family, were implicated in the charges. No further evidence was offered or required. Peter de Celano sate as supreme justiciary—a man dear to the hard and ruthless heart of Henry. A judicial massacre began. Archbishops and bishops, counts and nobles, were apprehended, condemned, executed, or mutilated with barbarous variety of torture. Some were hanged, some buried alive, some burned. The bodies of Tancred and his son were torn from their graves, the crowns plucked from their usurping brows. . . . On the very day when these fatal disclosures were made, and the work of blood began, the Empress Constantia gave birth, at Jesi, to Frederick Roger, afterwards the Emperor Frederick II. The Nemesis of Grecian tragedy might be imagined as presiding over the birth.

The Pope, in righteous indignation at these inhumanities, took courage, and issued the edict of excommunication against the Emperor. Excommunication, if reserved for such crimes, might have wrought more powerfully on the minds of men: but Henry VI., the Hohenstaufen, was strong enough to treat such censures with disdain. Not yet thirty years old, he was at a greater height of power than had been attained by his father Barbarossa, or was subsequently reached by Frederick II. He could defy another Lombard league which was forming to



control him : the feuds in Germany broke not out into open war. . . . The election of his son Frederick as King of the Romans was acceded to by his brothers, by all the princes of Germany, and won the reluctant consent of Albert, Archbishop of Maritz. His popularity in Germany was increased by his earnest support of a new Crusade, to which the death of Saladin, and the feud among his sons, might give some reasonable hopes of success. Henry did not venture to withdraw his own personal presence from his European dominions ; but he was liberal in his influence, in his levies, and in his contributions to the holy cause. The only opposition to Henry's despotism was that of the gentler Empress, who tempered by every means in her power the inhuman tyranny which still crushed her Sicilian subjects to the earth. So distasteful was her mildness, it was rumoured abroad, that it gave rise to serious dissensions between the husband and the wife ; that she had even meditated an insurrection in favour of her depressed people, and the transfer of her kingdom and of her hand to some less tyrannic sovereign. But these were doubtless the fictions of those who hoped they might be true : there was no outward breach—nothing seemed to disturb the conjugal harmony.

Henry returned to his Italian dominions, to suppress in his own person all that threatened insurrection, or which might by its strength be tempted to insurrection. He levelled the walls of Capua and Naples. He crossed to Sicily, and sat down before the insignificant castle of St. John, the chieftain of which had been driven into rebellion by the fear of being treated as a rebel. On a hot autumn day he went out to hunt in the neighbouring forest, drank copiously of cold water, and exposed himself to the chill dews of the evening. A fever came on ; he was with difficulty removed to Messina, and died ^{A.D.} in the arms of his wife. His son Frederick had not yet completed his second year. As soon as the Pope could be prevailed on to remove the excommunication, Henry VI. was buried in great state at Palermo. Three months after, Cælestine III. followed him to the grave. An infant was the heir of the Empire ; Innocent III., in the prime of life, was Pope. 1197

have been so directed as to oppose an effectual barrier to the advancing tide of Mahometanism, instead of merely throwing itself in the way, like a loose rock easily borne aside by the force of the current. The schism between the Greek and Latin Churches, however, entirely prevented any such coalescence. Learned divines might know that the difference between the two Churches was slight, and that the points in dispute involved no essential matter of doctrine ; but in the eyes of the ignorant the schismatic was as hateful as the infidel, and perhaps more despicable.

The alienation was, moreover, increased by the fact that many of the foremost Crusaders belonged to the Normans of Sicily and 'Apulia, between whom and the Greek Emperors there had been constant feuds, on account of the territories which the Normans held in Southern Italy, and which the Greek Emperors claimed as part of their ancient dominions. These circumstances, together with the misunderstandings which arose between Comnenus and the army of the Crusaders when they first reached Constantinople, created an insuperable obstacle to any union between the Western Franks and the Greek Emperors. When the former set up in the East an alien kingdom and an intruding hierarchy, there could be no hope of holding what they had gained save by continual reinforcements from the West.

There was, however, one circumstance in favour of the Franks: their Mahometan enemies were divided amongst themselves. Jerusalem had originally been taken from the Greek Emperors by Omar, one of Mahomet's followers and generals. He succeeded Abubeker, the father-in-law of the Prophet, as Khalif of Damascus, A.D. 634. Omar was the chief of the Saracens, the dominant tribe of the Arab race, and far superior to any other. After the succession of four khalifs who were immediately connected with Mahomet, the family of the Ommeyyads came to the throne, A.D. 660. They were displaced in 756 by the Abassides, who removed the seat of government from Damascus to Bagdad. The Abassides were in their turn supplanted, A.D. 936, by the Turks, a fierce Tartar race, who had embraced the Mahometan religion, and who likewise reigned at Bagdad over the mixed population of

Saracens and Turks. At the same time another Mahometan sovereignty had been established in Egypt, which, both politically and religiously, was opposed to the Khalif of Bagdad. The Egyptian khalifate had been established by a chief belonging to the Mahometan sect of Fatimites, who derived their name from Fatima, the daughter of Mahomet and the wife of Ali, one of the Prophet's generals. Ali was the fourth Khalif of Damascus. A great schism had very early arisen amongst the Mahometans respecting the honour due to him; the Fatimites declaring that he was only second to the Prophet himself, whilst their opponents insisted upon ranking him below the khalifs who were his predecessors. The fate of Jerusalem was involved in the disputes between these different Mahometan states. The Turks obtained possession of the city in 1076, and it was their fierce cruelty to the pilgrims which originally aroused the Franks to undertake the Holy War. But a few years afterwards the Egyptian Saracens reconquered it, and held it till it was taken by the Crusaders under Godfrey de Bouillon.

The mutual hostility of the Mahometan Khalifs was unquestionably a great source of weakness to them; and if the principalities settled in Palestine by the Franks had formed a compact kingdom, they might, probably, have been able to make a permanent stand against all their enemies. But, unhappily, this was far from being the case. The first outpost of the Frank kingdom was Antioch, the beautiful city which early in the First Crusade had been given to Bohemond, the son of Robert Guiscard. Further to the east lay the famous city of Edessa, the possession of Baldwin, Count of Lorraine, and brother to Godfrey de Bouillon. Both these cities, with the portion of country annexed to them, were what may be called islands of Christians amid a sea of Turks; and dreary and dangerous was the way which was still to be traversed before the pilgrim who landed in the Holy Land could reach Galilee, the principality from whence Tancred de Hauteville stretched out his hand to reach his sovereign, Godfrey, at Jerusalem.

Godfrey and Tancred together gained one great victory over the Turks on the mountains of Lebanon, soon after the establishment of the Frank kingdom; but Godfrey returned from

A.D.

1100 the campaign only to die, A.D. 1100. His brother Baldwin was summoned to supply his place. Baldwin gave up his country of Edessa to his cousin Baldwin du Bourg, and himself became the second Frank King of Jerusalem. But it was not without opposition. Tancred refused to acknowledge him; Bohemond of Antioch was prepared to put in an opposing claim. Open dissension was only escaped by the captivity of Bohemond, who was taken prisoner by the Turks when he was endeavouring to seize the province of Cilicia, a circumstance which obliged Tancred to repair to Antioch to govern and guard the city in Bohemond's absence. The reign of Baldwin lasted eighteen years. Its earlier portion is marked chiefly by the recapture of the city of Cæsarea from the Turks, the return of Bohemond from captivity, and the subsequent capture of Baldwin du Bourg of Edessa, who, when at last ransomed, was in such poverty that he was forced to pledge his beard for the payment of his soldiers. One permanent conquest from the Mahometans was made, that of Tripoli, by Count Raymond of Toulouse; but this proved to be a fresh element of discord. Fierce disputes were, in fact, constantly reigning between the feudatory chiefs, who were not ashamed to threaten to ally themselves with the Saracens against one another. Earthquakes, locusts, and famine added to the general misery; and the reign of Baldwin might have been remembered as one of incessant disaster, but for the brighter events which marked its close. The Christian princes, struck at length by the calamities which seemed sent from Heaven as the punishment of their dissensions, joined in a general fast and humiliation, and, uniting under the banner of the King, made a successful foray on the banks of the Orontes, which was followed by another, equally prosperous, in Egypt. They advanced even to the banks of the Nile, and turned back when only three days' march from Cairo. On the borders of the wilderness Baldwin fell sick and died, after nominating for his successor his cousin, Baldwin du Bourg of Edessa.

The second Baldwin gave up his city to the gallant knight
1118 Josselin de Courtenai, and began his reign in 1118. His position was perilous. Bohemond of Antioch was dead, and his son was a minor. The brave Tancred had likewise died,

leaving a young daughter. The defence of the territories of the two princes devolved upon the King. The Turks took advantage of his difficulties. They besieged Edessa; and Baldwin hastened to the support of Josselin de Courtenai, but was taken prisoner, and remained in captivity eighteen months. The kingdom of Jerusalem was thus left without a sovereign, and the Christian knights were without a leader. The Doge of Venice happily came to the assistance of the unfortunate country. His fleet appeared on the coast, and defeated that of the Saracens. The Doge himself made his way to Jerusalem, and offered to besiege any Saracen seaport which the Christians would point out. Ascalon and Tyre were both mentioned, but it was difficult to decide which city was the more important. Two slips of parchment, each bearing one of the names, were laid on the high altar of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and an orphan boy was ordered to take up one of them. The choice proved to be Tyre, and the Doge immediately besieged and took it; and the Christian knights, overwhelmed with joy at this success, were about to transfer to the Venetian leader the crown of Jerusalem, when Baldwin II. recovered his liberty and resumed his kingdom.

Baldwin II., one of the few survivors of the First Crusade, had by this time reached old age. He had no son to succeed him; and his young daughter, Melisende, was unmarried. Desirous to provide against future difficulties, Baldwin proposed to Foulques, Count of Anjou, a knight who had already greatly distinguished himself, to marry Melisende, and succeed to that perilous dignity, the Crusaders' throne. Foulques consented, and the marriage was solemnized in 1131. Baldwin died shortly after, having reigned twelve years. Melisende was more than twenty years younger than Foulques, and proved but an indifferent helpmate, for she was continually plotting and intriguing against her husband. The domestic felicity of the King must have been far from perfect, but his political position was certainly better than that of his predecessors. The Saracens were in a depressed state during his reign; and Foulques, instead of wasting his strength against them, strove rather to remain at peace, whilst he repaired and improved the fortifications of his cities and castles, and did his utmost to

A.D.

1131

A. D. consolidate his kingdom. He was unfortunately killed by a fall from his horse in 1142.

His son, Baldwin III., was only thirteen years of age ; and the government of his mother Melisende was both weak and bad. The Turks again rose into power, and Edessa was taken from the feeble and wicked son of Josselin de Courtenai. The cry of the Christians for help rang throughout Europe. Edessa was one of the bulwarks of Palestine, and its fall placed Jerusalem itself in jeopardy.

The great Cistercian Abbot of Clairvaux, St. Bernard, with the sanction of Pope Eugenius, came forward as the champion of a new Crusade. Among the foremost to respond to the call were Louis VII. of France and his queen, Eleanor of Aquitaine, afterwards the wife of the English Henry II. The Emperor Conrad also was almost forced to take part in the Holy War by the fervid eloquence of St. Bernard.

The history of the Second Crusade and its failure, long and sorrowful, have been given elsewhere. No real benefit accrued to the Christians of Palestine, on whom misfortunes of various kinds were at this time heaped ; Raymond of Poitiers, Prince of Antioch, being killed in battle, and Raymond the Second, Prince of Tripoli, murdered by a fanatic of the sect of the Assassins.¹ Yet some circumstances there were, favourable to the kingdom of Jerusalem. Ascalon was taken by the young King, Baldwin III., and the sea was thus open to the Crusaders and their reinforcements from Europe ; whilst at the same time the decay of the power of the Saracen Khalifs of Egypt lessened one of the greatest dangers to which the Franks had been exposed.

Baldwin III. died at the age of twenty ; and his brother Amaury succeeded him. Amaury was the most successful of the crusading princes, but he was at the same time violent and licentious ; and as his example spread amongst his subjects,

¹ It is said, and certainly it was generally believed by the people of the East, that the Assassins were the followers of a mysterious personage known as the Old Man of the Mountains, who directed their movements and sent them, in implicit obedience and perfect recklessness of their own lives, to plunge a dagger into the breast of any victim whom he might designate, whether Turk or Saracen, Latin or Greek. In more recent days the Thugs of India have, in like manner, converted a system of murder into a species of religious profession.—C. M. Y.

the general corruption of the guardians of the Holy Sepulchre became a grief and scandal to those whom religious enthusiasm brought to their aid.

Amaury made an alliance with the Greek Emperor, Manuel Comnenus, and married his daughter ; and having thus nothing to fear from his opposition was enabled to turn his attention to Egypt, which was at this time considerably weakened. The Khalifs had become mere nonentities, and the whole power of government rested with their Grand Viziers.

On the occasion of a quarrel between Chaver, one of these Egyptian Viziers, and Dargan, an officer of the court, Chaver fled the country, and sought the protection of Nouredin, the Turkish Sultan of Damascus, whilst Dargan entreated the help of Amaury, King of Jerusalem. The help was promised ; but before the forces of Amaury were fully equipped for the campaign, a battle had been fought between Dargan and Chaver, in which Dargan was slain. Chaver was reinstated in his position in Egypt ; but he no sooner regained his authority than he turned against the Turks who had assisted him, and who had in consequence gained a footing in Egypt, and sent an entreaty to Amaury to lend his aid in expelling them. Twice was this aid given, and Amaury and his knights swept the Turks from Egypt ; but the sight of the rich and defenceless country so excited the Christian King's ambition, that on his return from his second expedition he proposed to his council to undertake the conquest of Egypt, and annex the country to the kingdom of Jerusalem.

The Grand Master of the Temple, with some of the other kings, objected that amity had lately been sworn to the Egyptian Khalif ; but the wicked answer was, that no faith need be observed with an infidel. War was decided upon, the Greek Emperor promising his assistance. The first invasion was singularly unsuccessful. The unfortunate Egyptian Khalif, on the first hint of the perfidy of his Christian ally, implored the aid of the forces he had lately expelled from his kingdom, and Nouredin of Damascus sent an army to Africa. Amaury waited in vain for the aid promised by the Greek Empire, and, finding himself overwhelmed by numbers, retreated to the mountains of Palestine. The Turks of Damascus, who

came to Egypt as allies, soon proved themselves invaders. Chirkon, their commander, an emir of great vigour and enterprise, who had on previous occasions successfully led the Turks against the Egyptians, now mastered the whole of the country, and, causing the Vizier to be slain in his camp and the Khalif to be strangled in his palace, raised the banner of the Sultan of Damascus on the towers of Cairo.

The Sultan Nouredin was about to proceed to Egypt to take possession of his new province when he died, and the whole of his empire fell into confusion, Egypt only excepted. In that country the reins of government were held with a firm grasp by Saladin, the nephew of Chirkon, who had been appointed Vizier, and who was already beginning to display the talents for war and government which afterwards rendered him so famous. His power, however, had no effect upon the projects of Amaury of Jerusalem. Egypt had so fascinated him that he was still bent upon its conquest, and he was
A.D. preparing for a grand expedition against Saladin when he
1173 died, A.D. 1173, leaving a young son, Baldwin IV., and two daughters, Sybilla and Isabel.

Baldwin was attacked at a very early age by leprosy, and
1185 died in 1185. His sister Sybilla married Guy de Lusignan, a handsome Poitevin knight of such poor renown that the Patriarch of Jerusalem and the nobles of the kingdom endeavoured to persuade Sybilla to divorce him. Sybilla, after her brother's funeral, was crowned in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Patriarch, declaring her to be separated from Guy, desired her to choose from amongst the princes and knights one who might defend her throne.

The young Queen replied by taking her husband's hand and saying, as she set the crown on his head, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

So Guy de Lusignan was accepted as sovereign; and when his brother, the Count of Poitou, heard of his coronation, he exclaimed, "If they have made *him* a king, surely they will make *me* a god."

The new monarch did nothing to retrieve his reputation, yet for twelve years the downfall of his kingdom was delayed. Supplies were sent from Europe; the military orders were

brave and watchful ; and Saladin, having made himself the independent sovereign of Egypt, was too much engaged in the affairs of his own state to disturb his weak neighbour.

But the hour of trial came at last. A Christian marauding knight, Renaud de Chatillon, had seized a fortress on the edge of the desert. Issuing from it he pillaged the Arab caravans, and threatened the cities of Mecca and Medina, which were subject to Saladin. The Sultan complained, and when justice was denied he invaded the Holy Land with 80,000 horse and foot. A great battle was fought, and Lusignan was made prisoner. Of the two Grand Masters of the military orders one was slain, the other taken captive, and three months afterwards Saladin appeared before the gates of Jerusalem. A faint resistance was made ; but in fourteen days the Saracen army had broken down the walls, and erected on the breach twelve banners of the Prophet and the Sultan.

A.D.
1187

Saladin was merciful in his victory. He treated Sybilla with kindness and courtesy, and distributed alms amongst those who had been made orphans or widows in the war ; and he allowed the Knights Hospitallers to continue during the term of a year the care and service of the sick. But the great mosque of Omar, which had been converted into a church, was again consecrated to the Mahometan worship ; and when the glittering golden cross was cut down from the dome, the Christians responded to the joyful shouts of the Moslems by groans of indignant lamentation.

The pathetic narratives, which represented in lively colours the servitude and profanation of Jerusalem, aroused the compassionate indignation of Europe. The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and the Kings of France and England, assumed the Cross ; and the report reached the East that the Pope himself, with a large body of Crusaders, had advanced as far as Constantinople. The Emperor, however, was the only sovereign who at first seemed in earnest bent on carrying out the Holy War. He led an army into Asia, but was unfortunately drowned in the river Calycadnus. Henry II. of England died before he could fulfil his intention, and his son Richard I. 1189 and Philip II. of France were compelled to delay the fulfilment of their vow for another year.

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH.

RICHARD I. (CŒUR DE LION).

A.D. 1189—1199.

RICHARD I. succeeded to an inheritance scarcely less powerful and extensive than that of his father. Even Brittany was secured to the English interest by the marriage of the widowed Duchess Constance with Ranulf, Earl of Chester; but there existed always a strong spirit of animosity between Richard and his Breton sister-in-law, which probably hindered him from ever recognizing her son Arthur as his heir. Yet it would seem that Richard valued his royal dignity much less for itself than for the opportunity it afforded him of gratifying his passion for deeds of warlike and knightly glory. His one object when he ascended the English throne was to prepare for the Crusade to which he had pledged himself; and to this object he sacrificed wealth, interest, honour, and safety. His kingdom was placed under the regency of Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, and Hugh, Bishop of Durham; his exchequer was increased by the sale of the royal manors, and of places of trust; the earldom of Northumberland was bought by the Bishop of Durham, and the vassalage of Scotland, with the fortresses of Berwick and Roxburgh, were sold to William, King of Scotland. Extortions and forced loans, which he knew could never be repaid, swelled his funds; and at length, having by these means provided himself with the money needed for his projects, he set sail for the Holy Land in the summer of 1190, accompanied by Philip Augustus of France, once his sworn friend, now his secret rival.

A.D.
1190

The first open disagreement between the two kings exhibited itself on the arrival of the English and French fleets at Sicily. Richard's sister Joanna had married William the Good, the last King of Sicily. She was now a widow, and the crown of

Sicily was claimed by the Emperor Henry VI. of Germany, the son of Frederick Barbarossa, and the husband of Constantia the Nun. But the real occupant of the throne was Tancred, Prince of Lecce, an illegitimate member of the Sicilian royal family. Tancred had treated Joanna with great severity; he had imprisoned and plundered her; and Richard demanded satisfaction. A warm dispute ensued, which was settled by the intervention of Philip Augustus, and Richard and Tancred became friends; but Philip's pride and meanness were plainly shown in the course of the transaction, and there was such good reason to distrust his fidelity that an open breach between him and Richard appeared at one time imminent. An outward reconciliation did, however, at last take place; and Philip sailed for the Holy Land, whilst Richard remained at Messina, awaiting the arrival of his mother Queen Eleanor and his bride the Princess Berengaria of Navarre, who landed at Messina on the very day of Philip's departure. Queen Eleanor returned home immediately, and the armament then departed for the Holy Land. Richard, whose marriage was deferred till the season of Lent should be over, sailed in a different vessel from his betrothed and his sister. A tempest drove his ship to Crete, that of the ladies to Cyprus, then in possession of Isaac Comnenus, an offshoot of the Imperial Byzantine house. The timid discourtesy of Isaac, who refused hospitality to the princesses, brought on him the revenge of Richard; but the English king easily subdued the Levantine inhabitants, and made their sovereign prisoner. It was a curious episode in the Crusade that Richard should have conquered a kingdom on his way, and as curious that the isle of Cyprus should have been the scene of the marriage of an English king. The wedding was solemnized with great pomp, but the tidings which had already been brought to Richard from Palestine showed him that no time could be afforded for festivities and rejoicings. Guy de Lusignan, the Princes of Antioch and Tripoli, and the Grand Master of the Hospitallers, landed in Cyprus the day before the marriage, and gave the latest accounts of the position of affairs in Palestine.

Saladin, relieved from a pressing danger by the failure of the expedition under Frederick Barbarossa, had long been

besieging Acre. Its inhabitants had suffered greatly from disease. Sybilla, the wife of Guy de Lusignan and Queen of Jerusalem, had died of the plague, and many of the Crusaders had in consequence refused to accept Guy as their king, and espoused the cause of Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat, who had married Isabel, the sister of Queen Sybilla, and laid claim to the crown of Jerusalem in her right. Isabel had been previously married to Humphrey of Thoron, but in her light-minded vanity and ambition she had obtained a divorce from him, on the plea of having been married at too early an age to be able to give her legal consent, and had accepted the hand of the Marquis of Montferrat. Philip of France had already landed at Acre, and was prepared to support Conrad; and Guy de Lusignan now appeared at Cyprus to lay his cause before Richard of England.

Dissensions upon points so important could only be productive of ruin. Saladin was daily gaining ground, and the need of union was urgent; and Richard lost no time in departing. The events which followed his arrival, his rupture with Philip Augustus, the withdrawal of the French monarch from the Crusade, Richard's brave struggle to maintain his position, and his final relinquishment of his undertaking when actually within sight of Jerusalem, are subjects requiring to be discussed in detail.¹

A.D.
1192 After concluding with Saladin a truce of three years, three months, three weeks, and three days, Richard prepared, on the 9th of October, 1192, to return to England, which sorely needed his presence. The ambition of Prince John, and his disputes with the regents, Longchamp and the Bishop of Durham, had thrown the whole country into confusion. The career of Longchamp is sufficiently remarkable to deserve a separate notice.² With it, indeed, are associated all the most important incidents which occurred in England during the absence of Richard. Philip Augustus, now the avowed enemy of the English king, spared no pains to foment the disturbances and quarrels which were ruining the country, and would even have invaded Richard's Norman possessions but

¹ See *Crusade of Richard Cœur de Lion*, page 229.

² See *Life of Longchamp*, page 265.

for the interposition of Pope Celestine III., who, by his threats against Philip, protected the dominions of the absent Crusader.

Celestine was indeed at this time the one great protector of the injured and the captive. He had been elected to the papacy in 1191, succeeding a Pope (Clement III.) who had worn the tiara but for one year. The great quarrel with the Emperor Henry VI., the husband of Constantia and the claimant of the throne of Sicily, was set at rest, at least temporarily, by Celestine. He crowned Henry at Rome, and thus acknowledged him as Emperor of Germany and King of Sicily; and when Tancred, the sovereign elected by the Sicilians, took up arms against the Emperor and carried away Constantia from Salerno as his prisoner, it was Celestine's influence acting upon Tancred's chivalrous disposition which induced the Sicilian prince to restore the Empress to her husband, not merely without ransom, but loaded with magnificent presents.

Another prisoner at that same time required the interposition of the Pope. Richard of England was a prisoner in the dungeon of the German castle of Trefels. His homeward journey had been in all ways disastrous. Aware that he has alienated the Normans of Sicily by his violence, that the Italians were prejudiced against him, attributing to him the death of Conrad of Montferrat, who had been murdered by one of the fanatical sect of Assassins, he determined to separate from his wife and sister and to make his way home alone. After encountering pirates and shipwreck he was compelled to travel on foot through Lombardy and the Tyrol, hoping to reach the territory of Otho, Duke of Brunswick, who was his nephew, the son of his sister Matilda. At Vienna his attendant, whom he sent to purchase provisions, was recognized by an old Crusader, and was compelled by torture to reveal the place of his master's retreat. Richard was seized by Leopold, Duke of Austria, whom he had made his enemy when they fought together in Palestine, and thrown into a dungeon. The tidings of his capture were sent to the Emperor Henry VI., who likewise looked upon him as his foe, because he had whilst in Sicily made friends with Tancred. The Emperor, as the Duke of Austria's feudal lord, demanded that the English

king should be given into his hands ; and when Leopold, after receiving a large sum of money, consented, Richard was closely imprisoned under the Emperor's orders, first at Trefels and afterwards at Worms. The whole transaction appears to us a flagrant violation of the law of nations ; yet Leopold, who was the prime mover in the seizure of Richard, was so beloved by his own subjects that he was distinguished by the epithet of "The Good."

For a long time the fate of Richard was only known to his chief enemies, the Duke of Austria, the Emperor of Germany, Philip Augustus of France, and Prince John of England. Philip lost no time in invading Normandy, and John, pretending to have been informed of Richard's death, laid claim to the throne, and took possession of the castles of Windsor and Wallingford. The barons of England, however, refused to believe the report which John so gladly circulated, and the Prince was unable to obtain their support. When at length it was whispered abroad that Richard was really living, but a prisoner, and that the Emperor of Germany and Philip Augustus of France were basely corresponding with each other as to the safest mode of disposing of him, the indignation of Christendom was aroused ; and the English people, incited by Eleanor, the Queen Mother, who on this occasion certainly showed herself to be both affectionate and wise, raised the ransom which the Emperor demanded, and Richard was set free on the payment of a sum amounting to nearly 300,000*l*.

Pope Celestine was more forward in Richard's cause after his release than before it, whether from prudence or fear it is impossible to say. He demanded the restitution of the ransom, and excommunicated all who had been concerned in Richard's imprisonment. The Duke of Austria, being in fear for his life in consequence of a fall from his horse, would willingly have agreed to the Pope's demands, but the Emperor of Germany proved less tractable.

^{A. D.}
1194 Richard returned to England in 1194, to his own great joy and that of his people, but it was only to discover the treachery of John and the baseness of his rival Philip. He confiscated John's estates, and then passed over to Normandy to revenge himself on Philip Augustus. Several years of desul-

tory warfare between the two kings ensued ; but Richard, after braving the dangers of a war with the greatest of his contemporary sovereigns, was destined to die by an ignoble hand, and whilst engaged in a petty quarrel. The Viscount of Limoges, one of his vassals, had kept for himself the half of a treasure found in his castle of Chaluz. Richard demanded the whole, and was enforcing his claim by besieging the castle, when he was shot by an archer whom he had offended. The wound being unskilfully treated proved mortal, and the lion-hearted King died on the 6th of April, 1199. Chivalry and romance have given a charm to Richard's character which it is to be feared would be found to vanish on nearer investigation. Generous he was undoubtedly, and brave even to rashness ; but his ambition was selfish and unjust, and his temper uncontrollable ; and though many of his faults may be attributed to his early education, and under better influence and in happier times he might have proved himself a sovereign of no ordinary stamp, he certainly cannot be said to deserve the enthusiasm which is so often lavished upon him.

A.D.
1199

CRUSADE OF RICHARD I. AND PHILIP AUGUSTUS.

A.D. 1191—1192.

(From JAMES'S "Life of Richard I.")

ON the 5th day of June, 1191, Richard set sail from Cyprus, and approached the shores of Syria. . . . The fleet of the English king took its course towards Tyre, and anchored off that city for the night. It would appear, indeed, that Richard's reception by the lord of the place was not very cordial ; and some authors even assert that Conrad refused to admit him into the town. On the following morning, early, the fleet again weighed anchor, and, sailing as before along the coast, beheld the city of Acre after a few hours' easy navigation. Its banner-

covered towers seem to have excited great admiration in the English Crusaders ; and the Christian camp, which swept round it on the land side, containing troops from every part of Europe, in all the gay dresses of those times, with the forces of Saladin encamped upon the slopes of the hills beyond, formed a spectacle at once gorgeous and fearful. . . . Within the city lay the beleaguered garrison, consisting of picked soldiers from the host of Islamism. Before the port appeared the Christian fleets, denying entrance to all succour. Beneath the walls, English and French, Germans and Flemings, Spaniards and Burgundians, Italians and Sicilians, the wild inhabitants of Finland, the tall and stalwart Danes, the inhabitants of far northern isles, even, it is said, of Iceland itself, together with the gay and luxurious barons of Palestine, the proud, fierce Templars, and the shrewder but not less selfish Hospitallers, closed in rank upon rank around the devoted town, determined to recover it for the Cross, or to perish in the attempt. The Crescent gleamed above. Egyptians, Syrians, Mesopotamians, the citizens of Damascus, Turks and Saracens, tribes from Armenia and Asia Minor, the far dwellers of Moussoul and the swarthy wanderers of the desert, together, alas ! with many a renegade from the Christian camp, spread out under the banners of yellow and green and black that waved in a long-continued line from the height of Mount Carmel to the sea on the other side. . . .

Berengaria and the Queen of Sicily, with a large division of Richard's fleet, had reached Acre before the English monarch himself ; and with knightly courtesy and grace Philip Augustus, laying aside the memory of his sister's wrongs, went down to the shore to meet the fair bride of his ally, and carried her in his arms from the boat to the land. The ground for Richard's camp was then allotted, the royal tent erected ; and when the English sovereign at length appeared, the princes of the crusading force, with the King of France at their head, proceeded to receive and welcome him ; and conducted him with honour and acclamations to his quarters. . . .

A whole night of rejoicing, throughout the extent of the Christian camp, followed the arrival of Richard before Acre. Songs and processions, with beating drums and sounding

trumpets, were heard and seen in every part. . . . The wine-cup flowed and the feast took place, and the whole camp was illuminated during the night, marking out, for the eyes of the watchers in the Mohammedan camp, the immense multitude of foemen that swarmed below, and the vast accession of strength which they had that day received. The greater part of that night, we are told, was spent by Richard and Philip Augustus in laying out their plans for the further attack of the city; but the rivalry between the two kings began almost immediately: their first interview was full of friendly expressions and promises of co-operation; but the French monarch had taken a great number of soldiers into his pay at the rate of three besants per man, and Richard had scarcely set his foot on the shores of Syria, when the whole mass of the Pisans volunteered to enter his service for the term of the Crusade. Richard, also, not to be outdone by the King of France, offered to all who would serve him the still higher pay of four besants; and as the King of France had by this time openly espoused the cause of Conrad of Montferrat, while Richard had brought back Guy of Lusignan from Cyprus, more serious subjects of dissension were likely to appear every day, when the English monarch was suddenly seized with illness, and remained for some time incapable of any active exertion. He caused, nevertheless, his mangonels and other large military machines to be erected and put into a proper state for battering the gates of the town, and Philip, eager to overcome the obstinate resistance of the enemy, proposed an immediate assault. The King of England replied, that the state of his health, and the absence of many of his best troops, who had not yet reached the Syrian shore, would not permit of his undertaking the attack immediately; and Philip determined to storm the place without waiting for the recovery of his ally. . . .

The attack of the King of France was unsuccessful, though it was carried on for several hours with great gallantry; and it would appear that one of the principal French nobles, with his followers, forced his way into the town and was killed between the walls. . . . A number of Philip's military machines were destroyed by the Greek fire, and the monarch himself was so mortified at the bad success of his separate attack that he is

said to have fallen ill from grief. It is more than probable, however, that he was at this time attacked by the fever which had been prevalent in the camp, though he suffered in a less degree than Richard, and was much sooner convalescent.

The illness of the English monarch had been very severe, and probably his recovery was owing to the kindness and liberality of an enemy. The burning heat of Syria, the close hot air of the camp, and the little skill of the Christian physicians, all tended to aggravate the disease under which he laboured; but, either at the request of Richard, or from a feeling of generous sympathy, Saladin himself sent daily to his great adversary presents of fruit and ice, infinitely more valuable to Richard at that moment than gold or precious stones.

The recovery of Richard was slow, and he remained for many days, after all danger was passed, in a state of languor which unfitted him for active exertion. In the meantime, however, his troops were not idle; his great military engines plied the walls day and night. . . . It would appear, not only that the discharge of the English engines was more skilfully conducted, but that the engines themselves were much more powerful, than those which had been employed previous to Richard's arrival. They would carry, we are told, the heavy stone-shot, which Richard had brought as ballast from Messina, into the very interior of the market-place of the city. . . . The King of England was still in a state of great weakness, when he was found present at the spot where his engines were erected, directing their aim, and causing others to be constructed. Amongst the rest was a vast machine with many stages, which had been pushed very near to the walls. To its shelter Richard caused himself to be conveyed on silken cushions, and, taking a crossbow from one of the archers, he employed himself in discharging it at every Saracen who appeared on the walls. . . .

The presence of the King acted as the strongest encouragement to his engineers; and at length not only the Cursed Tower,¹ but a considerable part of the wall was battered down

¹ So named from a tradition that it had been built with the thirty pieces of silver paid by the Jews to the traitor Judas.

by the petraries¹ of the English army. An immediate assault was ordered, and early in the morning the forces of Richard marched to the attack. . . . It is said that a general agreement had been made between the two kings, to the effect that while the soldiers of one nation mounted to the assault, the other should guard the trenches. Whether this was really the case or not, it was remarked with severe censure by the best informed contemporaries, that Richard and Philip made no simultaneous effort to take Acre, and that while one assailed the town valiantly, the other remained perfectly idle. . . . Had the city been attacked at the same time by the French army, leaving the Knights of the Temple and Hospital, and the Barons of Palestine, and the mixed multitude of Crusaders from Spain, Germany, Belgium, and Italy, to defend the trenches, there can be little doubt that Acre would have been taken by assault that day. Richard's troops, however, were unsuccessful; the greater part of the host are said to have been at dinner while their English comrades attacked the town, and the assault was abandoned after several hours' hard fighting, in the course of which we are informed, by a Mohammedan author, the English army lost six of its most illustrious warriors. . . .

One of the most curious circumstances connected with the siege of Acre is, that, from all accounts, there was treachery in both hosts. It was remarked by the Crusaders that wherever the banner of Conrad of Montferrat appeared in the attacks upon the city, there was peace around it; while at the same time the Crusaders derived information of everything of importance which passed within the town from anonymous letters, in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, shot into their camp from the walls during the night. These letters uniformly began with the peculiar formula—"In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen;" and the writer stated that he was a Christian; but neither before nor after the capture of the city could it be discovered to whom the crusading princes were indebted for such intelligence. . . .

At length, driven back into the town, perishing with hunger, with their defences battered down and their friends from with-

¹ Machines for casting stones.

out repulsed, the garrison of Acre had no choice but to make the best terms they could, and to surrender. Accordingly, on Friday, the 12th of July, the kings of France and England, with all the princes of the crusading army, assembled in the tent of the Grand Master of the Temple, and there received the commanders of the garrison of Acre. After some debate it was agreed that the city, with all which it contained, should be immediately surrendered; that two hundred and fifty noble Christian captives, actually in Acre, should be given up without ransom; that the Mohammedan inhabitants of the town, leaving all their arms, goods, and provisions, should go forth with merely their clothing; that two hundred thousand besants should be paid within a certain term for the redemption of the garrison; that the Holy Cross should be restored by Saladin; and that a number of Christian captives in the hands of the Sultan—which number is differently stated by almost every Christian and every Mohammedan historian, varying from 1,000 to 2,500—should be brought to Acre, and set free at the term fixed for the payment of the money. It is necessary here to remark, that the negotiations were conducted and the convention settled by means of an interpreter, and that Saladin himself was not a party to the act. It was distinctly stated, however, that the Emirs and the troops of the garrison should abide as prisoners in the hands of the crusading princes; and if the money was not paid, and the other terms fulfilled at the period or periods fixed, they were to remain at the mercy of their captors.

While these transactions were taking place in the Christian camp, Saladin was making eager preparations upon the hills to execute one last and resolute attempt for the deliverance of his faithful garrison; . . . but in the midst of their deliberations, strange movements were seen in the plain below, and suddenly the Crescent fell, and the standard of the Cross waved upon the crumbling battlements of Acre.

The feelings of friendly regard which had once been apparent in the conduct of Philip Augustus to Richard Cœur de Lion, if ever in reality they existed at all, had been greatly weakened by the circumstances which attended their mutual stay in Sicily, and vanished entirely during the siege of Acre. . . . We may

well suppose that the French sovereign was somewhat discontented that his ally should remain in Cyprus, marching from conquest to conquest, while he sat foiled beneath the battlements of Acre. Richard, on the other hand, had been assured in Cyprus that the King of France only waited for his arrival to complete a conquest which was already secure; but the inspection of the walls upon his arrival, which showed none of those formidable breaches he had been taught to expect, must have proved to him that Acre was not yet defenceless, and that the siege had not yet nearly reached its end. There might have been some satisfaction, therefore, in withholding his troops from the assault when the French mounted to storm the walls, some bitter pleasure in allowing them to prove their boast that Acre was in their power.

With such feelings, the two kings approached questions of great difficulty, amongst the first of which was that of the possession of the throne of Jerusalem. . . . Guy de Lusignan had been placed upon the throne of Jerusalem, not merely as the husband of Sybilla, but with some of the forms of election which, it would indeed appear, were fundamental in the constitution of the kingdom; and he now claimed to hold the crown, notwithstanding her death, by right of his coronation, which . . . was solemnized after that of Sybilla. . . .

Conrad of Montferrat, on the other hand, maintained that his wife Isabel was the natural heiress to the crown, not only after the death of Sybilla, her half-sister, but even at the death of Baldwin, as the fruit of a legitimate marriage, whereas Sybilla was the offspring of an alliance which had been pronounced illegal. . . . The question was further complicated by the great doubt which existed as to the legality of the divorce between Humphrey of Thoron and Isabel, and as to the marriage of Isabel . . . with Conrad of Montferrat.

Whatever was the equity of the case between Conrad and Guy, it is perfectly clear that personal rivalry and party spirit took place of all other considerations amongst those by whom the great question was to be decided. Richard maintained fiercely and resolutely the rights of Guy de Lusignan, and . . . Philip was unwillingly obliged to agree that Guy should retain the sovereignty of the kingdom of Jerusalem during his life;

but it was stipulated, that at his decease, whether he married again and left children or not, the crown should devolve upon Isabel and her heirs, the young Marquis of Montferrat being joined with her in authority. In the meantime, Tyre, Sidon, and Beiruth were assigned as fiefs to Conrad of Montferrat; and Joppa and Ascalon to Guy of Lusignan; while the revenues of the port of Acre remained for some time in the hands of the Templars and Hospitallers, upon what plea, or under what circumstances, it is very difficult to discover.

Acre itself was occupied equally by the two kings. . . . Philip took up his residence in the house of the Templars, while Richard, with his queen and his sister, occupied the old royal palace. Ease and luxury succeeded to the labours of war: Saladin withdrew his forces from the neighbourhood of the city: and abundant supplies flowed in, teaching the Crusaders to forget the miseries they had endured, and the objects which they had sworn to obtain. Nevertheless, Acre had not fallen a day ere a rumour spread that it was the intention of the King of France to withdraw from the Crusade. No open declaration of this purpose was made, but preparations were observed which seemed to confirm the tale; and Richard, in order to obtain some decisive indication of Philip's intention, proposed that they should both swear to prosecute the war in person for three years. The oath was refused by the King of France, and no further doubt remained as to his intentions. Thus driven to declare himself, Philip boldly demanded permission of his confederate to quit the Holy Land and return to his own country.

Richard, probably, was not surprised, though he was indignant at Philip's abandonment of a cause which he had sworn to maintain; . . . but he could not refuse to liberate the King of France from his engagements without an open breach between them, which would have been dangerous to both, and detrimental to the cause of Christendom. He replied, then, scornfully and indignantly, that it would be an eternal disgrace to Philip if he left Palestine before the objects were accomplished which brought him thither; but he added, that if the King of France felt himself too weak and sickly to remain, and feared that he should die in Palestine, he might depart. He bound

him, however, by a fresh oath, not only to refrain from any attack upon the possessions of the English crown upon the Continent, but to protect them against all others.

Having solemnly entered into this engagement, Philip hurried his preparations, amidst the murmurs and maledictions of the people; . . . and, after remaining a few days in Tyre, he sailed away towards his own dominions. . . .

One of the most painful and one of the most obscure points of Richard's history followed very speedily upon the departure of the King of France from Tyre. . . . From an Arabian historian we learn that the Saracen garrison of Acre had agreed, on behalf of Saladin, to surrender the town, to pay the sum of two hundred thousand pieces of gold, and to restore to liberty two thousand five hundred Christian prisoners, of whom five hundred were to be of noble birth; . . . but time was allowed for the payment of the money and the liberation of the prisoners. The first term, at which one-half of the sum and an equal proportion of the prisoners were to be delivered to the Christian commissioners, was the 7th of the month of August, and a further delay of a month was allowed for the conclusion of the whole transaction. . . . Saladin could not collect the number of prisoners required at the end of the first term, and he sought for a delay, and strove to obtain it in not the most straightforward manner. . . . Much negotiation, it would appear, took place, and from the statements both of the Arabs and the Christians we gather, that on the day fixed for the first term, the council of the crusading army assembled, and decided, that if within ten days the stipulations were not fulfilled, the prisoners were to be put to death, which terrible sentence was immediately announced to Saladin. The Sultan replied, that if the slightest injury were done to them, he would retaliate upon every Christian in his power; but Richard was not to be turned from his purpose, and he accordingly waited in stern tranquillity till the 20th of August had arrived, when, marching out of Acre at the head of his forces, he led the portion of prisoners which had been allotted to himself within sight of the Saracen camp, and then ordered their heads to be struck off, which was executed with zeal and satisfaction by his bigoted soldiery. At the same time, a singularly cruel and san-

guinary act was performed within the walls of Acre by the Duke of Burgundy ; and, in all, it is computed that on that day more than five thousand Mussulmans were put to death. . . .

A few of the captives were spared, in cases where their rank and renown afforded the chance of their being afterwards exchanged for Christian knights ; and the whole scene of blood and cruelty was closed, we are assured, by a search for gold and jewels in the entrails of the slain, and by the extraction of the gall-bladders of the unfortunate Mohammedans "for medicinal uses !" Superstition and cruelty always go together, and we can well comprehend that those who could slaughter five thousand defenceless men in cold blood might imagine that the gall of a Saracen was different from that of a Christian.

The health and strength of Richard were now fully restored, and, this sanguinary execution over, his first object was to pursue the war in which he was engaged to a conclusion. He determined to direct his march towards Ascalon, along the shores of the sea ; the fleet and the army advancing side by side. . . . The English monarch and his own troops marched out of the gates, and encamped in the plain preparatory to the advance upon Ascalon ; but it was not without persuasions, prayers, bribes, and punishment in some cases, that Richard could induce the rest of the Crusaders to follow. . . .

A.D.
1191 During the stay of the armies in Acre, luxury and debauchery would seem to have prevailed amongst all classes ; so that the physical strength of the Soldiers of the Cross, which had resisted the labours, was diminished by the intemperance of the city. . . . On Sunday, August 26th, the march for Ascalon really commenced in the most perfect order. Advancing with banners and pennons of various shapes and different bearings displayed, with the sea and the fleet upon the right hand, and the mountains and the Saracen army on the left, the host of the Crusade approached the hills, which at some points between Acre and Ascalon came down to the shores of the Mediterranean. The van was led by Richard in person, with what was called the Norman standard . . . borne on a four-wheeled car before him. The rear was brought up by the Duke of Burgundy and the French troops, who followed somewhat slowly ; till at length the advance reached the narrow

passes between the hills and the sea. Richard had proceeded some way, it would appear, into these defiles, and the line of the army had become very much attenuated, when, sweeping round the rear-guard, the forces of Saladin fell upon the baggage. A gallant defence was made ; but the increasing numbers of the Mohammedan cavalry threatened every moment to overpower the scattered and irregular resistance of the French. A great deal of booty was made, many of the Christians were killed, and the whole rear-guard was thrown into confusion and disarray ; when John Fitzlucy, spurring rapidly after the King of England, brought him the first news of the disaster. Richard instantly turned his horse, and, galloping furiously to the rear, speedily turned the tide of battle. Striking to the right and left, each sweep of his heavy sword told fatally amongst the astonished Saracens, who fled from the face of Richard, says his historian, as the Philistines from the face of Maccabeus. . . . The Mohammedan forces retired to a greater distance, still watching the Crusaders on their march, till, having reached the banks of a large river, the King of England pitched his tents in the midst of a wide plain.

The warning they had received in the pass was not without its effect upon the forces of the Cross. The march was resumed on the following day, and although, we are told, Saladin occupied the defiles with his best troops, yet the discipline and order now maintained in the Christian ranks were so strict, that the enemy did not venture to make any attack till the hosts of the Cross reached the neighbourhood of Cayphas, and encamped between that city and the sea. . . .

After a short pause, the march recommenced through a more difficult country than even that which had been already passed. Greater caution than ever was displayed : the Templars led the van ; the Knights of St. John brought up the rear ; and, through a woody and uncultivated district, overrun with thorns, which offended the feet of horses and men, and with game, which lay amongst the flowering shrubs almost till trodden under foot by the passing host, the army directed its course towards Cæsarea, halting two days at a place called the "Cottage of the Narrow Ways," where the soldiers suffered dreadfully from the bites of tarantulas. These creatures, which the chronicler called *vermes*

entered the tents at night; and the wounds they inflicted became immediately swollen and highly inflamed, producing great pain, so that little repose was obtained, although rest was greatly needed by the weary army, which had undergone incredible fatigues during a long march in the heat of a Syrian summer. Provisions in abundance, however, were brought by the ships; and the religious enthusiasm of the soldiery was kept up by the solemn cry, which resounded through the camp every night, of "*Save the Holy Sepulchre!*" It was always first pronounced by some one with a loud voice towards the centre of the camp, just before the Crusaders lay down to rest; and, taken up by every tongue, it echoed from tent to tent, while, with hands stretched up to heaven, and tears of penitence, the Soldiers of the Cross besought mercy and assistance in their great and perilous undertaking.

During the whole course of the march from Acre to Cæsarea the attacks of the Saracens were incessant; but it would seem that no great impression was made, and that the defensive armour of the Crusaders was proof against the arrows of the Mussulmans, which struck between the links of mail without injuring the person of the soldier. One of the Arabian historians declares that he had seen as many as one-and-twenty arrows standing out from the hauberk of one Crusader; and another compares the Christian soldiers, when thus accoutred, to porcupines.

Cæsarea was at length reached, at the conclusion of a long day's march which had nearly exhausted the strength of the whole host. The town was partially dismantled, and the Mohammedan inhabitants fled at once on perceiving the approach of the Crusaders. Without entering the city, the Christians pitched their tents on the shores of the River of Crocodiles, extending their encampment a long way over the plains of Megiddo, and the same night two soldiers, bathing after the excessive heat, were eaten up by the voracious reptiles which gave a name to the stream and to the neighbouring lake.

The impenetrable thickets which here stretched down to the sea-coast now forced the Christian army to take its way over the mountains, and the continual attacks of the Saracens

became more and more audacious and detrimental. The Templars, who brought up the rear, lost so many horses that they almost gave themselves up to despair. Many of the horses died afterwards by the side of a brackish stream near which the Crusaders had pitched their tents for the night ; and as they had been obliged to withdraw to some distance from their fleet, horseflesh became so valuable that dangerous quarrels took place for the dead chargers, which were only quieted by the King promising to bestow a live horse on every one who would give up the carcase of his beast for the support of his companions. . . .

Proceeding at the very slowest pace, for fear of deranging their compact order, the Soldiers of the Cross advanced towards Assur, which town, as is the case with many Mohammedan cities, was surrounded by very extensive gardens. The road was narrow and somewhat difficult, and we are assured, by Saladin's friend and companion in the fight, that the Sultan had determined to give battle that day, and to drive the Christians into the sea. It is clear, however, that Richard doubted his great adversary's intention of hazarding a general engagement, and he gave the strictest orders that no man should venture to charge the enemy till a preconcerted signal had been given by a blast of two trumpets in the front, two in the centre, and two in the rear ; and he refrained from attack throughout the whole morning with wonderful patience, waiting for the moment when the forces of Saladin were so completely exposed in the plain that no possibility could exist of their escaping without a battle. The King himself and the Duke of Burgundy rode rapidly along, from time to time, with a body of chosen knights, from van to rear, observing both the movements of the enemy and the array and demeanour of their own troops. Thus the whole host moved on, while the multitudes of Saladin gathered closer and closer round. . . . The heat was intolerable, and the dust almost suffocating, while through the dim atmosphere appeared and disappeared both the highly-trained and disciplined bands of the Sultan's veterans and the wild tribes of Asia and Africa which had been called to his assistance. Now came the swarthy Moors, sent unwillingly at the last hour by the heretic Emperor ; now the

yellow Bedouin, with his bow and quiver and small round shield; and now the frightful Negro, with his jetty visage and his white and shining teeth—till it seemed to the wondering eyes of the Crusaders as if the whole southern and eastern world had gathered together for their destruction. Towards the third hour of the day the attack was begun by about ten thousand Turks, who came rushing on with a rapidity compared to the swoop of an eagle or the rapid course of the lightning. Bands of wild musicians accompanied them to animate them to the fight; and their cries are represented as horrific. Not yet, however, did they venture to close with their adversaries, still shooting their arrows and hurling their javelins from a distance. . . . The great body of the Christian forces continued to move on in firm and regular array, though many even of the knights, deprived of their horses, were forced to march on foot, plying the bow or the cross-bow like the common men. The principal fury of the attack was directed against the rear of the army, where the Knights of the Hospital were stationed, and we do not find that the Templars were at all engaged during the early part of the day. The Grand Master of St. John, after bearing with the utmost patience the continued assaults of the Asiatic cavalry, . . . sent messengers to Richard, beseeching him to suffer a charge to be made. The King, however, still commanded him to refrain; and the army continued to advance by slow steps, till the advance-guard reached the gardens of the town. At this time the pressure of the Mohammedan troops upon the rear was tremendous, and a body of more than twenty thousand Turks, encouraged by the passive aspect of the crusading force, dashed in upon the Hospitallers, wounding several with their scimitars and maces. Irritated, and unable to comprehend the masterly plans of Richard, one of the knights, named Garnerius de Napes, exclaimed with a loud voice, "Aid us, St. George, noble knight! Now perishes Christianity—not allowed to fight against this accursed race!"

Moved, it would appear, by this cry, the Grand Master rode furiously in search of Richard, and once more besought him to give the signal for battle. The monarch, however, still refused, and the Grand Master rode back again, bearing express

directions to remain passive till the signal was given. The repeated attacks of the enemy, however, overcame the subordination of the Knights of the Hospital, and two of the Order—the Marshal himself being one, and Baldwin de Carreo, one of Richard's own subjects, another—couched their lances, and dashed into the midst of the Turkish cavalry. The whole body of the Hospitallers instantly followed; and delay being now no longer possible, the ranks of the infantry opened; the cavalry passed through, and the battle became general, Richard himself leading the whole host, and hewing his way through the midst of the enemy.

The resistance of the Mussulmans must have been desperate. Blocked up in a narrow space, with high hills on one side and a forest on the other, the very measures which Saladin had taken to prevent the escape of the crusading army proved detrimental to his own. The manœuvres of his light cavalry, by which he had so frequently harassed and destroyed the Christian forces, were no longer possible; and the heavy horses, long lances, and superior strength and discipline of the European knights gave them every advantage in close combat. Very shortly after the commencement of the battle, the right, the left, and the centre of the Mohammedan force were all in flight; but Saladin himself, Taki-Eddin, and Malek-Adel made prodigious efforts to rally their troops, and twice brought them back to the charge. Some of the Christian forces were shaken by the shock, and gave way for a short space; but the prowess and skill of Richard, and the fierce resolution of the Templars and the Hospitallers, as well as the cool and determined advance of the German cavalry, overcame all resistance; and to the hills and the forest the enemy were followed, till victory might have been hazarded by further pursuit. . . .

The King pursued the scattered parties of the enemy which had taken their way towards the hills, attacking and dispersing each body in which an attempt was made to rally, till at length he ordered his trumpets to sound the recall; and, having returned to his standard, marched in firm order to the town of Assur. . . .

This was the most important battle in which Richard was ever engaged. The loss on the part of the Mussulmans

was very great. On the place where the battle had raged the bodies of eleven thousand Mussulmans were found, not counting the wounded, who, dragging themselves to a distance, died after the fight in the gardens and in the woods. The loss on the part of the Christians was comparatively insignificant. A day's repose, however, was all that Richard granted to his army; and he then resumed his advance upon Joppa, where, in all probability, he expected to receive more abundant supplies.

Saladin, by all accounts, overwhelmed with grief at the disastrous issue of the greatest battle he had ever fought, saw clearly that it would be impossible to prevent the progress of Richard, or to save the principal cities on the sea-coast. He proposed, however, to throw a strong garrison into Ascalon, and furnish it with sufficient supplies to stand a long siege. His Emirs, however, proved mutinous, and, even more dispirited than the Sultan, first remonstrated, and then refused to obey.

Under these circumstances, there remained no choice but to dismantle the city, or suffer that strong and important place to fall into the hands of the Christians in such a state as would give them the command of the whole sea-coast of Palestine... and, assigning to a number of his Emirs the destruction of separate parts of the fortifications, he notified to the inhabitants that they would be for the future defenceless, and with deep grief saw them sell hastily all that they could not carry away, and retire in separate parties towards Egypt or the interior of Palestine. . . .

In the meantime Richard reached Joppa, the walls of which, with part of the city itself, had been previously destroyed. . . . Only one quarter of the town was habitable, so that the greater part of the army was obliged to encamp in the beautiful olive-grounds of the neighbourhood; but the clear warmth of the atmosphere, tempered by the delicious sea-breezes, rendered a residence under canvas no great hardship. Every luxury of warm countries was there also found in abundance, and the parched lips of the weary wanderers through the close woods and over the burning hills of Palestine were refreshed by delicious fruits—the grape, the fig, the pomegranate, and the almond; while the trees that bore them afforded a pleasant

shade from the fiery sun of a Syrian summer. The fleet, too, which had been despatched to Acre with fresh supplies of provisions, there rejoined the army, laden with abundant stores; and a period of repose and ease ensued which was more detrimental, perhaps, to the energies of the crusading force than the oppressive heat of the march, or the darts and arrows of the enemy.

Hardly had the army tasted the rest from labour which was so necessary to it, when tidings were brought from Ascalon that Saladin and his troops were busy destroying the fortifications of that city. . . . It appears that Richard immediately summoned his council, and proposed to march at once to Ascalon, the preservation of which as a fortress and a port was absolutely necessary to the Christians of the Holy Land; . . . but the residence in Joppa was pleasant and luxurious. . . . A wearisome march, another battle, and then long labours in the trench and on the wall, were unpalatable prospects to the French, and the whole body of that nation vehemently opposed the more judicious views of the King of England. . . . The voice of Richard was overborne in the council, and with regret he abandoned a purpose which his military instinct showed him to be wise and necessary. . . .

"The army remained at Joppa," says the historian, "spending the days in idleness and sports, multiplying sins, gluttony, and luxury." A number of the men even embarked for Acre, and took up their abode in the manifold taverns of the city, spending their time in rioting and debauchery, and refusing to return, in despite of the exhortations of Guy of Lusignan, who was sent to bring them back to Joppa. To remedy this evil, Richard himself at length set sail for Acre, and by persuasions and threats, and the use of all those means which he judged available, brought back the greater part of those who had deserted his camp to Joppa. Many weeks were thus lost; but having at length gathered together a sufficient force, the King prepared to take the way towards Jerusalem as soon as the fortifications of Joppa were completed. . . .

A new incident was now about to chequer the history of this Crusade, and negotiations for peace were mingled with the din of arms. Difficulties multiplied upon the path of the King of

England. Both the Duke of Burgundy and the Duke of Austria were jealous of the superiority of Richard, and the French and German troops seconded his efforts but coldly in the field, while their leaders opposed or thwarted him in the council. It is probable, however, that the immediate cause of Richard's proposing to treat with Saladin was the faithless and treacherous conduct of Conrad of Montferrat, who, not contented with remaining inactive in Tyre without giving the slightest assistance to the champions of the Cross, commenced the most base and treasonable negotiations with the Sultan, offering to turn his arms against his fellow-Christians upon the condition of receiving from the hands of the Saracen prince the towns of Sidon and Berytes, in addition to the territory he already possessed. Saladin listened complacently to his proposals and agreed to his terms, but upon the condition that Conrad should appear in arms against Richard before the towns were placed in his hands.

The proposals of Richard were more dignified and consistent with his character, for he demanded boldly, as the condition of peace, that Jerusalem, with all the territory between the river Jordan and the sea, should be ceded to the Christians. Saladin, it is said, did not directly decline the proposal of the English king, but sent his brother to negotiate, and, as the Christian writers affirm, to amuse the English monarch with false expectations. It is probable that this statement is correct, for we know positively that Malek-Adel did visit the camp of Richard, and was splendidly entertained by him on the plains between the fortresses called the Castle of the Temple and the Castle of Jehoshaphat. As customary in the East, the Mohammedan prince brought presents with him, amongst which were seven valuable camels and a magnificent tent. A considerable degree of intimacy arose between Richard and the Mussulman prince, and small presents were daily exchanged, much to the scandal of the more devout Crusaders, who looked upon such familiarity as highly reprehensible. . . . The most extraordinary incident of the whole negotiation was a proposal on the part of Richard, vouched for by almost all the Arabian writers, to bestow the hand of his sister Joan, Queen of Sicily, upon Malek-Adel. . . The kingdom

of Jerusalem was to be their united portion, and the Christian princes, as well as Saladin, were to guarantee the independence of this strange monarchy. It is hardly possible to doubt that such an arrangement was suggested, but it is to be remarked, that although Malek-Adel very naturally did not object to add the fair princess to the number of his wives, Saladin never looked upon the proposal as serious; and Aboul-faragus, in his Syrian chronicle, distinctly points out that Richard, who was by nature gay and fond of jest, made the suggestion as a joke, or, if there was anything at all serious in it, the intention was to create dissension between Saladin and his brother, without the slightest intention of carrying out so wild and impracticable a scheme. . . .

The whole country had now been laid waste, and the rains having fallen heavily, it became necessary not only to divide the army, a part of which took up its quarters in Ramla, while the rest were posted in Bethanapolis and other small towns and castles, but to send out parties seeking for provisions almost to the gates of Jerusalem. . . .

The lower class of the Crusaders bore up gallantly and firmly against the dangers and inconveniences to which they were subject, cheering themselves with their proximity to Jerusalem, and expecting every day to be led to the gates of the Holy City. . . . Richard, it would seem, was most anxious to commence his march for the accomplishment of the first great object of his expedition; and he advanced in person, towards the beginning of the new year, to Bethanapolis, which lies at the distance of only a few leagues from Jerusalem itself. . . .

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His progress, however, was not destined to be carried further. The two military orders strongly opposed the advance of the King, as well as a great number of the barons of Palestine, representing to him the impossibility of supplying his army at a distance from the sea, the great diminution of his forces, and the certainty that the whole troops of Islam would unite for the defence of a city which they regarded with as much veneration as the Christian. Richard still hesitated, unwilling to abandon or postpone so great an object, especially at a moment when Saladin had suffered the larger portion of his army to retire to their homes; and before he would con-

sent to retreat, he caused a plan of the city of Jerusalem and the neighbouring country to be drawn out and laid before him, which he examined with the greatest attention. If we are to believe the account of the Arabian historians, Richard from that moment gave up the hope of conquering Jerusalem so long as Saladin lived, perceiving all the difficulties which its situation presented to an attacking force with the eye of an experienced general, and judging that so skilful a commander as the Sultan would not fail to make the most of every advantage which the ground afforded.

To the great dissatisfaction of all the inferior Crusaders, the advance upon Jerusalem was consequently abandoned; and it was determined that the next effort of the army should be to repair the fortifications of Ascalon. One cause of Richard's retreat may undoubtedly have been the dissensions which existed in the camp of the Crusaders. . . . One historian, indeed, lays the whole blame of the disappointment upon the Duke of Burgundy. After describing the arrangements for the march upon Jerusalem, he says: "When the divisions of the army were arranged, every one went to his quarters. Then the Duke of Burgundy thought deeply; and when he had thought, he sent for the barons of France, and said to them, 'My lords, you know that our sire, the King of France, has returned, and that all the flower of his kingdom has remained here; and that the King of England has but a small number of people compared with us. If we go to Jerusalem, and take the city, it will not be said that we took it, but they will say the King of England has taken it, which will be a great shame to France, and a great reproach: and people will say, too, that King Philip had fled, and that King Richard captured Jerusalem, which will be for ever a reproach to France.' Many agreed to do his will, though there were some who would not consent. The Duke of Burgundy caused his troops to take their arms and return towards Acre." . . .

The retreat from Bethanapolis, it would appear, was rendered painful and disastrous, not by the attacks of the enemy, but by the inclemency of the weather and the unhealthy state of the army. Multitudes of sick and famishing people were seen bewailing their fate, when they thought of the long and

dreary march to Ascalon; and lamentations were general throughout the whole camp. But Richard, with kindly generosity, undertook the care of all, sent out in every quarter to seek the sick and the weak, and provided them with means of transport as far as Ramla. In that city the dispersion of the crusading force began. A multitude of the common soldiers deserted, indignant at not having been led to Jerusalem. The French went off in large bodies, some to spend their time in idleness at Jaffa, some to seek the pleasures of Acre, some to join the Marquis of Montferrat, who eagerly courted all deserters to swell the forces of Tyre. . . . No way dismayed, however, either at the difficulties of the task before him, or the defection of his allies, the English monarch led his diminished army through dangerous paths, amidst snow, hail, and torrents of rain, to the gates of Ascalon, which city he reached on the 20th day of January, 1192. So complete had been the destruction of the walls and towers by the Sultan, that it was with difficulty the troops passed through the ruined gates; and even when they had obtained shelter in the deserted town, the scarcity of provisions was rendered more severe than ever by the tempestuous state of the weather, which prevented a single vessel from entering the port during eight days. . . .

The vast extent of the fortifications of Ascalon, and the difficulties of the work he had undertaken, speedily proved to Richard the impossibility of repairing the defences of the place, without the aid of his French allies, before that period of the year at which he might again expect to be attacked by the Sultan. In these circumstances, he overcame his indignation at the conduct of the Duke of Burgundy and his troops, and sent messengers to them, exhorting them to return and labour with him in the common cause. Some difficulties were made; but at length the greater part of the French troops joined the English monarch at Ascalon, stipulating that they should be permitted to retire again after Easter if they chose. The re-edification of the walls then proceeded rapidly; princes, nobles, knights, and soldiers, the clergy, and the laity, all labouring together, and Richard setting the example with his own hands.

The reunion of the whole Christian forces of Palestine for the attack of Jerusalem in the succeeding spring seemed to be now Richard's great object, but it was frustrated by a new dispute with the Duke of Burgundy. The portion of the French forces which had been left behind by Philip Augustus had, it would seem, been greatly neglected by their sovereign, and were reduced to complete penury for want of pay. Their urgent applications to the Duke of Burgundy induced that prince to apply to Richard for a fresh loan ; but it would seem that a very large sum was already due from the Duke ; and Richard, whose own treasures were well-nigh exhausted, absolutely refused to advance any more. Under these circumstances, the Duke retired indignantly from Ascalon, taking with him a considerable number of his soldiers.

The Duke of Austria also abandoned the main army of the Crusade about the same time, but the cause of his defection is more obscure. We are told that when Richard sent to request him to take part in the labours at Ascalon, he replied haughtily that he was neither a carpenter nor a stonemason, and that, on being summoned to the presence, he made the same vain and impertinent reply. This answer, it is added, so incensed the impetuous monarch, that he kicked him in the presence of the whole court, and forbade him ever to display his banner again in the army under his command. The Austrian prince immediately withdrew from the Crusade ; and we are assured that he threatened to take vengeance whenever he should find an opportunity.

The situation of Saladin had at this time become most critical. Fatigued with long and excessive labour, his troops at the end of the year 1191 showed a coldness in the cause in which they were engaged, and an earnest desire for repose, which Saladin himself did not feel. Yielding to these circumstances, that great monarch, while he retired to Jerusalem, suffered the greater part of his army to return to their homes, retaining but a few thousand men to keep the Christians in check during the winter.

The anxieties of Saladin, however, were not alone excited by the progress of the Crusaders. His nephew, Taki-Eddin, Emir of Hamak, died towards the end of the year, and his son,

contrary to the custom of the Saracens, took possession of his father's territories as of right, without receiving investiture from the Sultan. Saladin saw in this act both an insult and a perilous precedent. The quarrel between the son of Taki-Eddin and his sovereign had nearly proceeded to arms; the court of the Sultan was divided, and even Malek-Adel himself showed an inclination to take part with his grand-nephew. . . .

It is probable that the King of England was not ignorant of the differences which had arisen between Malek-Adel and his brother, and that he strove as far as possible to increase them; for we find that, while Richard was at Acre, the son of the Mussulman king was sent to that city for the express purpose of receiving knighthood from the hands of the heroic King of England. The ceremony was performed by Richard, with great magnificence, on Palm Sunday of the year 1192. ^{A.D.} It would appear that the King of England returned to Ascalon immediately afterwards; and we find that Richard was present when the last stone was placed in the new fortifications of that city on Easter Monday of the same year.

On the following day the King rode forth with a small retinue to examine the fortifications of Daroum and Gaza, and approached so near the walls as to be in considerable peril; but, on his return to Ascalon, painful news reached the monarch from his own dominions, and gave a new direction to all his views. The Prior of Hereford presented himself at Ascalon towards the end of Easter week, bearing letters from the Chancellor, William of Longchamp, which showed the King, in forcible colours, the consequences of his long absence from England. His treasury emptied; the revenues of his kingdom seized upon by his brother; an oath of fidelity exacted by John from the nobles of the land; the clergy and many of the barons taking refuge in Normandy; and the crown itself almost within the grasp of an usurper: such were amongst the facts presented to the view of the monarch by the messenger from England. . . .

Richard, who had full confidence in Longchamp, saw nothing but ruin and destruction before him if he remained longer in Syria, and was terribly moved by the contending passions aroused in his bosom. To leave his great enterprise incom-

plete, and to suffer Jerusalem to remain in the hands of the Moslem, was very painful to contemplate ; but at the same time, the King of England had to consider that the loss of his insular and continental dominions would deprive him of the means of carrying the war against Saladin to a successful result. . . . On the other hand, if he left Palestine, without taking some extraordinary measures to quiet the dissensions which existed amongst the Crusaders, there was every probability of the whole country being rapidly brought under the dominion of Saladin, and the fruits of all the blood and treasure which had been spent in the Crusade being entirely lost. Under these circumstances, Richard determined upon two steps, which must have cost him bitter mortification : to return to England, and to place the crown of Jerusalem on the head of Conrad of Montferrat. It is true that he allowed the whole people a voice in the election of their king, once more placing before them for their suffrages the names of Guy of Lusignan and the young Lord of Tyre ; but we cannot for a moment suppose that Richard was ignorant of the choice which would be made by the Crusaders. The military talents of Conrad were universally admitted ; and, captivating to the multitude as those talents are in all times, they were of course still more popular in the days of chivalry. Neither could Richard conceal from himself that of all the leaders who were likely to remain in the Holy Land, there was no one but Conrad who, with a claim to the crown of Jerusalem, had sufficient powers of mind to contend successfully with Saladin. . . . Though subtle, treacherous, and deceitful, he was formed for command ; . . . and when Richard laid the names of the two claimants before the people, announcing his determination to return speedily to England, Conrad was elected as their leader and king without a dissentient voice. Richard, magnanimously casting away all remembrance of the enmity which had existed between Conrad and himself, instantly despatched his nephew, Henry, Count of Champagne, with two other noblemen, to bear to the young Lord of Tyre the news of his election, and to assure him of Richard's consent and support ; and at the same time he promised the people, who were greatly afflicted and dismayed at the prospect of his speedy departure, that he would

leave behind him a chosen body of troops, armed and maintained at his expense, to aid in carrying on the war during his absence.

Embarking in one of the King's galleys, Henry of Champagne and his two companions speedily reached Tyre, and communicated to Conrad the distinction which had been conferred upon him. . . . The rejoicings in Tyre knew no bounds. Immediate preparations were made for the coronation of the new king, and for the resumption of active war against his late ally. But the preparations were stopped, and joy turned into sorrow, by the bloody termination of Conrad's career under the knife of the murderer. . . .

Six months before the period of Conrad's assassination two young men, in the garb of monks, appeared in Tyre. . . . They showed themselves strict in all the religious exercises of the Christians, constant in their attendance at church, and so humble and devout as to gain the esteem of every one in the city. Nevertheless, these two young men were, during the whole of this time, watching for an opportunity of executing the commands of their lord against Conrad of Montferrat. That prince, almost immediately after his election to the throne of Jerusalem had been announced to him, was regaled at a grand dinner by the Bishop of Beauvais. He took his leave, after the feast was concluded, full of wine and mirth, and, riding home, was passing through the open space before the custom-house of the city, when the two pretended monks threw themselves upon him, and wounded him in several places with their knives. Conrad instantly fell from his horse, and the assassins took to flight. One, however, was caught by the Marquis's attendants ere he could escape, and was killed upon the spot. The other concealed himself in a neighbouring church. According to the most generally received account, the wounded nobleman was carried into the same building to have his wounds dressed. As soon as the young Ismaelian beheld him still in life, utterly careless of his own safety, he cast himself upon the dying man, and despatched him with repeated blows. . . . All the English contemporary historians declare that the murderers, at their death, made no confession, except that they slew the young Marquis of Montferrat in obedience to

the commands of their lord, the Old Man of the Mountain. The French, however, founded upon this lamentable event an accusation against Richard, to the effect that he had bribed the scheick or emir of the Hachachins (or Assassins) to compass the death of Conrad, and the rumour was very generally circulated both through Europe and Asia. . . .

If we look at the testimony by which this charge was supported, we shall, however, find it utterly frivolous, and often contradictory. . . . Were collateral proof wanting of the fact that the Assassins did not, as the French asserted, name Richard as the instigator of the deed they had committed, it would be found in the conduct of Isabel, the widow of the murdered man. The French at this time were encamped without the walls of Tyre, to the number of nearly ten thousand men, and, immediately after the funeral of Conrad, they called upon the Princess to give up the city to their custody. Isabel, however, pointedly and distinctly refused, stating that the last dying commands of her husband were to open the gates of Tyre to none but Richard, as the person who had most generously laboured for the deliverance of the Holy Land. Irritated by this refusal, it would seem, the leaders of the French entertained a design of seizing by force that which was refused to threats and persuasion. But in the midst of their deliberations a new actor appeared upon the scene, whom they might be afraid to contend with, and unwilling to offend: Henry, Count of Champagne, after fulfilling his mission to the Lord of Tyre, had returned at once to Acre, whither the news followed him of the death of Conrad. His popularity was great with all parties. . . . He was related both to the French and to the English king. . . . The people of Tyre hailed his arrival as that of one sent by God for their deliverance from the perilous circumstances in which the death of their former sovereign had left them. They tumultuously proclaimed him their lord and leader, and urged him strongly, we are told, to assume the crown of Jerusalem, and unite his fate with that of Isabel, on whose part we find no mention of opposition. . . . Henry of Champagne, however, delayed his decision till he had consulted his uncle Richard. The King of England, maintaining the views which he had previously announced in regard to the

marriage of Conrad and Isabel, advised his nephew to assume the crown of Jerusalem, . . . but not to marry the widow of the Lord of Tyre, because her marriage with that prince in the lifetime of her first husband was unlawful. . . .

It appeared, however, to the nobles of Palestine assembled in Tyre, that the title of Henry to the crown of Jerusalem would not be secure without his union with Isabel; and although the Count hesitated greatly from the fear of offending his uncle, yet when the French added their persuasions, in the hope, perhaps, of producing dissensions between that prince and Richard, Henry of Champagne yielded to the universal voice, and married the widow of Conrad in somewhat indecent haste.

Necessity is often urged in palliation of unjust acts, and doubtless this plea was powerful with Richard, in appealing to the people of Palestine, as we have seen he did, to choose between Guy of Lusignan and Conrad of Montferrat, when a solemn decision had previously assigned the crown of Jerusalem to the former for life. No such excuse, however, can be urged for the gift which he now made of the city of Acre, and of the country of Jaffa, which had been already bestowed upon other parties, to Henry of Champagne. A sense of this iniquitous liberality probably induced Richard at this time to confer the empire of Cyprus, which he had previously sold to the Templars for a sum of money, upon Guy of Lusignan. It would appear that in the act of sale to the Templars there was a clause of redemption and a reservation of sovereignty, and that Guy bound himself to pay back the purchase-money of three hundred thousand gold pieces to the knights. . . .


The Count of Champagne, now become King of Jerusalem, found less difficulty than might have been expected in persuading the Duke of Burgundy and the French leaders to lay aside their enmity towards Richard, and once more co-operate with that monarch for the recovery of the Holy City. His nuptials had been over but a few days, when he once more took the field, and, directing his march by Acre, advanced to rejoin Richard at Ascalon. . . .

A new spirit seemed now to animate the crusading army, and leaders and men were eager to advance to the siege of

Jerusalem. Richard alone seemed to hesitate. . . . Rumours of his approaching departure spread through the camp; but the hearts of the soldiery were elate, provisions were plenty, the weather fine, dissensions were at an end, and all men, of whatever nation they might be, bound themselves by a vow to each other to march to Jerusalem, whether the King of England accompanied them or not.

The indecision of the monarch was brought to an end, if we may believe Vinesauf, by the eloquent exhortations of one of his chaplains, who, after having insured himself against the sudden wrath of the hasty prince, proceeded to recapitulate all the glorious deeds which Richard had performed in life, and pointed out how all would be dimmed and clouded by the abandonment of his high and holy enterprise. The appeal was not made in vain, and the following day it was proclaimed through all the host that the King of England would not quit the Holy Land, under any circumstances, before the Easter following. . . .

The march was commenced on Sunday, in the octaves of the Holy Trinity; . . . and in several divisions the army advanced slowly towards Jerusalem, and arrived at Bethanapolis in the early part of June. Here, however, Richard was compelled to halt and send Henry of Champagne to bring up the dilatory; for a number of the Crusaders were still spending their time in idleness and luxury at Acre and other cities, and the difficulties of the siege before him required the presence of every soldier who could be spared from the garrisons of the various fortresses. . . . It would seem that Saladin had divined the course which events would take; for he had spent the whole winter in repairing and strengthening the fortifications of Jerusalem, working with his own hands, and setting an example to all by bringing stone, for the reparation of the walls, from a distance, on the saddle of his own horse. . . . The state of the city and the Mohammedan camp is thus depicted by an eye-witness:—"The ramparts were manned with warriors, the neighbouring heights were covered with soldiers, all the fountains round about were poisoned, the wells and the cisterns were filled up; all Mussulmans were called to the defence of the Holy City." . . . It would appear, indeed, from the anxiety of Saladin's



guards to be led to a general battle, that his forces were at least equal, if not superior, to those of the Crusade.

While still waiting at Bethanapolis for the arrival of the Count of Champagne with the troops he had gone to collect, the Army of the Cross once more became a prey to dissension and confusion. The French demanded loudly to be led at once to Jerusalem: but Richard would not consent to so rash a step. . . . He foresaw that, as soon as they advanced across the mountains which intervene between Bethanapolis and Jerusalem, Saladin would sweep down into their rear, . . . cut off their supplies, and place them between a fortress, almost impregnable by any means in use at that period, and a superior army, and that in this position famine and thirst would do the work of the sword. . . . He declared his conviction that those who urged him to such an enterprise, with forces so unequal to the task, sought to tarnish his glory by defeat, and impute blame to him for an undertaking which they had suggested. At the same time he declared that, if it were determined to march forward, he would not abandon his companions, but, resigning the command, would accompany them, without a show of authority in a host which contemned his counsels, and without the responsibility of an undertaking which must end in defeat.

It was ultimately agreed to refer the question to a council composed of twenty persons, elected in equal numbers from the Templars, the Hospitallers, the nobles of the Holy Land, and the European crusaders. The result of their deliberation was a solemn confirmation of Richard's opinion. . . . Very soon after the decision of the council had been pronounced, a considerable number of Crusaders retired to Jaffa, and every day the defections became more and more alarming. To undertake any great operation with an army in such a state Richard perceived was impossible, and he therefore resolved to leave the Christian possessions in the Holy Land in as defensible a condition as possible, and return to his own country, in the hope of frustrating the designs of domestic traitors and foreign foes. His retreat was conducted with great skill, and very little loss, although Saladin followed the rear of the crusading army with an immense force. . . . Ascalon was re-

freshed and garrisoned, in the face of the Sultan's forces ; and, pursuing his march by Jaffa, Richard reached Acre on the 26th of July, and immediately prepared to embark for his native land.

The greater part of his forces were already in the ships ; seven galleys had set sail for Beirouth, on which he intended to make an attempt on his homeward voyage, and the King himself was about to depart from Acre on the following morning, when messengers from Jaffa presented themselves at the door of his tent, and demanded immediate audience.

The tale they told at once roused all the chivalrous energies of the King of England. . . . No sooner had Richard retreated to Acre, than the innumerable hosts of the Sultan were put in motion ; and, while a detachment marched to support the troops in Beirouth, the monarch himself, descending into the plains of Ramla, invested the city of Jaffa. . . . It was impossible to hold out long against a force so superior as that which Saladin brought against the place ; and in the midst of the most furious assault, when the only defences of the town were the breasts of the garrison, a messenger was sent to Saladin with an offer of surrender. Saladin replied, that in the excited state of the troops and the indefensible condition of the town, he could not save it from pillage ; but if the Christians would retire into the citadel, he would do what he could for them. . . . The terms were speedily agreed upon. The castle, it was arranged, should be surrendered, unless succoured within a certain time, and for the short respite allowed each man was to pay to Saladin ten gold besants, each woman five, and each child three of the same coins. . . .

These tidings, which were brought to the English sovereign just on the eve of his embarkation for Europe, showed him that no time was to be lost, if he wished to save Jaffa from the hands of the infidel, or rescue his fellow-soldiers from their peril. Interrupting the messengers in their recital, he exclaimed, "Living Lord ! I will go, God willing, to do what I can !" and immediately he caused the state of Jaffa to be announced to the leaders of the crusading force, with a demand that they should follow him to the relief of their brethren. The French in the most preeminent manner declared they

would not accompany him anywhere ; but the Templars and Hospitallers, with many of the Syrian knights, instantly armed, to set out under the command of Henry of Champagne. While these commenced their march by land, Richard, always ready to expose himself the first, embarked in his galleys, with eight of his chosen companions in arms and several famous Genoese and Pisan knights, and set sail at once for Jaffa. Contrary winds detained him for some days at Cayphas, but at length a favourable breeze springing up brought the ships to Jaffa during the night which preceded the very day appointed for the surrender of the citadel. The King, not knowing whether the castle still held out, and seeing, as the morning rose, the shore covered with an innumerable host of Mussulmans, would not attempt to land till he had obtained some further indication of the state of the place. His vessels had been seen from the castle, however, and the appearance of the royal galley, with its crimson hull and sails, announced that the lion-hearted monarch was there in person. A certain presbyter, at this sight, full of "devotion to the glory of the Messiah," says the Arabian historian, sprang down from the walls of the citadel, to a small hillock of sand at their foot, and then plunging into the sea, swam off towards the King's ship. Richard was the first to descry him battling with the waves ; and as soon as he had reached his ship, and told his tale, the King ordered his galley to be run straight on shore. A cloud of arrows darkened the air as the royal bark bore on ; the beach was lined with a phalanx of veteran soldiers ; and on every side appeared the tents of the Mussulmans ; but, without pause or consideration, the galley pursued its course till the keel struck the sands, and then at once, before all others, Richard sprang into the sea, and rushed toward the land. . . . Sword in hand, he cleft his way like a thunderbolt, leaving dead and dying on every side. "The Malek Ric! the Malek Ric!" was screamed by the flying foe, and a whole host fled before a mere handful headed by the great warrior of Christendom. The Mussulmans rushed from the shore into the town, carrying consternation with them ; the Christians in the citadel witnessed the scene, and, recovering their courage, threw open their gates, and poured forth to support their

deliverer; the Saracens were driven from street to street, with terrible slaughter; . . . the panic seized upon Saladin himself; and as the English monarch, judging victory not yet complete, issued forth from Jaffa into the plain, to attack, with his scanty band, an army of more than a hundred thousand men, the great conqueror of the East fled from before his face, and left his camp in the hands of the enemy.

Thus ended the famous day of Jaffa, which witnessed, perhaps, the most marvellous of all Richard's exploits. . . . Some negotiations followed in the course of the next day; but difficulties presented themselves, and both parties prepared to carry on the war.

Intelligence having reached Saladin of the march of Henry of Champagne, he put his troops in motion to cut him off by the way; but Richard instantly sent every man he could spare from Jaffa to reinforce his nephew's army. The Sultan learned in the neighbourhood of Cæsarea that this succour had reached its destination, and instantly changing his plan, and making a retrograde movement, he hurried back to crush the King of England ere the troops could come to his aid. . . . According to the account of the Arabian writers, Richard had at this time with him "ten horsemen and a few hundred foot soldiers, occupying in all ten tents." . . .

Notwithstanding the smallness of his own numbers, and the overpowering force of the enemy, the English monarch "was not disconcerted." . . . He arrayed his little troop upon the seashore, and the Mussulmans, having surrounded the Christians on three sides, poured upon them all at once as one man. . . .

Richard himself was the soul of his whole army, if army it could be called. He animated the soldiers by his calmness, by his looks, and by his words; . . . and the firm array of the little band so intimidated the first body of adversaries, that they wheeled off, pursued by the bolts and arrows of the crossbowmen and archers. . . .

Perceiving the hesitation of the enemy's squadrons, Richard determined by a bold effort to turn their indecision into discomfiture; and, drawing out his handful of horse from among the infantry, he charged the enemy with his usual fire and vigour. . . .

In the midst of the battle a circumstance occurred which shows in a striking manner how strongly the Mohammedans were at this time imbued with the spirit of chivalry. Richard himself, as well as his companions, was badly mounted; for few horses had been found in Jaffa, and those feeble and incompetent to bear the enormous weight of an armed knight. During the hottest period of the contest, the King beheld a Mussulman leading up to him two splendid Arab horses, and was told by the messenger that they were a present from Malek-Adel, who besought him to accept and use them for his sake. . . .

For some time, totally alone in the midst of a cloud of enemies, Richard was lost to the eyes of the little phalanx on the shore, and a belief that he had been slain prevailed. The King, however, was still sweeping down all that opposed him; and his last achievement was the overthrow of one of Saladin's most famous emirs, who, contemptuously reproaching his soldiers with idleness and laziness, spurred on to encounter the Christian champion in single combat. One blow of Richard's hand, however, terminated his boasting and his life, cutting off, we are positively assured, the head, shoulder, and right arm at once. This terrible example seems to have struck terror into the troops around; they fell back on every side from the presence of the King, avoiding his tremendous sword, and endeavouring to bring him down with arrows. . . . Towards evening, Saladin withdrew his forces, leaving seven hundred of his men dead upon the field. At one period in the course of that day, Richard, we are told, rode along the whole length of the Mussulman line, with his lance in the rest, daring the champions of the Crescent to come forth and meet him hand to hand; and at another moment, . . . he dismounted between the two armies, and, causing food to be brought him, dined tranquilly in face of the enemy.

The result of that day's efforts deeply affected the great Mohammedan leader. For three days he shut himself up in his tent, refusing to see any one, and afterwards listened to proposals for peace much more readily than before. Nor was Richard less eager for a suspension of arms than he had previously shown himself. . . . The tremendous exertions he

had made at Jaffa had once more laid him on a bed of sickness. . . .

Malek-Adel, always generous and chivalrous, undertook, at the request of the English king, to conduct the negotiation with his brother, and the terms were soon agreed upon. A treaty was drawn up, in which a truce of three years was granted, and the principal stipulations were, that the territories and towns of Jaffa, Cæsarea, Azotus, Cayphas, Acre, and Tyre, should remain in the hands of the Christians, while the rest of Palestine was occupied by the Mohammedans; Ascalon was to be dismantled by equal detachments from the two armies, and the lordships of Lidda and Ramla were to be divided. . . . To these were added several minor stipulations, which were either expressed in the document or promised by parole. Amongst them were unrestricted commercial intercourse between the Christians and Mohammedans, and free access for the former to Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulchre. . . .

Peace was immediately proclaimed; and from that moment the Christians and Mussulmans mingled together, to use the expression of the Arabian writers, "as if they had always been brethren." Large bands of Crusaders hastened to Jerusalem; Saladin and Richard sent presents to each other, but the English king, with sorrow and disappointment, refused to visit the Holy City which he had been unable to enter as a conqueror.

The pilgrims to Jerusalem were courteously received and kindly treated by the Sultan and his emirs, and the Bishop of Salisbury especially was entertained with marked distinction; but Saladin remained ill at ease till Richard had quitted Palestine. . . . Saladin's health was now giving way under the incessant fatigues he had endured. "I know not what may be God's will with me," he said one day to Boha-eddin, the historian; who proceeds to remark, that in truth this truce, so distasteful to Saladin, was the salvation of Islamism; for he who had been the chief pillar of the Mussulman power in Syria only survived the signature of the treaty six months, and civil war and intestine strife spread through his vast dominions. He died of bilious fever, after an illness of thirteen days, during the greater part of which time he was delirious.

Richard recovered but slowly from the sickness by which he had been attacked ; and even when so far convalescent as to bear a removal to the better air of Cayphas, he was still in a weak and insecure state of health ; but every fresh arrival from England showed him more and more the necessity of his presence in his hereditary dominions, and he eagerly hastened his preparations.

If difficulties and dangers had attended his course in Palestine, still greater perils awaited him on his way back, and menaced him on his arrival in England ; but speed was of all things most necessary to the English king ; and the situation of affairs in Normandy, as well as in Great Britain, induced him to take a step which, however imprudent, was quite consonant with his bold and chivalrous character. . He determined, then, to send his wife, his sister, and his army by sea, and to proceed himself by land, in order to reach more rapidly his native shores, and appear amongst his enemies when they least expected him. He was detained some time in paying his debts, and making the best arrangements he could to secure the power of his nephew in that part of Palestine which had been regained ; and, consequently, his fleet set sail before him, quitting Acre on the 29th of September, 1192. Richard now remained with very few attendants in the midst of many powerful enemies, but none of them, it would seem, was so dead to honour as to take advantage of his confidence. Robert de Sablé, Grand Master of the Temple, with whom Richard had had some serious disputes in the course of the war, now showed a noble and generous spirit towards the great monarch, and agreed to put at his disposal one of the galleys of the order, to convey him to that port in Europe where he intended to land. The King was permitted, also, to assume the habit of a Templar ; and four faithful brethren of the order were appointed to accompany him. In addition to these knights, Richard's companions consisted of Baldwin de Bethune, William de l'Estang, a chaplain, and a secretary, together with a few menial servants, amongst whom was a page who could speak German, which accomplishment was probably the cause of his selection.

The conduct of the European princes at this time towards the

unfortunate remnant of Richard's army, was a disgrace to the men and to the age. Had the English and Norman soldiers been a band of pirates, returning from an expedition disapproved by all Christian nations, instead of a body of pilgrim warriors coming back from an enterprise suggested by the highest authority of the Church, and carried on with zeal, devotion, and sincerity, however mistaken, they could not have been treated with more brutal severity. In sailing towards England, one of those severe storms which frequently occur in the Mediterranean dispersed the King's fleet, and drove many of the ships on shore. The crews and the passengers, knights, nobles, and pilgrims, were seized, cast into dungeons, and treated as prisoners of war; nor did they obtain their liberty till enormous ransoms had been extorted from them.

It is probable that intelligence of these events had not reached Richard before he set sail himself; but if it had, he might obtain some consolation in finding that now, when he was about to depart, his character and his glorious deeds were justly estimated by many of those whose eyes had been long blinded by party spirit and virulent jealousy. An immense number of the Crusaders, of every nation and every class, accompanied him to the port of Acre when the time of his departure arrived. They recollected, then, his valour, his conduct, his bounty, his generosity; they remembered that he had spent his treasures, shed his blood, perilled his life, endangered his crown, in the same cause to which they all were devoted, and the tears, prayers, and blessings of those he

A. D. was leaving behind followed him as he sailed away from Syria,
1192 on the 9th October, 1192.

LONGCHAMP.

A.D. 1189—1198.

(From LORD CAMPBELL'S "Lives of the Chancellors.")

GEOFFREY PLANTAGENET, the son of Fair Rosamond, was ^{A.D.} Chancellor at the accession of Richard the First. The King, ¹¹⁸⁹ as soon as he had attended his father's funeral, was impatient to join the Crusade; but, from the arrangements he had made for the government of the realm in his absence, it was not convenient that Geoffrey should be continued in the office of Chancellor: an offer was therefore made to him of ecclesiastical preferment which he could not resist. He was appointed Archbishop of York, and being now in France, he suffered himself to be consecrated to the holy office by the Archbishop of Tours, Metropolitan of Anjou. He agreed not to take possession of his see for three years, during which time he swore that he would not set foot on English ground,—an oath required of him by Richard, who had some suspicions as to his fidelity. How he observed the oath we shall see as we proceed with the life of his celebrated successor.

Richard's chancellor was William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, one of the most eminent men who ever held the Great Seal. He was a native of Beauvais, in France, and of mean extraction, but he gave early proof of extraordinary ability and address. He first came into notice in the service of the Chancellor Geoffrey, the son of Rosamond. Being afterwards introduced to Prince Richard, he contrived to insinuate himself into his good graces without incurring the suspicion of the old King, and through successive promotions in the Church he was made Bishop of Ely,—always displaying great vigour of character and capacity for business, and hitherto concealing his inordinate ambition and rapacity. Although he had now re-


sided many years in England, he did not understand one word of the English language ; but such was still the depression of everything Anglo-Saxon, that neither in parliament, nor in courts of justice, nor in the society of the great, did he experience any inconvenience from this deficiency. The King, about to set off upon his memorable expedition to the Holy Land, not only conferred upon him the office of chancellor, but made him grand justiciary and guardian of the realm jointly with Hugh, Bishop of Durham ; and that he might better ensure the public tranquillity, procured for him the authority of legate from the Pope. Richard's great object was to deprive his brother John of all power and influence,—being apprehensive that this prince, who had early displayed his faithless character and turbulent disposition, would in his absence, according to various prior examples in the Norman line, enter into cabals with discontented barons, and aim at the crown. But he fell into a mistake in appointing the Bishop of Durham as a check on the power of Longchamp. The one would bear no equal, and the other no superior.

A.D.
1190 No sooner had Richard left England on his voyage to the Mediterranean than their animosities burst forth, and threw the kingdom into combustion. Longchamp, presumptuous in his nature, elated by the favour which he enjoyed with his master, holding the Great Seal, and armed with the legatine commission, refused to share the executive power of the state with his colleague, treated him with contumely, and, upon some show of resistance, went so far as to arrest him, and, as the price of liberty, extorted from him a resignation of the earldom of Northumberland and his other dignities. The King, informed of these dissensions, ordered by letters from Marseilles that the Bishop should be reinstated in his offices ; but the Chancellor had still the boldness to refuse compliance, on pretence that he himself was better acquainted with the King's secret intentions. He proceeded to govern the kingdom by his sole authority, to treat all the nobility with arrogance, and to display his power and riches with the most invidious ostentation. A numerous guard was stationed at his door. He never travelled without a body of 1,500 foreign soldiers, notorious for their rapine and licentiousness. Nobles and knights were

proud of being admitted into his train. He sealed public acts with his own seal instead of the Great Seal of England. His retinue wore the aspect of royal magnificence ; and when in his progress through the kingdom he lodged in any monastery, his attendants, it is said, were sufficient to devour in one night the revenue of several years. To drown the curses of the natives, he brought over from France, at a great expense, singers and jesters, who sang verses in places of public resort, declaring that the Chancellor never had his equal in the world.

In the meanwhile he abused his power to enrich himself and his family ; he placed his relations and friends of foreign birth in all posts of profit or honour, and gave them the government of castles and cities, of which, under various pretexts, he deprived men of the pure Norman race, spoiling them and the descendants of the Saxon thanes with indiscriminate violence. Contemporary authors say, that, "by reason of his rapines, a knight could not preserve his silver belt, nor a noble his gold ring, nor a lady her necklace, nor a Jew his merchandise." He showed himself, besides, haughty and insolent, and he forced submission to his will by the severity and promptitude of his vengeance. The King, who was obliged to winter in Sicily, and was detained in Europe longer than the Chancellor expected, being informed of the arbitrary and tyrannical conduct of his minister, made a fresh attempt to restrain his power, and sent orders appointing Walter, Archbishop of Rouen, William Marshall, Earl of Strigul, Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, William Briewere, and Hugh Bardolf, councillors to Longchamp, and commanding him to take no measure of importance without their concurrence and approbation. But such general terror had he created by his violent conduct, that for a long while they did not venture to produce the King's mandate. When it was produced the Chancellor insisted that it was a forgery, and he still exercised an uncontrolled authority over the nation.

Prince John, aware of the general discontent, and seeing with envy the usurpations of the Chancellor, at last took courage to make head against him ; and all those who were smarting under his exactions, or who hoped to better their condition by change, actively engaged in the party formed for



his overthrow. An open rupture broke out between these rivals for power on the occasion of the Chancellor's attempt to deprive Gerard de Camville, a Norman by race, of the office of sheriff of the county of Lincoln, which the King had made over to him for a sum of money. The Chancellor, who wished to bestow this office on one of his friends, summoned Camville to deliver up to him the keys of the castle of Lincoln; but he resisted the demand, saying that he was a liege man to Prince John, and that he would not surrender his fief till tried and condemned in the court of his liege lord. On this refusal, the Chancellor came with an army to besiege the castle of Lincoln, and took it. Camville demanded justice from his superior and protector. By way of reprisals, John took possession of the royal castles of Nottingham and Tickhil, there raised his flag and stationed his men, declaring, according to Hoveden, that if the Chancellor did not do speedy justice to Camville, his vassal, he would visit him with a rod of iron. The Chancellor quailed under his threat, and entered into a treaty, by which John remained in possession of the two castles he had taken.

The next assault upon the authority of the Chancellor proceeded from his predecessor in office, Geoffrey, now Archbishop of York. Regardless of his oath not to enter the realm of England for three years and of a solemn warning he received when about to embark, he resolved to take possession of his see, and to enjoy the benefit of any chances of further preferment which might open to him. The Chancellor sent armed men to seize him upon his landing. He escaped their pursuit in disguise, and gained a monastery in the city of Canterbury, where the monks hospitably received him and concealed him. A report, however, getting abroad that he had taken refuge there, the convent was surrounded by soldiers; and the Archbishop being seized in the church when he was returning from celebrating mass, was shut up in the castle of the city under the keeping of the Constable de Clare.


The violent arrest and imprisonment of an archbishop made a great noise all over England, and John, thinking this a favourable occasion for extending his own power, openly took the part of his captive brother. Although he had hitherto regarded Geoffrey as an enemy, he now pretended to feel for

him the most tender affection, and with menaces he insisted on the Chancellor setting the Archbishop at liberty. Longchamp, on account of the sacred character of his prisoner, did not venture to resist. John then wrote to all the bishops and barons to assemble at Reading; while the Chancellor, by other letters, forbade them to accept the invitation of a prince whose object it was to disinherit his sovereign. The assembly, however, was held: John and Geoffrey met, wept, and embraced, and the latter on his knees besought his fellow-peers to avenge the insult which had been offered in his person to the immunities of the Church and the right of sanctuary.

John, becoming bolder and bolder, repaired to London, there convoked the great council of the barons and bishops, and accused the Chancellor before them of having grossly abused the authority with which the King had entrusted him. . . .

The Chancellor was cited to appear before the barons by a certain day. He refused, and, assembling a military force, marched from Windsor, where he kept his court, upon London, to anticipate the re-assembling of the body who presumed to act as his judges. But John's men-at-arms came upon him at the gates of the city, attacked and dispersed his followers, and compelled him in great haste to throw himself into the Tower of London, where he shut himself up, while the barons and bishops assembled in Parliament and deliberated on his fate.

The majority of them had resolved to strike a great blow, and to depose by their authority the man who, holding the royal commission, could not regularly be deprived of office without the express order of the sovereign. In this daring enterprise, they, being themselves Normans, were desirous of having the assistance of the Saxon inhabitants of London, constituting the great mass of the population. In the morning of the day appointed for their meeting they caused the great alarm-bell to be rung, and as the citizens issued forth from their houses, persons stationed for the purpose directed them to repair to St. Paul's Cathedral. The merchants and tradespeople going there to see what was the matter, were surprised to find assembled the *grande*es of the country, the descendants



of those who had conquered at Hastings, with whom hitherto they had had no other relation than that of lord and vassal. Contrary to custom, the barons and prelates gave a gracious reception to the citizens, and a temporary equality was established among all present. The English guessed as well as they could the meaning of the speeches addressed to them in French, and there was read and explained to them a pretended letter of the King, intimating that, if the Chancellor should be guilty of malversation in his office, he might be deposed. A vote was then taken of the whole assembly, without distinction of race, and the Norman heralds proclaimed "that it pleased John, the King's brother, and all the bishops, earls, and barons of the kingdom, and the citizens of London, that the Chancellor should be deposed."

It was at first thought that he would have stood a siege in the Tower, but he was without courage at the approach of real danger, and he immediately offered to capitulate. He was freely allowed to depart, on condition of delivering up the keys of all the King's castles. He was made to swear that he would not leave England till he had done so, and two of his brothers were detained as hostages for his good faith.

He withdrew to Canterbury under pretence of fulfilling his oath; but when he had remained there a few days, he formed the resolution to flee, liking better to expose his brothers to death than to deliver up the castles, by the possession of which he hoped to recover what he had lost. He left the city on foot and in disguise, having over his own clothes a gown with great sleeves and a petticoat, his face being covered by a thick veil, carrying under his arm a pack of linen, and in his hand an ell measure. In this attire, which was that of an English female pedlar of the time, the Chancellor made for the sea-shore, and was obliged to wait for the ship in which he was to embark. He seated himself quietly on a stone with his *pack* on his knees, and some fishermen's wives who were passing by accosted him, asking him the price of his wares; but not knowing a single word of English, the Chancellor made no reply, and shook his head—to the great surprise of those who wished to become his customers. They walked on; but other women coming up, and examining the quality of the linen, made the

same demand as the first. The pretended female pedlar still preserved silence, and the women repeated their questions. At length, at his wit's end, the Chancellor raised a loud laugh, hoping so to escape from his embarrassment. At this laugh without a jest, they believed they saw before them a female out of her mind, and, raising her veil to ascertain who she was, discovered the face of a man, of a swarthy complexion, lately shaved. Their cries of surprise attracted the workmen of the port, who, glad to find an object of sport, seized hold of the person in masquerade, drawing him by his garments, causing him to tumble on the ground, and making merry with his vain efforts to escape from them and to make them comprehend who he was. After dragging him a long way, over stones and through mud, the sailors and fishermen concluded by shutting him up in a dark cellar. Here he remained till he contrived to communicate his misadventure to the agents of the Government. He was then forced to deliver up the keys of all the royal castles, according to his engagement, and was permitted freely to leave England.

On arriving in France, he immediately wrote to the King that Prince John, having got possession of his fortresses, was about to usurp the throne, and pressing him immediately to return from the Holy Land. He seems to have convinced Richard that he himself had acted as a good and loyal subject, and that his struggle with the barons was only in the support of the royal authority. To his honour it is recorded, that, hearing of Richard's captivity in Germany, he repaired thither, and obtained permission to visit in prison that generous master whom the universe seemed to have abandoned. Richard received him as a personal friend persecuted in his service, and employed him in defending him from the unfounded charge brought against him as a pretext for his detention, and in conducting the negotiations for his liberation. . . . No sooner was Richard again in possession of the royal authority, than, disregarding all the charges which were brought against his vicegerent of abuse of authority, he reinstated him in the office of Chancellor, and restored to him all his authority.

In 1194 a Parliament was called at Nottingham. When it was opened, Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, sat on the

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King's right hand, and Geoffrey, Archbishop of York, on his left. But Longchamp, the Chancellor, was present; and although only ranking according to the precedence of his see, he guided all their deliberations. The session was about the usual length, viz. four days. On the first day sentence was passed on several rebellious barons and sheriffs, who were deprived of their castles and jurisdictions. On the second day the King pronounced judgment against his brother John, who was absent, for having, contrary to his oath of fealty, usurped his castles, and entered into a conspiracy with the King of France against him, when he was ordered to appear by a certain day under pain of banishment. On the third day a supply of two shillings on every ploughland was voted to the King; and the last day was spent in hearing and redressing grievances, and resolving that, to nullify the King's submission to the Emperor when in captivity, he should be crowned again. This ceremony was actually performed at Winchester.

But Longchamp, the Chancellor, had soon to extricate the King from a new perplexity. A calumny was propagated, and generally believed, that while in the East he had murdered the Marquis of Montferrat. This charge was invented by Philip, King of France, Richard's great rival, with whom he was now at open war, and much damped the zeal of his supporters, both in England and on the Continent. All protestations and reasonable proofs of innocence being vain, the Chancellor forged a supposed autograph letter, professing to have been written by "the Old Man of the Mountain" to the Duke of Austria, in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin characters, of which the following is a translation:—

"To Leopold, Duke of Austria, and to all princes and people of the Christian faith, greeting,—Whereas, many kings in countries beyond the seas impute to Richard, King and Lord of England, the death of the Marquis, I swear by the God who reigns eternally, and by the law which we follow, that King Richard had no participation in this matter.—Done at our Castle of Messina, and sealed with our seal, Mid-September, in the year 1503 after Alexander."

This extraordinary missive was formally communicated by the Chancellor to foreign sovereigns, and he likewise sent

copies of it to the monks who were known to be employed in compiling the chronicles of the time. Its manifest falsity was not remarked in an age when criticism and a knowledge of Eastern manners had made little progress in the North of Europe. It had a sensible effect in weakening the imputations of the King of France among his own subjects, and it greatly encouraged those of the King of England to fight for a master whose character was thus proved to be immaculate.

Longchamp soon after resigned the Great Seal ; but Richard made as much use of his counsel as ever to the day of his death. He was in 1197, together with the Bishop of Durham, sent on an embassy to the Pope, and, while still in the public employment, he died at Poitiers in the beginning of the following year. He certainly was a man of great energy and ability, and, tried by the standard of honour and morality which prevailed in the twelfth century, he probably is not to be very severely condemned either as a chancellor or a bishop.

In this reign we have the earliest distinct evidence of the existence of the officer connected with the Great Seal, called indifferently, "*Custos Sigilli*," "*Sigillifer*," and "*Vice-Cancellarius*;" but, in all probability, the office was long before well known. . . .

While the King remained in England, if the Chancellor went abroad, a Vice-Chancellor was always appointed to hold the Seal in his absence ; and while the King and the Chancellor were both in England, it often happened that, from the sickness of the Chancellor, or his absence from court on public or private business, or from his being ignorant of law or absorbed in politics, a Vice-Chancellor was appointed, who, as deputy, transacted all affairs connected with the Great Seal, the patronage and profits still belonging to the Chancellor.

Longchamp, while he held the office of Chancellor, always had Vice-Chancellors acting under him, who were entrusted with the custody of the Great Seal. . . .

Hoveden relates, that while Longchamp, the Chancellor, remained in England to administer the government, Malchien, as Vice-Chancellor, attended Richard in Sicily, on his way to Palestine, and was afterwards drowned near Cyprus, having the Great Seal suspended round his neck. It is said that the

King, on his return, ordered all charters that had been sealed with it to be re-sealed with another seal, bearing a different impression—made to replace it upon the suggestion that the lost seal might have been misapplied, and therefore would not properly authenticate the royal grants—this being, in reality, a device to draw money to his exhausted exchequer. . . .

We have one remarkable juridical monument of this reign—the Laws of Oleron, the foundation of the maritime jurisprudence of modern Europe, and cited as authority at the present day on both sides of the Atlantic. The work is said to have been written by Richard himself while on his travels, but of course must have been the production of Vice-Chancellor Malchien, or some lawyer who had accompanied him.

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH.

JOHN, PHILIP AUGUSTUS, AND INNOCENT III.

A.D. 1199—1216.

THE death of Richard, in 1199, gave Philip Augustus every opportunity which a wily foe could desire for profiting by the divisions of the family he had so long hated. The only male representatives of the Angevin house of Plantagenet were the boy Arthur, son of Constance and Geoffrey, and his uncle John. Arthur was undoubtedly the direct heir, but English custom had always placed on the throne an adult uncle in preference to a youthful nephew, and there was no hesitation in giving John the crown. The continental fiefs had, however, been accustomed to recognize the lineal succession, and, when John took possession of them, Philip gladly availed himself of the plea of Arthur's just rights for attacking him.

Philip was not free to prosecute the war with vigour, for he had incurred the severest censures of the Church. His first wife, Isabella of Hainault, had died three years after his return from the Holy Land, and he then chose as her successor, Ingeburga of Denmark. For this princess he unhappily conceived an insurmountable aversion, and under pretence of having discovered that he was too nearly related to her to allow of their marriage being lawful, he discarded her, and married the beautiful Agnes de Meranie, the daughter of a Tyrolese Count. Celestine III. was the reigning Pope when this offence was committed, and he immediately interfered to support the cause of Ingeburga; but he died before Philip could be brought to submission, and Innocent III., a pontiff of a very different disposition, was chosen to succeed him (A.D. 1198). A.D.
1198

The events of history are continually found to centre round some one individual whose character, by its strength and vigour, has the power of moulding the purposes and directing

the course of action of all his contemporaries. Such an imperious and overruling influence was that of Innocent III., a man with a Christian reputation so exalted that the cardinals who proclaimed him saluted him by the name of Innocent in testimony of his blameless life ; and whose keen intellect and firmness of purpose, when joined to his piety, wanted only tolerance and gentleness, which were in his day scarcely recognized as virtues, to render him the model of the visible Head of the Christian Church.

Innocent III. was raised to the papal throne at a moment peculiarly favourable for the exhibition of his most marked characteristics. Henry VI. of Germany was dead ; so also was Henry's enemy, Tancred of Sicily. Henry had made good his right to Sicily, and before his death the young son of Tancred had given up all claims to the Sicilian throne, and acknowledged the Emperor of Germany as his sovereign. The cruelty of Henry towards the family of Tancred had excited the indignation of the gentle Pope Celestine. The Emperor was excommunicated, for these and many other offences, and died before the sentence of the Church was removed (1197). The heir to his dominions was a boy of two years old, and the only guardian of the child's rights was his mother, the unfortunate Constantia the Nun, whose marriage had brought, and was destined still to bring, an accumulation of misery upon her family and country.

Three months only elapsed after the death of Henry VI. before Innocent III. became Pope ; and Constantia, in her helplessness, threw herself upon him for protection. The dream of Innocent like that of Gregory VII., was a visible spiritual dominion, which was to bring peace and virtue to the distracted kingdoms of the earth by an enforced submission to the authority of the Vicegerent of Christ. He granted Constantia his protection, on condition of her acknowledging him as the suzerain of the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, which was declared to be the patrimony of the Holy See. The promise of allegiance also was prospectively demanded from her son, the young Frederick. It was to be confirmed when he came of age ; but before the bull could be prepared which was thus to recognize Naples and Sicily as a subject

kingdom, a province of the papacy, Constantia fell ill and died, bequeathing her child to the guardianship of his liege lord the Pope. Thus, in less than one year after his accession to the papal throne, Innocent, besides his own large territories, possessed virtually the sovereignty of the Two Sicilies, whilst as the ally and protector of the great republican cities in the North of Italy he was recognized by them as their chief support in withstanding the encroachments of the German emperors.

Against such an authority, armed, not only with spiritual influence, but temporal might, Philip Augustus, powerful though he was, found that it was but weakness to contend. When his country was laid under an interdict and he himself was threatened with excommunication, he was compelled to yield.

Agnes was repudiated, Ingeburga nominally accepted; and Philip, being then freed from ecclesiastical censure, was able to turn his attention to the projects of ambition and revenge which had so long occupied his mind.

During the pressure of the interdict he had been unable to carry on his quarrel with John by upholding the claims of young Arthur of Brittany; he had even agreed to give Arthur no further support, and had arranged a marriage between his eldest son, Louis the Lion, and the Infanta Blanche, who was John's niece, being the daughter of his sister Eleanor, Queen of Castile. But notwithstanding this amicable settlement, he was really only waiting for a favourable opportunity to dispossess John of all his continental territories.

The occasion soon presented itself. John divorced his wife, Hawise, daughter of the Earl of Gloucester, and carried off and married Isabella of Angoulême, the affianced bride of his vassal the Count de la Marche. The Count appealed to Philip, as John's suzerain, and Philip cited John to appear before him and answer to the accusation. The English king took no notice, and Philip immediately had recourse to arms, and induced young Arthur to join with him. The Count de la Marche and Arthur jointly laid siege to the castle of Mirabeau, a few miles north of Poitiers. It was an ill-chosen attack, for the young Duke of Brittany had no claim to the place, since it was part of the inheritance of his grandmother, Queen Eleanor.

King John hastened to the relief of his mother, and, surprising the besieging party, took Arthur and his sister Eleanor prisoners.¹ The Prince was carried first to Falaise, afterwards to Rouen, whence he was never seen to come forth. Various reports have prevailed as to the manner of his death, but the almost universal belief at the time was that John, in an interview with his nephew, insisted upon his renouncing his title to the English crown, and, when a refusal was given, stabbed the unfortunate prince with his own hand, and, fastening a heavy stone to the body, cast it into the Seine. The charge of being the murderer of his nephew was never denied by John, and, as he did not attempt to produce Arthur when it would have been most important to him to refute the accusation, there can be no reasonable doubt that the young Breton duke perished whilst in his hands.

Arthur, as Duke of Brittany, was the vassal of Philip Augustus; and the French king again cited John before him to answer for his crime. When the summons was disregarded, Philip declared John contumacious, and sentenced him to the forfeiture of his fiefs. John could make but slight opposition. He was without money—without support. His barons hated and despised him. When therefore Philip invaded his continental territories, the English king, destitute of support from his own subjects, was unable to make head against him. John lost Normandy, Anjou, and Poitou; while Guienne and Gascony were retained by Queen Eleanor as her own inheritance.

This conquest was of immense importance to Philip Augustus, the chief object of whose reign was to lessen the power of his great vassals, and extend and consolidate the royal authority. He had previously acquired the provinces of Vermandois and Artois, and not long afterwards he obtained possession of Auvergne. So that France soon became almost more powerful than any other European kingdom.

A. D.
1207

In 1207 John incurred the censure of the Pope by refusing to receive as Archbishop of Canterbury Stephen Langton, whom Innocent had appointed to the primacy. With this quarrel and its consequences are connected the most important

¹ Eleanor was closely imprisoned by John, and died in captivity.

events of English ecclesiastical history.¹ England was placed under an interdict, and John, unable in consequence to reckon on the allegiance of his barons, was compelled to depend for support on the bands of mercenaries—or, as they were termed, Free Companions—who were raised and trained by experienced captains, and were ready to perform without scruple the behests of any prince who would give them a sufficient price for their services. A.D. 1208

For seven years John kept up his opposition to the Pope, though Innocent III. was far too powerful to be ultimately resisted by any sovereign who could not reckon on the allegiance of his own subjects. The temporal authority of the Pope had indeed increased since his accession. Not only did he hold in his hands the sovereignty of Naples and Sicily as the guardian of the young Frederick, the son of Henry VI. and Constantia, but he was also the arbiter between the princes who after the death of Henry contended for the election to the Empire. Henry had in his lifetime obtained the oath of allegiance of many of the German princes to his infant son, whom they acknowledged as King of the Romans, the title usually assumed by the Emperor's chosen successor; but it was so contrary to German usage, and so unsuited to the difficulties of the times to submit to an infant sovereign, that when Henry died, whilst Frederick was yet a child, the young King's uncle, Philip, Duke of Swabia, was elected to the Empire by a large body of princes and prelates. He was opposed by Otho of Saxony, the nephew of John of England, and the son of the great Saxon prince, Henry the Lion, who had proved treacherous to Frederick Barbarossa. Innocent was called upon to decide between the two parties. Like his predecessor, he dreaded and disliked the House of Hohenstaufen; his vote was given against Philip, and the princes of Europe were called upon to accept Otho as Emperor. A long strife followed, in which all the great powers of Christendom were more or less engaged. John of England naturally favoured his nephew, Otho; and Philip Augustus as naturally made an alliance with Philip of Swabia. For ten years the contest was carried on, and then the murder

¹ See *Life of Stephen Langton*, page 338.

of Philip, by a chieftain of his own party, gave Otho of Saxony undisputed possession of the empire.

This was the position of affairs in Germany when the struggle began between John and Innocent on the question of the primacy. Innocent III., who quarrelled with Otho immediately after his coronation at Rome, was still all-powerful, since he retained in his keeping the young King, Frederick II. of Sicily, whom he might at any moment set up as a rival to Otho. He had also interfered in the affairs of the small kingdoms of Spain, exacted subsidies, and induced Pedro, King of Aragon, to declare his country a feudatory of Rome, and to promise an annual tribute to the See of St. Peter. He had gained influence in Denmark as the protector of Ingeburga, the despised wife of Philip Augustus. He had sent a legate to Iceland, and—taking the kingdom of Hungary under his special protection—urged the valiant King Andrew to commence a new Crusade for the recovery of the Holy Land. Urgent appeals had been received from King Amaury de Lusignan. Saladin was dead, and the Mohammedans were again divided amongst themselves. There was therefore every prospect of success. Instigated by the fervid preaching of Fulk of Neuilly, the secondary princes of Europe were roused to action. But the fourth Crusade resulted in the temporary overthrow of the Greek sovereign of Constantinople, and the establishment of a Latin dynasty and a Latin Church in the Eastern Empire.¹ Innocent did not achieve his purpose as regarded the Holy Land, but he did recover Constantinople to Rome. The Crusade could scarcely in his eyes be a failure, and, encouraged by it, he determined to overcome by force an enemy more deadly than the Saracen, and who was at that very time eating into the heart of the orthodox faith of Christendom, and sowing the seeds of rebellion against the Church for future generations.²

The Albigensian heretics had rooted themselves in the fairest provinces of France. Innocent called for a crusade against them. The manner in which the appeal was answered is one of the most painful portions of mediæval history,

¹ See *Foundation of the Latin Empire*, page 285.

² See the *Albigenses*, page 311.

but the rise at this time of the two great religious orders of Dominicans and Franciscans, who, with spiritual rather than temporal weapons, came to the assistance of the Church in her struggle with heresy, has a peculiar interest, as testifying to the far-sighted policy of Innocent in giving free scope to the various dispositions and temperaments of individual bodies, whilst keeping them all in subjection to the papal authority.

"At this juncture," says Dean Milman, "arose almost simultaneously without concert, in different countries, two men, wonderfully adapted to arrest and avert the danger which threatened the whole hierarchical system. St. Dominic, the founder of the Friar Preachers, seized, and—if he did not wrest from the hands of the enemy—turned against him with indefatigable force his own fatal arms. By him Christendom was at once overspread with a host of zealous, active, devoted men, whose function was popular instruction. They were gathered from every country, and spoke therefore every language and dialect. In a few years, from the sierras of Spain to the steppes of Russia, from the Tiber to the Thames, the Trent, the Baltic Sea, the old faith, in its fullest mediæval, imaginative, inflexible rigour, was preached in almost every town and hamlet. The Dominicans did not confine themselves to popular teaching. The more dangerous—if as yet not absolutely disloyal—seats of the new learning, of inquiry, of intellectual movement, the Universities of Bologna, Paris, and Oxford, were invaded, and compelled to admit these stern apostles of unswerving orthodoxy. Their zeal soon overleaped the pale of Christendom. They plunged fearlessly into the remote darkness of Heathen and Mohammedan lands, from whence came back rumours, which were constantly stirring the minds of their votaries, of wonderful conversions, and not less wonderful martyrdoms. . . . St. Francis of Assisi, on the other hand, was endowed with that fervour of mystic devotion which spread, like an epidemic, with irresistible contagion among the lower orders throughout Christendom. It was superstition, but a superstition which had such an earnestness, warmth, tenderness, as to raise the religious feeling to an intense but gentle passion. It supplied never-failing counter-excite-

ment to rebellious reasoning, which gladly fell asleep again on its bosom. After the death of its author and example, it raised a new object of adoration, more near, more familiar, and second only—if second—to the Redeemer Himself. Jesus was supposed to have lived again in St. Francis, with at least as bright a halo of miracle around him, in absolute, almost surpassing perfection.

- A.D. 1221 "St. Dominic died August 6th, 1221. He was taken ill at Venice, removed with difficulty to Bologna, where he expired with saintly resignation. The admiration of their founder, if it rose not with the Dominicans so absolutely into divine adoration as with the Franciscans, yet bordered close upon it. He, too, was so closely approximated to the honour, as to be placed nearly on an equality—Dominic was the adopted son of the Blessed Virgin."¹

- It was whilst the war with the Albigenian heretics was still raging that the Pope enjoyed his final triumph over England. Finding that other means had failed to bring John to submission, Innocent took upon himself to absolve the King of England's vassals from their allegiance, and to exhort all Christian princes and barons to unite in deposing so faithless a son of the Church. With this sanction, Philip Augustus prepared in earnest for the invasion of England; and then it was that John, finding that he could reckon upon no aid, either from his own subjects or from any foreign ally, finally submitted; and not only agreed to receive Langton as Archbishop, but even humbled himself to declare England a fief of the papal dominions, to resign his crown to the legate, and to receive it back again from his hands at the end of three days.

By this means he gained the hearty support of the Pope, who now informed the French king that England, having become a fief of the Holy See, could not be invaded without insult to the Church. Though enraged at being thus trifled with, Philip dared not disobey. He desisted from his enterprise, and turned his arms against the Count of Flanders, who had refused to join him in the invasion of England, and

¹ St. Dominic's title, as founder of the L— acquisition, belongs to legend, not to history.

had allied himself with John's nephew, the Emperor Otho. Germany was still distracted by civil war, and the position of Otho was one of danger. He had, as before stated, quarrelled with Innocent immediately after his coronation; the cause of the dispute being the old vexed question as to the respective rights of the Emperor and the Pope over the cities and small states in the North of Italy. Innocent III. in his indignation at the claims of Otho, who desired not only to be Emperor of Germany and lord of the North of Italy, but also King of Naples and Sicily, excommunicated him. A strong party in Germany then turned against Otho, and, at a great meeting at Nuremberg, he was declared to be deposed, and the young Frederick II., the ward of the Pope, was summoned from his native kingdom of Sicily to accept the Imperial crown.

Great as was the traditional hatred of the Pope towards the House of Hohenstaufen, Innocent still felt that he was safer in recognizing the claims of the youth who had been brought up under his guardianship than in supporting the powerful and contumacious Otho. He declared openly for Frederick, whose cause was also espoused by the King of France. Otho gathered around him a powerful body of supporters. Amongst them came Ferrand, Count of Flanders, who was at open war with Philip Augustus, and a body of English troops sent to his assistance by John, and placed under the command of William Longespée, Earl of Salisbury, son of Henry II. and Fair Rosamond. John also himself invaded Poitou, but was repulsed by Philip's eldest son, Louis the Lion, at the very time that Otho and his allies were overthrown by Philip Augustus in person at Bouvines, in a battle so remarkable as to call for a separate notice.¹ The results of this battle were immense: Otho resigned his crown and retired to his dukedom of Brunswick, to end his days in obscurity. Frederick II. was acknowledged Emperor of Germany, and Philip Augustus went back to France with a prestige of glory, which gave such additional strength to his crown that from thenceforth the monarchy of France assumed proportions of greatness and power hitherto unknown. A. D. 1214

¹ See Battle of Bouvines, page 364.

John went home humiliated, to renew the violence and exactions which had long roused the indignation of his barons and gained him the hatred of his people. The barons at length united against him, and, supported by Stephen Langton, obtained from him, at the famous meeting at Runnymede, the Great Charter, which secured their liberties from thenceforth, and which they claimed as embodying the ancient laws of England and the code said to have been given by Edward the Confessor.¹ These laws they had indeed struggled against in the reigns of the early Norman kings, but now that the violence of the monarchs of the House of Anjou pressed upon them, they were anxious to restore them, as enabling them more securely to bind their sovereign.

But the oath sworn by compulsion was regarded as binding neither by King nor Pope, and while Innocent threatened the Archbishop and barons, John summoned the Free Companies to take vengeance on his subjects.

The barons, aided by Alexander, King of Scotland, rose in insurrection. John was at first successful against them, and penetrated even to Edinburgh in pursuit of Alexander, evincing in the expedition his usual brutality, by taking delight in setting fire with his own hands each morning to the house in which he had lodged at night. The barons, finding themselves hard pressed, sought for aid from Louis the Lion, the husband of John's niece, Blanche of Castile; offering him as his reward the crown of England. Louis landed in England, and John and his mercenaries retreated northwards under the walls of Dover. The French prince received the homage of Alexander of Scotland, and then proceeded to London. The degradation of England seemed complete; but the triumph of Louis was short-lived. Dissensions broke out amongst his followers, and some of the barons returned to their allegiance, and John's cause seemed likely again to prosper when death cut short his career. He had taken Lincoln, and marched to Lynn, intending there to cross the Wash. He himself passed safely with his army, but the advancing tide overwhelmed his baggage and all his treasures. Vexation of mind at this loss produced fever, and John died, at Newark, on 19th October,

¹ See King John and the English Constitution, page 375.

1216; in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the seventeenth ^{A.D.} 1216 of his reign.

Great indeed was the change in the condition of England since the first Angevin king took possession of the throne. In 1154, Henry II. had seemed on the point of absorbing in his grasp the whole kingdom of France; and at the time of the death of his youngest son, in 1216, the heir of France was absolutely in possession of the English capital.

That same year died Innocent III., leaving to his successor the task of competing with the growing power of the young Emperor, Frederick II., whilst the liberties of England were to be strengthened, and the germ of her free constitution to expand, under the long minority and weak reign of Henry III.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE LATIN EMPIRE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

A.D. 1185.

(From GIBBON'S "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.")

THE restoration of the Western Empire by Charlemagne was speedily followed by the separation of the Greek and Latin Churches. A religious and national animosity still divides the two largest communions of the Christian world; and the schism of Constantinople, by alienating her most useful allies and provoking her most dangerous enemies, has precipitated the decline and fall of the Roman Empire in the East. . . . Of this hostile temper a large portion may doubtless be ascribed to the difference of language, dress, and manners, which severs and alienates the nations of the globe. The pride, as well as the prudence of the Greek sovereign, was deeply wounded by the intrusion of foreign armies which claimed a right of traversing his dominions, and passing under the walls of his capital; his subjects were insulted and plundered by the rude strangers of the West: and the hatred of the pusillanimous Greeks was sharpened by secret

envy of the bold and pious enterprises of the Franks, whilst these profane causes of national enmity were fortified and inflamed by religious zeal. . . . The Crusades introduced a frequent and familiar intercourse between the two nations, which, however, enlarged their knowledge without abating their prejudices ; . . . and the scruples of the first Crusaders neglected the fairest opportunities of securing, by the possession of
A.D. 1185 Constantinople, the way to the Holy Land. But a domestic revolution invited, and almost compelled, the French and Venetians to achieve the conquest of the Roman Empire of the East.

It was a revolution which cast Andronicus, the last male of the Comnenian family, headlong from the throne and saved and exalted Isaac Angelus, who descended by the female line from the same Imperial dynasty. . . . Vain, and jealous of the supreme power which he wanted courage and abilities to exercise, the vices of Isaac Angelus were pernicious, his virtues (if he possessed any virtues) were useless to mankind, and the Greeks, who imputed their calamities to his negligence, denied him the merit of any transient or accidental benefits of the times. . . .

While Isaac in the Thracian valleys pursued the idle and solitary pleasures of the chase, his brother Alexius Angelus was invested with the purple by the unanimous suffrage of the camp ; the capital and clergy subscribed to their choice ; and the vanity of the new sovereign rejected the name of his fathers for the lofty and royal appellation of the Comnenian race. The first intelligence of his fall was conveyed to Isaac Angelus by the hostile aspect and pursuit of the guards, no longer his own ; he fled before them above fifty miles, as far as Stagyra in Macedonia ; but the fugitive, without an object or a follower, was arrested, brought back to Constantinople, deprived of his eyes, and confined in a lonesome tower on a scanty allowance of bread and water. At the moment of the revolution, his son Alexius, whom he educated in the hope of empire, was twelve years of age. He was spared by the usurper, and reduced to attend his triumph both in peace and war ; but as the army was encamped on the sea-shore, an Italian vessel facilitated the escape of the royal youth, and in the disguise of a common

sailor he eluded the search of his enemies, passed the Hellespont, and found a secure refuge in the Isle of Sicily. After saluting the threshold of the Apostles, and imploring the protection of Pope Innocent the Third, Alexius accepted the kind invitation of his sister Irene, the wife of Philip of Swabia, King of the Romans. But in his passage through Italy, he heard that the flower of Western chivalry was assembled at Venice for the deliverance of the Holy Land; and a ray of hope was kindled in his bosom that their invincible swords might be employed in his father's restoration.

About ten or twelve years after the loss of Jerusalem, the nobles of France were again summoned to the Holy War by the voice of a third prophet, less extravagant, perhaps, than Peter the Hermit, but far below St. Bernard in the merit of an orator and a statesman. An illiterate priest of the neighbourhood of Paris, Fulk of Neuilly, forsook his parochial duty to assume the more flattering character of a popular and itinerant missionary. The fame of his sanctity and miracles spread over the land: he declaimed with severity and vehemence against the vices of the age, and his sermons which he preached in the streets of Paris converted the robbers, the usurers, and even the doctors and scholars of the University. No sooner did Innocent the Third ascend the chair of St. Peter, than he proclaimed in Germany, Italy, and France, the obligation of a new Crusade. . . The situation of the principal monarchs was averse to the pious summons. . . But the preacher was heard and obeyed by the great vassals, the princes of the second order; and Theobald, or Thibaut, Count of Champagne, was the foremost in the holy race. The valiant youth, at the age of twenty-two years, was encouraged by the domestic examples of his father, who marched in the second Crusade, and of his elder brother, who had ended his days in Palestine with the title of King of Jerusalem: two thousand two hundred knights owed service and homage to his peerage; the nobles of Champagne excelled in all the exercises of war; and, by his marriage with the heiress of Navarre, Thibaut could draw a band of hardy Gascons from either side of the Pyrenæan mountains. His companion in arms was Louis, Count of Blois and Chartres, like himself of regal lineage; for both the princes were nephews

A.D.
1198

at the same time of the kings of France and England. In a crowd of prelates and barons, who imitated their zeal, I distinguish the birth and merit of Matthew of Montmorency ; the famous Simon of Montfort, the scourge of the Albigeois ; and a valiant noble, Geoffrey of Villehardouin, Marshal of Champagne, who has condescended, in the rude idiom of his age and country, to write or dictate an original narrative of the councils and actions in which he bore a memorable part.

At the same time Baldwin, Count of Flanders, who had married the sister of Thibaut, assumed the cross at Bruges, with his brother Henry and the principal knights and citizens of that rich and industrious province. The vow which the chiefs had pronounced in churches they ratified in tournaments : the operations of the war were debated in full and frequent assemblies, and it was resolved to seek the deliverance of Palestine in Egypt, a country, since Saladin's death, which was almost ruined by famine and civil war. But the fate of so many royal armies displayed the toils and perils of a land expedition, and if the Flemings dwelt along the ocean, the French barons were destitute of ships and ignorant of navigation. They embraced the wise resolution of choosing six deputies or representatives, of whom Villehardouin was one, with a discretionary trust to direct the motions and to pledge the faith of the whole confederacy. The maritime states of Italy were alone possessed of the means of transporting the holy warriors and their arms and horses ; and the six deputies proceeded to Venice to solicit, on motives of piety or interest, the aid of that powerful Republic. . . .

When the six ambassadors of the French pilgrims arrived at Venice, they were hospitably entertained in the Palace of St. Mark by the reigning duke : his name was Henry Dandolo, and he shone in the last period of human life as one of the most illustrious characters of the times. Under the weight of years, and after the loss of his eyes, Dandolo retained a sound understanding, and a manly courage ; the spirit of a hero, ambitious to signalize his reign by some memorable exploits ; and the wisdom of a patriot, anxious to build his fame on the glory and advantage of his country. He praised the bold enthusiasm and liberal confidence of the barons and their

deputies, in such a cause ; and, with such associates, he should aspire, were he a private man, to terminate his life ; but he was the servant of the Republic, and some delay was requisite to consult, on this arduous business, the judgment of his colleagues.

The proposal of the French was first debated by the six sages who had been recently appointed to control the administration of the Doge : it was next disclosed to the forty members of the Council of State, and finally communicated to the Legislative Assembly of four hundred and fifty representatives, who were annually chosen in the six quarters of the city. In peace and war, the Doge was still the chief of the Republic ; his legal authority was supported by the personal reputation of Dandolo ; his arguments of public interest were balanced and approved ; and he was authorized to inform the ambassadors of the following conditions of the treaty. It was proposed that the Crusaders should assemble at Venice on the Feast of St. John of the ensuing year : that flat-bottomed vessels should be prepared for 4,500 horses and 9,000 squires, with a number of ships sufficient for the embarkation of 4,500 knights and 20,000 foot ; that during a term of nine months they should be supplied with provisions, and transported to whatsoever coast the service of God and Christendom should require, and that the Republic should join the armament with a squadron of fifty galleys. It was required that the pilgrims should pay, before their departure, a sum of 85,000 marks of silver ; and that all conquests by sea and land should be equally divided between the confederates. The terms were hard, but the emergency was pressing, and the French barons were not less profuse of money than of blood. A general assembly was convened to ratify the treaty ; the stately Chapel and Place of St. Mark were filled with ten thousand citizens ; and the noble deputies were taught a new lesson of humbling themselves before the majesty of the people. "Illustrious Venetians," said the Marshal of Champagne, "we are sent by the greatest and most powerful barons of France to implore the aid of the masters of the sea for the deliverance of Jerusalem. They have enjoined us to fall prostrate at your feet ; nor will we rise from the ground till you have promised to avenge with us the injuries of Christ."

The eloquence of their words and tears, their martial aspect and suppliant attitude, were applauded by a universal shout. "as it were," says Villehardouin, "by the sound of an earthquake." The venerable Doge ascended the pulpit to urge their request by those motives of honour and virtue which alone can be offered to a popular assembly; the treaty was transcribed on parchment, attested with oaths and seals, mutually accepted by the weeping and joyful representatives of France and Venice, and despatched to Rome for the approbation of Pope Innocent the Third. Two thousand marks were borrowed of the merchants for the first expenses of the armament. Of the six deputies, two repassed the Alps to announce their success, while their four companions made a fruitless trial of the zeal and emulation of the Republics of Genoa and Pisa.

A. D.
1202 The execution of the treaty was still opposed by unforeseen difficulties and delays. The Marshal on his return to Troyes was embraced and approved by Thibaut, Count of Champagne, who had been unanimously chosen general of the confederates. But the health of that valiant youth already declined, and soon became hopeless, and he deplored the untimely fate which condemned him to expire, not in a field of battle, but on a bed of sickness. To his brave and numerous vassals, the dying prince distributed his treasures; they swore in his presence to accomplish his vow, and their own; but some there were, says the Marshal, who accepted his gifts and forfeited their word. The more resolute champions of the Cross held a parliament at Soissons for the election of a new general, but such was the incapacity, or jealousy, or reluctance of the princes of France, that none could be found both able and willing to assume the conduct of the enterprise. They acquiesced in the choice of a stranger—of Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, descended of a race of heroes, and himself of conspicuous fame in the wars and negotiations of the time; nor could the piety or ambition of the Italian chief decline the honourable invitation. . . . About the feast of Pentecost he displayed his banner and marched towards Venice at the head of the Italians; he was preceded or followed by the Counts of Flanders and Blois, and the most respectable barons of France; and their numbers were swelled by

the pilgrims of Germany, whose object and motives were similar to their own. The Venetians had fulfilled, and even surpassed, their engagements; stables were constructed for the horses, and barracks for the troops; the magazines were abundantly replenished with forage and provisions, and the fleet of transport ships and galleys was ready to hoist sail as soon as the Republic had received the price of the freight and armament. But that price far exceeded the wealth of the Crusaders who were assembled at Venice. The Flemings, whose obedience to their Count was voluntary and precarious, had embarked in their vessels for the long navigation of the ocean and Mediterranean, and many of the French and Italians had preferred a cheaper and more convenient passage from Marseilles and Apulia to the Holy Land. Each pilgrim might complain that, after he had furnished his own contribution, he was made responsible for the deficiency of his absent brethren; the gold and silver plate of the chiefs, which they freely delivered to the treasury of St. Mark, was a generous but inadequate sacrifice, and, after all their efforts, 34,000 marks were still wanting to complete the stipulated sum. The obstacle was removed by the policy and patriotism of the Doge, who proposed to the barons, that if they would join their arms in reducing some revolted cities of Dalmatia, he would expose his person in the Holy War, and obtain from the Republic a long indulgence till some wealthy conquest should afford the means of satisfying the debt. After much scruple and hesitation, they chose rather to accept the offer than to relinquish the enterprise; and the first hostilities of the fleet and army were directed against Zara, a strong city of the Sclavonian coast which had renounced its allegiance to Venice, and implored the protection of the King of Hungary. The Crusaders burst the chain or boom of the harbour, landed their horses, troops, and military engines, and compelled the inhabitants after a defence of five days to surrender at discretion. Their lives were spared, but the revolt was punished by the pillage of their houses and the demolition of their walls.

The season was far advanced: the French and Venetians resolved to pass the winter in a secure harbour and plentiful country; but their repose was disturbed by national and tumultuous

tuous quarrels of the soldiers and mariners. The conquest of Zara had scattered the seeds of discord and scandal : the arms of the allies had been stained with the blood, not of infidels, but of Christians ; the King of Hungary and his new subjects were themselves enlisted under the banner of the Cross, and the scruples of the devout were magnified by the fear or lassitude of the reluctant pilgrims. The Pope had excommunicated the false Crusaders, who had pillaged and massacred their brethren, and only the Marquis Boniface and Simon de Montfort escaped these spiritual thunders ; the one by his absence from the siege, the other by his final departure from the camp. Innocent might absolve the simple and submissive penitents of France, but he was provoked by the stubbornness of the Venetians, who refused to confess their guilt, to accept their pardon, or to allow, in their temporal concerns, the interposition of a priest.

The assembly of such formidable powers by sea and land had revived the hopes of young Alexius, and both at Venice and at Zara he solicited the arms of the Crusaders for his own restoration and his father's deliverance. The royal youth was recommended by Philip, King of Germany :¹ his prayers and presence excited the compassion of the camp, and his cause was embraced and pleaded by the Marquis of Montferrat and the Doge of Venice. . . . Their influence procured a favourable audience for the ambassadors of Alexius, and if the magnitude of his offers excited some suspicion, the motives and rewards which he displayed might justify the delay and diversion of those forces which had been consecrated to the deliverance of Jerusalem. He promised, in his own and in his father's name, that as soon as they should be seated on the throne of Constantinople they would terminate the long schism of the Greeks, and submit themselves and their people to the lawful supremacy of the Romish Church. He engaged to recompense the labours and merits of the Crusaders by the immediate payment of 200,000 marks of silver ; to accompany them in person to Egypt, or, if it should be judged more advantageous, to maintain during a year 10,000 men, and, during his life, 500 knights for the service of the Holy Land. These

¹ The rival of the Emperor Otho.


tempting conditions were accepted by the Republic of Venice, and the eloquence of the Doge and Marquis persuaded the Counts of Flanders, Blois, and St. Pol, with eight barons of France, to join in the glorious enterprise. A treaty of offensive and defensive alliance was confirmed by their oaths and seals, and each individual, according to his situation and character, was swayed by the hope of public or private advantage; by the honour of restoring an exiled monarch; or by the sincere and probable opinion that their efforts in Palestine would be fruitless and unavailing, and that the acquisition of Constantinople must precede and prepare the recovery of Jerusalem. But they were the chiefs or equals of a valiant band of freemen or volunteers, who thought and acted for themselves; the soldiers and clergy were divided, and if a large majority subscribed to the alliance, the numbers and arguments of the dissidents were strong and respectable. The boldest hearts were appalled by the report of the naval power and impregnable strength of Constantinople, and their apprehensions were disguised to the world, and perhaps to themselves, by the more decent objections of religion and duty. They alleged the sanctity of a vow which had drawn them from their families and homes to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre; nor should the dark and crooked counsels of human policy divert them from a pursuit, the event of which was in the hands of the Almighty. Their first offence, the attack of Zara, had been severely punished by the reproach of their conscience and the censures of the Pope; nor would they again imbrue their hands in the blood of their fellow-Christians. . . . On these principles and pretences many pilgrims, the most distinguished for their valour and piety, withdrew from the camp, and their retreat was less pernicious than the open or secret opposition of a discontented party that laboured on every occasion to separate the army and disappoint the enterprise. Notwithstanding this defection, the departure of the fleet and army was vigorously pressed by the Venetians, whose zeal for the service of the royal youth concealed a just resentment to his nation and family. They were mortified by the recent preference which had been given to Pisa, the rival of their trade; they had a long arrear of debt and injury to liquidate with the Byzantine

A. D.
1203

court, and Dandolo might not discourage the popular tale that he had been deprived of his eyes by the Emperor Manuel, who perfidiously violated the sanctity of an ambassador. A similar armament for ages had not rode the Adriatic ; it was composed of 120 flat-bottomed vessels or *palanders* for the horses ; 240 transports filled with men and arms ; 70 store-ships laden with provisions ; and 50 stout galleys well prepared for the encounter of an enemy. While the wind was favourable, the sky serene, and the water smooth, every eye was fixed with wonder and delight on the scene of military and naval pomp which overspread the sea. The shields of the knights and squires, at once an ornament and a defence, were arranged on either side of the ships ; the banners of the nations and families were displayed from the stern ; our modern artillery was supplied by three hundred engines for casting stones and darts ; the fatigues of the way were cheered with the sound of music, and the spirits of the adventurers were raised by the mutual assurance that 40,000 Christian heroes were equal to the conquest of the world. . . . As they penetrated through the Hellespont, the magnitude of their navy was compressed in a narrow channel ; and the face of the waters was darkened with innumerable sails. They again expanded in the basin of the Propontis, and traversed that placid sea till they approached the European shore at the abbey of St. Stephen, three leagues to the west of Constantinople. The prudent Doge dissuaded them from dispersing themselves in a populous and hostile land ; and as their stock of provisions was reduced, it was resolved in the season of harvest to replenish their store-ships in the fertile islands of the Propontis. With this resolution they directed their course, but a strong gale and their own impatience drove them to the eastward, and so near did they run to the shore and the city that some volleys of stones and darts were exchanged between the ships and the ramparts. As they passed along they gazed with admiration on the capital of the East, or, as it should seem, of the earth, rising from her seven hills, and towering over the continents of Europe and Asia. The swelling domes and lofty spires of five hundred palaces and churches were gilded by the sun and reflected in the waters, the walls were crowded with soldiers and spectators, whose numbers they beheld, of

whose temper they were ignorant ; and each heart was chilled by the reflection that since the beginning of the world such an enterprise had never been undertaken by such a handful of warriors. But the momentary apprehension was dispelled by hope and valour ; and "every man," says the Marshal of Champagne, "glanced his eye on the sword or lance which he must speedily use in the glorious conflict." The Latins cast anchor before Chalcedon ; the mariners only were left in the vessels ; the soldiers, horses, and arms were safely landed ; and in the luxury of an Imperial palace the barons tasted the firstfruits of their success. On the third day the fleet and army moved towards Scutari, the Asiatic suburb of Constantinople ; a detachment of five hundred Greek horse was surprised and defeated by fourscore French knights, and in a halt of nine days the camp was plentifully supplied with provisions.

In relating the invasion of a great empire, it may seem strange that I have not described the obstacles which should have checked the progress of the strangers. The Greeks, in truth, were an unwarlike people ; but they were rich, industrious, and subject to the will of a single man, had that man been capable of fear when his enemies were at a distance, or of courage when they approached his person. The first rumour of his nephew's alliance with the French and Venetians was despised by the usurper Alexius ; his flatterers persuaded him that in this contempt he was bold and sincere ; and each evening, in the close of the banquet, he thrice discomfited the barbarians of the West. These barbarians had been justly terrified by the report of his naval power, and the sixteen hundred fishing-boats of Constantinople could have manned a fleet to sink them in the Adriatic, or stop their entrance in the mouth of the Hellespont. But all force may be annihilated by the negligence of the prince and the venality of his ministers. The great duke, or admiral, made a scandalous, almost a public, auction of the sails, the masts, and the rigging ; the royal forests were reserved for the more important purpose of the chase, and "the trees," says Nicetas, "were guarded by the eunuchs like the groves of religious worship." From his dream of pride, Alexius was awakened by the siege of Zara and the




rapid advances of the Latins. As soon as he saw the danger was real, he thought it inevitable, and his vain presumption was lost in abject despondency and despair. He suffered these contemptible barbarians to pitch their camp in the sight of the palace ; and his apprehensions were thinly disguised by the pomp and menace of a suppliant embassy. The sovereign of the Romans was astonished (his ambassadors were instructed to say) at the hostile appearance of the strangers. If these pilgrims were sincere in their vow for the deliverance of Jerusalem, his voice must applaud, and his treasures should assist, their pious designs ; but should they dare to invade the sanctuary of his empire, their numbers, were they ten times more considerable, should not protect them from his just resentment. The answer of the Doge and barons was simple and magnanimous : " In the cause of honour and justice," they said, " we despise the usurper of Greece, his threats, and his offers. Our friendship and his allegiance are due to the lawful heir, to the young prince who is seated among us, and to his father, the Emperor Isaac, who has been deprived of his sceptre, his freedom, and his eyes, by the crime of an ungrateful brother. Let that brother confess his guilt and implore forgiveness, and we ourselves will intercede, that he may be permitted to live in affluence and security. But let him not insult us by a second message ; our reply will be made in arms, in the palace of Constantinople."

On the tenth day of their encampment at Scutari, the Crusaders prepared themselves as soldiers and as Catholics for the passage of the Bosphorus. Perilous indeed was the adventure. The stream was broad and rapid : in a calm the current of the Euxine might drive down the liquid and inextinguishable fire of the Greeks ; and the opposite shores of Europe were defended by 70,000 horse and foot in formidable array. On this memorable day, which happened to be bright and pleasant, the Latins were distributed in six *battles*, or divisions ; the first, or vanguard, was led by the Count of Flanders, one of the most powerful of the Christian princes in the skill and number of his crossbows. The four successive *battles* of the French were commanded by his brother Henry, the Counts of St. Pol and Blois, and Matthew of Montmorency ; the last of whom

was honoured by the voluntary service of the Marshal and nobles of Champagne. The sixth division, the rearguard and reserve of the army, was conducted by the Marquis of Montferrat, at the head of the Germans and Lombards. The chargers saddled, with their long caparisons dragging on the ground, were embarked in the flat *palanders*, and the knights stood by the side of their horses in complete armour, their helmets laced and their lances in their hands. Their numerous train of sergeants and archers occupied the transports, and each transport was towed by the strength and swiftness of a galley. The six divisions traversed the Bosphorus without encountering an enemy or an obstacle: to land the foremost was the wish, to conquer or die was the resolution, of every division and of every soldier. Zealous of the pre-eminence of danger, the knights in their heavy armour leaped into the sea when it rose as high as their girdle: the sergeants and archers were animated by their valour, and the squires, letting down the drawbridges of the *palanders*, led the horses to the shore. Before the squadrons could mount and form and couch their lances, the 70,000 Greeks had vanished from their sight; the timid Alexius gave the example to his troops, and it was only by the plunder of his rich pavilions that the Latins were informed that they had fought against an Emperor. In the first consternation of the flying enemy they resolved, by a double attack, to open the entrance of the harbour. The Tower of Galata, in the suburb of Pera, was attacked and stormed by the French, while the Venetians assumed the more difficult task of forcing the boom or chain that was stretched from that tower to the Byzantine shore. After some fruitless attempts their intrepid perseverance prevailed: twenty ships of war, the relics of the Grecian navy, were either sunk or taken; the enormous and massy links of iron were cut asunder by the shears or broken by the weight of the galleys, and the Venetian fleet, safe and triumphant, rode at anchor in the port of Constantinople. . . .


In the choice of the attack the French and Venetians were divided by their habits of life and warfare. The former affirmed, with truth, that Constantinople was most accessible on the side of the sea and the harbour. The latter might




assert with honour, that they had long enough trusted their lives and fortunes to a frail bark and precarious element, and loudly demanded a trial of knighthood—a firm ground and a close onset, either on foot or horseback. After a prudent compromise, of employing the two nations by sea and land in the service best suited to their character, the fleet covering the army, they both proceeded from the entrance to the extremity of the harbour: the stone bridge of the river was hastily repaired, and the six *battles* of the French formed their encampment against the front of the capital, the basis of the triangle, which runs about four miles from the port to the Propontis. On the edge of a broad ditch at the foot of a lofty rampart they had leisure to contemplate the difficulties of their enterprise. The gates to the right and left of their narrow camp poured forth frequent sallies of cavalry and light infantry, which cut off their stragglers, swept the country of provisions, sounded the alarm five or six times in the course of each day, and compelled them to plant a palisade and sink an intrenchment for their immediate safety. In the supplies and convoys the Venetians had been too sparing, or the Franks too voracious; the usual complaints of hunger and scarcity were heard, and perhaps felt; their stock of flour would be exhausted in three weeks, and their disgust of salt meat tempted them to taste the flesh of their horses. The trembling usurper was supported by Theodore Lascaris, his son-in-law, a valiant youth who aspired to save and rule his country; the Greeks, regardless of that country, were awakened to the defence of their religion, but their firmest hope was in the strength and spirit of the Varangian guards of the Danes and English, as they are named in the writers of the times.

After ten days' incessant labour, the ground was levelled, the ditch filled, the approaches of the besiegers were regularly made, and 250 engines of assault exercised their various powers to clear the rampart, to batter the walls, and to sap the foundations. On the first appearance of a breach, the scaling-ladders were applied; the numbers that defended the vantage-ground repulsed and oppressed the adventurous Latins, but they admired the resolution of fifteen knights and sergeants who had gained the ascent and maintained their perilous station till they

were precipitated or made prisoners by the Imperial guards. On the side of the harbours the naval attack was more successfully conducted by the Venetians, and that industrious people employed every resource that was known and practised before the invention of gunpowder. A double line three bowshots in front was formed by the galleys and ships, and the swift motion of the former was supported by the weight and loftiness of the latter, whose decks, and poops, and turrets were the platforms of military engines that discharged their shot over the heads of the first line. The soldiers who leaped from the galleys on shore, immediately planted and ascended their scaling-ladders, while the large ships, advancing more slowly into the intervals and lowering a drawbridge, opened a way through the air from their masts to the rampart. In the midst of the conflict the Doge, a venerable and conspicuous form, stood aloft in complete armour on the prow of his galley. The great standard of St. Mark was displayed before him; his threats, promises, and exhortations urged the diligence of the rowers; his vessel was the first that struck, and Dandolo was the first warrior on the shore. The nations admired the magnanimity of the blind old man, without reflecting that his age and infirmities diminished the price of life and enhanced the value of immortal glory. On a sudden, by an invisible hand (for the standard-bearer was probably slain) the banner of the Republic was fixed on the rampart: twenty-five towers were rapidly occupied; and by the cruel expedient of fire the Greeks were driven from the adjacent quarter. The Doge had despatched the intelligence of his success, when he was checked by the danger of his confederates. Nobly declaring that he would rather die with the pilgrims than gain a victory by their destruction, Dandolo relinquished his advantage, recalled his troops, and hastened to the scene of action. He found six weary diminutive *battles* of the French encompassed by sixty squadrons of the Greek cavalry, the least of which was more numerous than the largest of their divisions. Shame and despair had provoked Alexius to the last effort of a general sally; but he was awed by the firm order and manly aspect of the Latins, and, after skirmishing at a distance, withdrew in the close of the evening. The silence or tumult of the night exasperated his fears, and




the timid usurper, collecting a treasure of ten thousand pounds of gold, basely deserted his wife, his people, and his fortune : threw himself into a bark, stole through the Bosphorus, and landed in shameful safety in an obscure harbour of Thrace. As soon as they were apprised of his flight the Greek nobles sought pardon and peace in the dungeon, where the blind Isaac expected each hour the visit of the executioner. Again saved and exalted by the vicissitudes of fortune, the captive in his imperial robes was replaced on the throne and surrounded with prostrate slaves, whose real terror and affected joy he was incapable of discerning. At the dawn of the day hostilities were suspended, and the Latin chiefs were surprised by a message from the lawful and reigning Emperor, who was impatient to embrace his son and to reward his generous deliverers. But these generous deliverers were unwilling to release their hostage till they had obtained from his father the payment, or at least a promise, of their recompense. They chose four ambassadors—Matthew of Montmorency, our historian the Marshal of Champagne, and two Venetians—to congratulate the Emperor. The gates were thrown open on their approach, the streets on both sides were lined with the battle-axes of the Danish and English guard, the presence-chamber glittered with gold and jewels, the false substitutes of virtue and power ; by the side of the blind Isaac his wife was seated, the sister of the King of Hungary ; and by her appearance the noble matrons of Greece were drawn from their retirement and mingled with the circle of senators and soldiers. The Latins, by the mouth of the Marshal, spoke like men conscious of their merits, but who respected the work of their own hands ; and the Emperor clearly understood that his son's engagements with Venice and the pilgrims must be ratified without hesitation or delay. Withdrawing into a private chamber with the Empress, a chamberlain, an interpreter, and the four ambassadors, the father of young Alexius inquired with some anxiety into the nature of his stipulations—the submission of the Eastern Empire to the Pope, the succour of the Holy Land, and a present contribution of 200,000 marks of silver. "These conditions are weighty," was his prudent reply ; "they are hard to accept, and difficult to perform. But no conditions can exceed the measure of your services and



deserts." After this satisfactory assurance, the barons mounted on horseback, and introduced the heir of Constantinople to the city and palace. His youth and marvellous adventures engaged every heart in his favour, and Alexius was solemnly crowned with his father in the dome of St. Sophia. In the first days of his reign the people, already blessed with the restoration of plenty and peace, were delighted by the joyful catastrophe of the tragedy, and the discontent of the nobles, their regret and their fears, were covered by the polished surface of pleasure and loyalty. The mixture of two discordant nations in the same capital might have been pregnant with mischief and danger, and the suburb of Galata, or Pera, was assigned for the quarters of the French and Venetians. But the liberty of trade and familiar intercourse was allowed between the friendly nations, and each day the pilgrims were tempted by devotion or curiosity to visit the churches and palaces of Constantinople.

Their rude minds, insensible, perhaps, of the finer arts, were astonished by the magnificent scenery ; and the poverty of their native towns enhanced the populousness and riches of the first metropolis of Christendom. Descending from his state, young Alexius was prompted by interest and gratitude to repeat his frequent and familiar visits to his Latin allies, and in the freedom of the table the gay petulance of the French sometimes forgot the Emperor of the East. In their most serious conferences it was agreed that the re-union of the two Churches must be the result of patience and time ; but avarice was less tractable than zeal, and a large sum was instantly disbursed to appease the wants and silence the importunity of the Crusaders. Alexius was alarmed by the approaching hour of their departure : their absence might have relieved him from the engagement which he was yet incapable of performing : but his friends would have left him, naked and alone, to the caprice and prejudice of a perfidious nation. He wished to bribe their stay, the delay of a year, by undertaking to defray their expense and to satisfy in their name the freight of the Venetian vessels. The offer was agitated in the council of the barons, and after a repetition of their debates and scruples, a majority of votes again acquiesced in the advice of the Doge and the prayer of the young Emperor. At the price of sixteen hundred pounds of gold he




prevailed on the Marquis of Montferrat to lead him with an army round the provinces of Europe, to establish his authority and to pursue his uncle, while Constantinople was awed by the presence of Baldwin, and his confederates of France and Flanders. The expedition was successful ; the blind Emperor exulted in the success of his arms, and listened to the predictions of his flatterers, that the same Providence which had raised him from the dungeon to the throne would heal his gout, restore his sight, and watch over the long prosperity of his reign. Yet the mind of the suspicious old man was tormented by the rising glories of his son ; nor could his pride conceal from his envy, that, while his own name was pronounced in faint and reluctant acclamations, the royal youth was the theme of spontaneous and universal praise.

By the recent invasion, the Greeks were awakened from a dream of nine centuries ; from the vain presumption that the capital of the Roman Empire was impregnable to foreign arms. The strangers of the West had violated the city, and bestowed the sceptre of Constantine ; their imperial clients soon became as unpopular as themselves : the well-known vices of Isaac were rendered contemptible by his infirmities, and the young Alexius was hated as an apostate who had renounced the manners and religion of his country. His secret covenant with the Latins was divulged or suspected ; the people, and especially the clergy, were devoutly attached to their faith and superstition, and every convent and every shop resounded with the darger of the Church and the tyranny of the Pope. An empty treasury could ill supply the demands of regal luxury and foreign extortion : the Greeks refused to avert, by a general tax, the impending evils of servitude and pillage ; the oppression of the rich excited a more dangerous and personal resentment, and, if the Emperor melted the plate and despoiled the images of the sanctuary, he seemed to justify the complaints of heresy and sacrilege. During the absence of Marquis Boniface and his imperial pupil, Constantinople was visited with a calamity which might justly be imputed to the zeal and indiscretion of the Flemish pilgrims. In one of their visits to the city they were scandalized by the aspect of a mosch or synagogue. . . . Their effectual mode of controversy was to attack the infidels

with the sword and their habitations with fire, but the infidels and some Christian neighbours presumed to defend their lives and properties, and the flames which bigotry had kindled consumed the most orthodox and innocent structures. During eight days and nights the conflagration spread above a league in front from the harbour to the Propontis, over the thickest and most populous regions of the city. It is not easy to count the stately churches and palaces that were reduced to a smoking ruin, to value the merchandise that perished in the trading streets, or to number the families that were involved in the common destruction. By the outrage which the Doge and the barons in vain affected to disclaim, the name of the Latins became still more unpopular, and the colony of that nation, above fifteen thousand persons, consulted their safety in a hasty retreat from the city to the protection of their standard in the suburb of Pera.

The Emperor returned in triumph ; but the firmest and most dexterous policy would have been insufficient to steer him through the tempest which overwhelmed the person and government of that unhappy youth. His own inclination and his father's advice attached him to his benefactors : Alexius hesitated between gratitude and patriotism ; between the fear of his subjects and of his allies. By his feeble and fluctuating conduct he lost the esteem and confidence of both ; and while he invited the Marquis of Montferrat to occupy the palace, he suffered the nobles to conspire and the people to arm for the deliverance of their country. Regardless of his painful situation, the Latin chiefs repeated their demands, resented his delays, suspected his intentions, and exacted a decisive answer of peace or war. The haughty summons was delivered by three French knights and three Venetian deputies, who girded their swords, mounted their horses, pierced through the angry multitude, and entered with a fearless countenance the palace and presence of the Greek Emperor. In a peremptory tone they recapitulated their services and his engagements, and boldly declared that unless their just claims were fully and immediately satisfied they should no longer hold him either as a sovereign or a friend. After this defiance, the first that ever wounded an Imperial ear, they departed without



showing any symptoms of fear; but their escape from a servile palace and a furious city astonished the ambassadors themselves, and their return to the camp was the signal of mutual hostility.

Among the Greeks all authority and wisdom were overborne by the impetuous multitude, who mistook their rage for valour, their numbers for strength, and their fanaticism for the support and inspiration of Heaven. In the eyes of both nations Alexius was false and contemptible: the base and spurious race of the Angeli was rejected with clamorous disdain; and the people of Constantinople encompassed the senate to demand at their hands a more worthy Emperor. To every senator conspicuous by his birth or dignity they successively presented the purple; by each senator the deadly garment was repulsed; the contest lasted three days, and we may learn from the historian Nicetas, one of the members of the Assembly, that fear and weakness were the guardians of their loyalty. . . . A phantom who vanished in oblivion was forcibly proclaimed by the crowd, but the author of the tumult and the leader of the war . . . was a prince of the House of Ducas, and his common appellation of Alexius must be discriminated by the epithet of Mourzoufle, which, in the vulgar idiom, expressed the close junction of his black and shaggy eyebrows. At once a patriot and a courtier, the perfidious Mourzoufle, who was not destitute of cunning and courage, opposed the Latins both in speech and action, inflamed the passions and prejudices of the Greeks, and insinuated himself into the favour and confidence of Alexius, who trusted him with the office of Great Chamberlain, and tinged his buskins with the colours of royalty. At the dead of night he rushed into the bedchamber with an affrighted aspect, exclaiming that the palace was attacked by the people and betrayed by the guards. Starting from his couch, the unsuspecting Prince threw himself into the arms of the enemy, who had contrived his escape by a private staircase. But that staircase terminated in a prison: Alexius was seized, stripped, and loaded with chains; and, after tasting some days the bitterness of death, he was poisoned, or strangled, or beaten with clubs, at the command, or in the presence, of the tyrant. The Emperor Isaac Angelus soon followed his son to the grave,

and Mourzoufle, perhaps, might spare the superfluous crime of hastening the extinction of impotence and blindness.

The death of the Emperors and the usurpation of Mourzoufle had changed the nature of the quarrel. It was no longer the disagreement of allies who overvalued their services or neglected their obligations: the French and Venetians forgot their complaints against Alexius; dropped a tear on the untimely fate of their companion, and swore revenge against the perfidious nation who had crowned his assassin. Yet the prudent Doge was still inclined to negotiate; he asked as a debt, a subsidy, or a fine, fifty thousand pounds of gold—about two millions sterling; nor would the conference have been abruptly broken if the zeal or policy of Mourzoufle had not refused to sacrifice the Greek Church to the safety of the state. Amidst the invectives of his foreign and domestic enemies, we may discern that he was not unworthy of the character which he had assumed of the public champion. The second siege of Constantinople was far more laborious than the first; the treasury was replenished, and discipline was restored by a severe inquisition into the abuses of the former reign, and Mourzoufle, an iron mace in his hand, visiting the posts, and affecting the port and aspect of a warrior, was an object of terror, to his soldiers at least and to his kinsmen. . . . Near three months, without excepting the holy season of Lent, were consumed in skirmishes and preparations, before the Latins were ready or resolved for a general assault. The land fortifications had been found impregnable, and the Venetian pilots represented that on the shore of the Propontis the anchorage was unsafe, and the ships must be driven by the current far away to the straits of the Hellespont—a prospect not displeasing to the reluctant pilgrims, who sought every opportunity of breaking the army. From the harbour, therefore, the assault was determined by the assailants and expected by the besieged, and the Emperor had placed his scarlet pavilions on a neighbouring height to direct and animate the efforts of his troops. A fearless spectator, whose mind could entertain the ideas of pomp and pleasure, might have admired the long array of two embattled armies, which extended above half a league—the one on the ships and galleys, the other on the walls and towers, raised above the

ordinary level by several stages of wooden turrets. Their first fury was spent in the discharge of darts, stones, and fire from the engines ; but the water was deep, the French were bold, the Venetians were skilful. They approached the walls, and a desperate conflict of swords, spears, and battle-axes was fought on the trembling bridges that grappled the floating to the stable batteries. In more than a hundred places the assault was urged, and the defence was sustained till the superiority of ground and numbers finally prevailed, and the Latin trumpets sounded a retreat. On the ensuing days the attack was renewed with equal vigour, and in the night the Doge and the barons held a council. Apprehensive only for the public danger, not a voice pronounced the words of escape or treaty, and each warrior, according to his temper, embraced the hope of victory or the assurance of a glorious death. By the experience of the former siege the Greeks were instructed ; but the Latins were animated, and the knowledge that Constantinople *might* be taken was of more avail than the local precautions which that knowledge had inspired for its defence. In the third assault two ships were linked together to double their strength ; a strong north wind drove them on the shore ; the Bishops of Troyes and Soissons led the van, and the auspicious names of the *pilgrim* and the *paradise* resounded along the line. The episcopal banners were displayed on the walls ; a hundred marks of silver had been promised to the first adventurers, and, if their reward were intercepted by death, their names have been immortalized by fame. Four towers were scaled ; three gates were burst open ; and the French knights, who might tremble on the waves, felt themselves invincible on horseback on solid ground. Shall I relate that the thousands who guarded the Emperor's person fled on the approach and before the lance of a single warrior ? Their ignominious flight is attested by their countryman Nicetas ; an army of phantoms marched with the French hero, and he was magnified to a giant in the eyes of the Greeks. While the fugitives deserted their posts, and cast away their arms, the Latins entered the city under the banners of their leaders ; the streets and gates opened for their passage ; and either design or accident kindled a third conflagration which consumed, in a few hours, the measure of three of the largest

cities of France. In the close of the evening the barons checked their troops and fortified their stations; they were awed by the extent and populousness of the capital, which might yet require the labour of a month, if the churches and palaces were conscious of their internal strength. But in the morning a suppliant procession, with crosses and images, announced the submission of the Greeks, and deprecated the wrath of the conquerors. The usurper escaped through the Golden Gate; the palaces Blachernæ and Boucoleon were occupied by the Count of Flanders and the Marquis of Montferrat; and the empire which still bore the name of Constantine and the title of Roman was subverted by the arms of the Latin pilgrims.

Constantinople had been taken by storm, and no restraints except those of religion and humanity were imposed on the conquerors by the laws of war. Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, still acted as their general, and the Greeks, who revered his name as that of their future sovereign, were heard to exclaim, "Holy Marquis-King, have mercy upon us!" His prudence or compassion opened the gates of the city to the fugitives, and he exhorted the Soldiers of the Cross to spare the lives of their fellow-Christians. The streams of blood that flow down the pages of Nicetas may be reduced to the slaughter of two thousand of his unresisting countrymen; and the greater part were massacred, not by the strangers, but by the Latins who had been driven from the city, and who exercised the revenge of a triumphant faction.

Yet, of these exiles, some were less mindful of injuries than of benefits, and Nicetas himself was indebted for his safety to the generosity of a Venetian merchant. Pope Innocent III. accuses the pilgrims of respecting neither age, nor sex, nor religious profession, . . . though their cruelty was moderated by the authority of the chiefs and feelings of the soldiers; for we are no longer describing an irruption of the northern savages; and however ferocious they might still appear, time, policy, and religion had civilized the manners of the French, and still more of the Italians. But a free scope was allowed to their avarice, which was gluttoned even in the Holy Week by the pillage of Constantinople. The right of victory,

unshackled by any promise or treaty, had confiscated the public and private wealth of the Greeks, and every hand, according to its size and strength, might lawfully execute the sentence and seize the forfeiture. A portable and universal standard of exchange was found in the coined and uncoined metals of gold and silver, which each captor at home or abroad might convert into the possessions most suitable to his temper and situation. Of the treasures which trade and luxury had accumulated, the silks, furs, velvets, gems, spices, and rich moveables were the most precious, as they could not be procured for money in the ruder countries of Europe. An order of rapine was instituted; nor was the share of each individual abandoned to industry or chance. Under the tremendous penalties of perjury, excommunication, and death, the Latins were bound to deliver their plunder into the common stock: three churches were selected for the deposit and distribution of the spoil; a single share was allotted to a foot soldier; two to a serjeant on horseback; four to a knight, and larger proportions according to the rank and merit of the barons and princes. For violating this sacred engagement, a knight belonging to the Count of St. Pol was hanged, with his shield and coat of arms round his neck: his example might render similar offenders more artful and discreet, but avarice was more powerful than fear, and it is generally believed that the secret far exceeded the acknowledged plunder. Yet the magnitude of the prize surpassed the largest scale of experience or expectation. After the whole had been equally divided between the French and Venetians, 50,000 marks were deducted to satisfy the debts of the former and demands of the latter. The residue of the French amounted to 400,000 pounds sterling; nor can I better appreciate the value of that sum in the public and private transactions of that age, than by defining it at seven times the annual revenue of the kingdom of England. . . .

After the death of the lawful princes, the French and Venetians, confident of justice and victory, agreed to divide and regulate their future possessions. It was stipulated by treaty that twelve electors, six of either nation, should be nominated: that a majority should choose the Emperor of the East, and that if the votes were equal the decision of chance should

ascertain the successful candidate. To him, with all the titles and prerogatives of the Byzantine throne, they assigned the two palaces of Boucoleon and Blachernæ, with a fourth part of the Greek monarchy. It was defined that the three remaining portions should be equally shared between the Republic of Venice and the barons of France, that each feudatory, with an honourable exception for the Doge, should acknowledge and perform the duties of homage and military service to the supreme head of the empire ; that the nation which gave an Emperor should resign to their brethren the choice of a patriarch ; and that the pilgrims, whatever might be their impatience to visit the Holy Land, should devote another year to the conquest and defence of the Greek provinces. After the conquest of Constantinople by the Latins, the treaty was confirmed and executed ; and the first and most important step was the creation of an Emperor. . . . The six electors of the French nation were all ecclesiastics. . . . The six Venetians were the principal servants of the state. The twelve assembled in the chapel of the palace, and after the solemn invocation of the Holy Ghost, they proceeded to deliberate and vote. A just impulse of respect and gratitude prompted them to crown the virtues of the Doge. His wisdom had inspired their enterprise ; and the most youthful knight might envy and applaud the exploits of blindness and age. But the patriot Dandolo was devoid of all personal ambition, and fully satisfied that he had been judged worthy to reign. His nomination was overruled by the Venetians themselves ; his countrymen, and perhaps his friends, represented, with the eloquence of truth, the mischiefs that might arise to national freedom and the common cause from the union of two incompatible characters of the first magistrate of a Republic and the Emperor of the East. The exclusion of the Doge left room for the more equal merits of Boniface and Baldwin, and at their names all meaner candidates respectfully withdrew. The Marquis of Montferrat was recommended by his mature age and fair reputation, by the choice of the adventurers, and the wishes of the Greeks ; nor can I believe that Venice, the mistress of the sea, could be seriously apprehensive of a petty lord at the foot of the Alps. But the Count of Flanders was the chief of a

wealthy and warlike people ; he was valiant, pious, and chaste, in the prime of life, since he was only thirty-two years of age ; a descendant of Charlemagne, a cousin of the King of France, and a compeer of the prelates and barons who had yielded with reluctance to the command of a foreigner. Without the chapel, these barons, with the Doge and Marquis at their head, expected the decision of the twelve electors. It was announced by the Bishop of Soissons, in the name of his colleagues : "Ye have sworn to obey the prince whom we should choose ; by our unanimous suffrage, Baldwin, Count of Flanders and Hainault, is now your sovereign, and Emperor of the East." He was saluted with loud applause, and the proclamation was re-echoed through the city by the joy of the Latins, and the trembling adulation of the Greeks. Boniface was the first to kiss the hand of his rival, and to raise him on the buckler ; and Baldwin was transported to the cathedral, and solemnly invested with the purple buskins. At the end of three weeks he was crowned by the legate, in the vacancy of a patriarch ; but the Venetian clergy soon filled the chapter of St. Sophia, seated Thomas Morosini on the ecclesiastical throne, and employed every art to perpetuate in their own nation the honours and benefices of the Greek Church. . . .

In the division of the Greek provinces, the share of the Venetians was more ample than that of the Latin Emperor. No more than one-fourth was appropriated to his domain ; a clear moiety of the remainder was reserved for Venice, and the other moiety was distributed among the adventurers of France and Lombardy. The venerable Dandolo was proclaimed despot of Roumania, and invested after the Greek fashion with the purple buskins. He ended at Constantinople his long and glorious life ; and if the prerogative was personal, the title was used by his successors till the middle of the fourteenth century, with the singular though true addition of lords of a fourth and a half of the Roman Empire. . . . In the moiety of the adventurers, the Marquis received a liberal reward ; and besides the island of Crete, his exclusion from the throne was compensated by the royal title and the provinces beyond the Hellespont. But he prudently excluded that distant and difficult conquest from the kingdom of . . .

Ionica, or Macedonia, twelve days' journey from the capital, where he might be supported by the neighbouring powers of his brother-in-law, the King of Hungary. His progress was hailed by the voluntary or reluctant acclamations of the natives, and Greece, the proper and ancient Greece, again received a Latin conqueror. The lots of the Latin pilgrims were regulated by chance or choice, or subsequent exchange, and they abused with intemperate joy the triumph over the lives and fortunes of a great people. After a minute survey of the provinces, they weighed in the scales of avarice the revenue of each district, the advantage of the situation, and the ample or scanty supplies for the maintenance of soldiers and horses. Their presumption claimed and divided the long-lost dependencies of the Roman sceptre: the Nile and Euphrates rolled through their imaginary realms, and happy was the warrior who drew for his prize the palace of the Turkish Sultan of Iconium.

THE ALBIGENSES.

A.D. 1203—1215.

(From "Latin Christianity," by DEAN MILMAN.)

THE Crusades had established in the mind of men the maxim that the Infidel was the enemy of God, and therefore the enemy of every true servant of God. The war first undertaken for a specific object, the rescue of the Saviour's sepulchre, . . . had now become a general war of the Cross against the Crescent, of every Christian against every believer in the Korân. Christian and unbeliever were born foes, foes unto death. . . .

But according to the theory of the Church, the erring believer was as declared an enemy to God as the Pagan or the Islamite; in one respect more inexcusable and odious, as obstinately resisting or repudiating the truth; . . . or if he dared to resist by any means whatever, however peaceful, he was an insurgent, against whom the whole of Christendom

might, or rather, was bound at the summons of the spiritual power to declare war. . . . So began Crusades . . . in the very bosom of Christendom ; not among the implacable partisans of an antagonistic creed, but among those who still called themselves by the name of Christians.

The world, at least the Christian world, might seem to repose in unresisting and unrepining subjection under the religious autocracy of the Pope, now at the zenith of his power. . . . But there was a secret working in the depth of society, which, at the very moment when it was most boastful of its unity, broke forth in direct spiritual rebellion in almost every quarter of Christendom. . . . It was a great anti-sacerdotal movement ; a convulsive effort to throw off what had become to many the intolerable yoke of a clergy which assumed something beyond Apostolic power, and seemed to have departed entirely from apostolic poverty and humility. . . . In France, satire began to aim its contemptuous sarcasms against the Pope and the papal power. In the reign of John, the political songs, not merely in the vernacular tongue, but in priestly or monastic Latin, assume a boldness and vehemence which show how much the old awe is dropping off ; and these songs, spread from convent to convent, and chanted by monks, it should seem to holy tunes, are at once the expression and the nutriment of brooding and sullen discontent. . . . Nor were the highest Churchmen aware how by their own unsparing and honest denunciations of the abuses of the Church the trumpet of sedition was blown from the thrones of bishops and archbishops, of holy abbots and preachers of the severest orthodoxy. . . . The flagrant, acknowledged venality of Rome could not be denounced without impairing the majesty of Rome ; the avarice of legates and cardinals could not pass into a proverb and obtain currency from the most unsuspicious authorities, without bringing legates, cardinals, the whole hierarchy, into contempt. . . .

All these conspiring causes account for the popularity of this movement ; its popularity, not on account of the numbers of its votaries, but the class in which it chiefly spread : the lower or middle orders of the cities, in many cases the burghers, now also striving after civil liberties, forming the free municipalities

in the cities, and in those cities not merely opposing the authority of the nobles, but that, not less oppressive, of the bishops and the chapters. . . .

This insurrection against the dominion of the clergy and of the Pope, more or less against the vital doctrines of the faith, but universally against the sacerdotal system, comprehended three classes. . . . 1. The simple Anti-sacerdotalists, those who rejected the rites and repudiated the authority of the clergy, but did not depart, or departed but in a slight degree, from the established creeds ; heretics in manners and in forms of worship rather than in articles of belief. These were chiefly single teachers, who rose in different countries, without connexion, without organization, each dependent for his success on his own eloquence or influence. . . . 2. The Waldenses, under whom I am disposed, after much deliberation, to rank the Poor Men of Lyons. . . . The appeal to the Scriptures, and to the Scriptures alone, from the vast system of traditional religion was their vital fundamental tenet. 3. The Manicheans, characterized not only by some of the leading doctrines of the old Oriental system, and by a severe asceticism, . . . but also by a peculiar organization, a severe probation, a gradual and difficult ascent into the chosen ranks of the Perfect, with something approaching to a hierarchy of their own.

Not long after the commencement of the twelfth century, Peter de Brueys preached in the South of France for above twenty years. At length he expiated his rebellion in the flames of St. Gilles in Languedoc. . . . But the fire which burned him neither discouraged nor silenced a more powerful and more daring heresiarch. To the five errors of De Brueys, his heir, Henry the Deacon, added many more. . . . He went to the very hearts of men, and maddened them to a deep, implacable hatred of the clergy. . . . Innocent II. condemned him to silence, and placed him under the custody of St. Bernard. . . .

Yet the victory was but seeming, or but transient. Peter de Brueys and Henry the Deacon had only sowed the dragon seed of worse heresies, which sprung up with astonishing rapidity. Before fifty years had passed, the whole South of France was

swarming with Manicheans, who took their name from the centre of their influence, the city of Albi. . . .

In Northern France these adversaries of the Church seem to have been less inclined to speculative than to practical innovations : hostility to the clergy, and to all those ritual and sacramental institutions in which dwelt the power and authority of the clergy. . . . In the valleys of the Alps it was a pure religious movement. Peter Waldo was the St. Francis of heresy ; the Poor Men of Lyons were the Minorites—the lowest of the low. . . . Waldo was a rich merchant of Lyons ; his religious impressions, naturally strong, were quickened by one of those appalling incidents which often work so lastingly on the life of religious men. In a meeting for devotion a man fell dead, some say, struck by lightning. From that time religion was the sole thought of Peter. He dedicated himself to poverty and the instruction of the people. His lavish alms gathered the poor around him in grateful devotion. He was by no means learned, but he paid a poor scholar to translate the Gospels and some other books of Scripture. Another grammarian rendered into his native tongue some selected sentences from the Fathers. Disciples gathered around him ; he sent them, after the manner of the Seventy, two by two into the neighbouring villages to preach the Gospel. They called themselves the Humbled ; others called them the Poor Men of Lyons.


. . . . As yet it is clear they contemplated no secession from the Church ; they were not included under the condemnation of heretics in the council, but they persisted in preaching without authority. They were interdicted by the Archbishop of Lyons. Waldo resolutely replied with that great axiom, so often misapplied, and for the right application of which the conscience must be enlightened with more than ordinary wisdom, “that he must obey God rather than man.”

From that time the Poor Men of Lyons were involved in the common hatred which branded all opponents of the clergy with obloquy and contempt. . . . Their hostility to the Church grew up with the hostility of the Church to them. . . . They rejected the seven Sacraments, except Baptism and the Eucharist. In baptism they denied all effect of the ablution

by the sanctity of the water. A priest in mortal sin cannot consecrate the Eucharist. The transubstantiation takes place, not in the hands of the priest, but in the soul of the believer. They rejected prayers for the dead, festivals, lights, purgatory, and indulgences. . . . In no instances are the morals of Peter Waldo and the Alpine Biblicists arraigned by their worst enemies. . . . They who denounce most copiously the immoralities, the incredible immoralities, of other sects in revolt against the hierarchy, acknowledge the modesty, frugality, honest industry, chastity, and temperance of the Poor Men of Lyons. . . .

The great strength of the followers of Peter Waldo was, no doubt, their possession of the sacred Scriptures in their own language. . . . But, besides the sacred Scriptures, they possessed other works in that Provençal dialect, in other parts of Southern France almost entirely devoted to amatory or satiric songs. With them alone it spoke with deep religious fervour. The "Noble Lesson" is a remarkable work, from its calm, almost unimpassioned simplicity ; it is a brief, spirited statement of the Biblical history of man. . . . The close, which arraigns the clergy, has nothing of angry violence ; it calmly expostulates against their persecutions, reproves the practice of death-bed absolution, and the composition for a life of wickedness by a gift to the priest.

. . . . To the anti-sacerdotal tenets of the more speculative teachers, and the more practical antagonism of the disciples of Waldo, a widespread family of sects added doctrinal opinions either strongly coloured by, or the actual revival and perpetuation of, the ancient Eastern heresies. Nothing is more curious in Christian history than the vitality of the Manichean opinions. . . . That wild, half-poetic, half-rationalistic theory of Christianity, with its mythic machinery and stern asceticism (like all asceticism liable to break forth into intolerable licence), which might seem congenial only to the Oriental mind, and, if it had not expired, might be supposed to linger only among the limits of Christianity in the East, appears almost suddenly in the twelfth century in living and almost irresistible power, first in its intermediate settlement in Bulgaria and on the borders of the Greek Empire, then in Italy, in France, in Germany, in



the remoter West at the foot of the Pyrenees. The test which distinguishes the Manichean from the other Anti-sacerdotalists is the assertion, more or less obscure, of the Eastern doctrine—the two co-equal, conflicting principles of good and evil, the eternity of matter and its implacable hostility to spirit, aversion to the Old Testament as the work of the wicked Demiurgo, and the unreality of the suffering Christ. The more visible signs were asceticism, the proscription, or hard and reluctant concession, of marriage, . . . and the strong distinction between the Perfect and the common disciples. The Manicheans were called in disdain the Puritans (Cathari), an appellation which, perhaps, they did not disdain. . . .

. . . . The chief seat of these opinions was the South of France. . . . Languedoc (as also Provence), the land of that melodious tongue first attuned to modern poetry, was one of the great fiefs of the realm of France, but a fief which paid only remote and doubtful fealty; it was almost an independent kingdom. The Count of Toulouse was suzerain of five great subordinate fiefs: Narbonne, Beziers, the Countship of Foix, the Countship of Montpellier (now devolved on Pedro, king of Aragon), the Countship of Quercy and Rhodéz. The courts of these petty sovereigns vied with each other in splendour and gallantry. Life was a perpetual tournament or feast. . . . The Count of Toulouse and his vassals had been amongst the most distinguished of the Crusaders. . . . Their religion was chivalry, but chivalry becoming less and less religious: the casuistry of the Court of Love superseded that of the Confessional. There had grown up a gay licence of manners, not adverse only to the austerity of monkish Christianity, but to pure Christian morals. . . .

Literature, at least poetry, had begun to speak to the prince and to the people. But if the Romaunt among the peasants of the Alpine valleys confined itself to grave and holy lessons, in Languedoc it was the amatory or satiric song of the Troubadour. . . . The chant in the castle chapel was silent or unheard. The priest was either pining in neglect, or listening, as gay as the rest, to the lively Troubadour. Nor was the Troubadour without his welcome song in the city; it was there the bitter satire on the clergy, the invective against the vices,

the venality of Rome, against the pilgrimage to Rome, against the morose bishop, if such bishop there were, or against the legate himself.

In no European country had the clergy so entirely, or it should seem so deservedly, forfeited its authority. In none had the Church more absolutely ceased to perform its proper functions. . . . Instead of the old proverb for the lowest abasement, "I had rather my son were a Jew," the Provençals said, "I had rather he were a priest." . . .

So basked the pleasant land in its sunshine ; voluptuousness and chivalrous prodigality in its castles, luxury and ease in its cities : the thunder-cloud was far off in the horizon. The devout found their religious excitement in the new and forbidden opinions : there was for the more hard and zealous an asceticism which put to shame the feeble monkery of those days ; for the more simply pious, the Biblical doctrines ; and, what seems to have been held in the deepest reverence, the Consolation in Death, which, administered by the Perfect alone (men of tried and known holiness), had all the blessing, none of the doubtful value, of absolution bestowed by the carnal, wicked, worldly, as well as by the most sanctified priest.

Innocent III. had hardly ascended the pontifical throne, when he wrote, first, a strong letter to the Archbishop of Auch ; in a few months after, a mandate addressed to all the great prelates in the South of France ; . . . to all the princes, barons, counts, and all Christian people. This papal manifesto broadly asserted the civil as well as religious outlawry of all heretics. The temporal sovereigns were, at the summons of the two legates, Rainer and Guy (Cistercian monks), to carry these penalties submissively into effect. They were offered the strong worldly temptation of all the confiscated estates, and indulgences the same as they would have obtained by visiting the churches of St. Peter and St. James of Compostella.

To the honour of the sovereigns of these great fiefs, they were not moved by the temporal or spiritual boons. . . . New powers were demanded, sterner and more active agents required to combat the deepening danger. The Pope looked still to the monastic orders, to the spiritual descendants of St. Bernard.

Peter of Castelnau, and Raoul, of that order, were now charged with the desperate enterprise. . . . With them was associated Arnold d'Amauri, the Abbot of Citeaux, the Abbot of Abbots, a man whose heart was sheathed with the triple iron of pride, cruelty, and bigotry. . . . The papal legates travelled through the land from city to city, in the utmost hierarchical pomp, with their retinue in rich attire, and a vast cavalcade of horses and sumpter-mules. It was on their second circuit that they encountered, near Montpellier, the Spanish Bishop of Osma, on his way to the north with (the future Saint) Dominic. The dejected legates bitterly mourned their want of success. "How expect success with this secular pomp?" replied the severer Spaniards. "Sow the good seed as the heretics sow the bad. Cast off those sumptuous robes, renounce those richly-caparisoned palfreys, go barefoot, without purse and scrip, like the Apostles; out-labour, out-fast, out-discipline these false teachers." The Spaniards were not content with these stern admonitions; the Bishop of Osma and his faithful Dominic sent back their own horses, stripped themselves to the rudest monkish dress, and led the way on the spiritual campaign. The legates were constrained to follow. Yet, notwithstanding their boasted triumphs in all the conferences which were held, . . . heresy bowed not its head; it was deaf to the voice of the charmer. . . . Its assemblies were still held, if with less ostentation, hardly with disguise. . . .

Eight years passed of ineffective preaching, menace, fulmination. The sovereign of the land must be summoned to be the lictor of the papal mandate, the executioner on his own subjects of the awful sentence of blood, by shedding which—with hypocrisy which only aggravates cruelty—the Church held itself sullied. . . .

Raymond VI., Count of Toulouse, is darkly coloured by the hatred of the sterner among the writers of the Church of Rome as a concealed heretic, . . . a man of deep dissimulation and consummate treachery. He appears to have been a gay, voluptuous, generous man, without strength of character enough to be either heretic or bigot. Loose in his life, he had had five wives, three living at the same time—the sister of the Viscount of Beziers, the daughter of the King of Cyprus, the sister of

Richard of England. On the death of the last he married the sister of King Pedro of Aragon. The two latter were his kindred within the prohibited degrees. . . .

The position of the Count of Toulouse and of his nobles had been strange and trying for the most courageous and wisest of men. . . . They were called upon to persecute their subjects, their peaceful, perhaps attached subjects, for a crime of which at least they did not feel the atrocity. They were commanded to be the obeisant executioners of punishments not awarded by themselves ; of which they did not admit the justice ; of which they could not but see the inhumanity. . . .

Peter of Castelnau, the legate, determined at length on extreme proceedings ; the times, he thought, gave him an auspicious occasion. Private wars had broken out, in which Count Raymond and some of the other nobles were engaged. In these wars the property of the Church was not religiously respected. . . . The Legate peremptorily called on all the belligerent parties to make peace, in order to combine their forces against those worse enemies, the heretics. Raymond did not at once obey this imperious dictation. Peter of Castelnau uttered the sentence of excommunication, and placed his whole territory under an interdict. Instead of repressing this bold assumption of power on the part of his legate, Innocent addressed a letter to Raymond, perhaps unexampled in the furious vehemence of its language. It had no superscription, for it was to a man under sentence of excommunication. . . . It threatened him with the immediate vengeance of God ; with every temporal calamity, with everlasting fire ; . . . and ended with the menace of depriving him of his territory ; . . . of arraying all the neighbouring princes against him, . . . and of offering his realm as a prize to the conqueror who might subdue it, in order that it might escape the disgrace of being ruled by a heretic.

The denunciation of the victim was immediately followed by the summons to the executioner. A papal letter was addressed to the King, to all the counts, barons, nobles, and to all faithful Christians in France, commanding them to take up arms for the suppression of the heretics in the South of France. . . . All the estates and goods of the heretics were to be confiscated, and

divided among those who should engage in this holy enterprise, and the same indulgences granted as for a Crusade in the Holy Land, so soon as war should be declared against Raymond of Toulouse, the disobedient vassal of the Church, the protector and abettor of heretics.

In the meantime, Peter of Castelnau was not inactive; he secretly stirred up the lords of Languedoc against Raymond. Raymond made peace, and thereby fondly supposed himself delivered from the excommunication. But the inexorable Peter stood before him; reproached him to his face with cowardice; accused him of perjury, and of abetting heresy. He renewed the excommunication in all its plenitude.

Conceive, at this instant, a pontiff like Innocent, with all his lofty notions of the sanctity, the inviolability, of every ecclesiastic, confirmed by the consciousness of his yet irresistible power, receiving the intelligence of the barbarous murder of his legate; another Becket fallen before a meaner sovereign; 1208 A. D. the sacred person of his legate transfixed by the lance of an assassin. . . .

Strong contemporary evidence, as well as all the probabilities of the case, absolutely acquit the Count of Toulouse of any concern in this crime. But Innocent at once assumed the guilt of Raymond. He proclaimed it in letters to the Archbishops of Narbonne, Arles, Embrun, Aix, Vienne, and their suffragans; to the Archbishop of Lyons and his suffragans. Every Sunday and every holy day was to be published the excommunication of Raymond of Toulouse, the murderer, and all his accomplices: no faith was to be kept with those who had kept no faith; all his subjects were absolved from their oath of allegiance: every one was at liberty to assault his person. . . . The only terms on which Raymond could be admitted to repentance were the previous absolute expulsion of all heretics from his dominions.

Innocent seized the instant of indignation at this almost unprecedented and terrible crime to awaken the tardy zeal, to inflame the ambition and rapacity, of those who at the same time might win to themselves, by the favour of the Church, a place in heaven and a goodly inheritance upon earth. "Up," he writes to Philip Augustus of France, "up, soldiers of Christ!

Up, most Christian king! Hear the cry of blood; aid us in wreaking vengeance on these malefactors!" . . . The great warlike prelates of France were bound by a still stronger tie to the endangered cause of their brother prelates of the south. There had been quite enough of heresy threatening the peace of almost every diocese of France to awaken their jealous vigilance. . . . So in the first ranks of the Crusade appear the Archbishops of Rheims, Sens, Rouen. . . . The clergy everywhere preached with indefatigable activity this new way of attaining everlasting life; the Cistercian convents threw open their gates; the land was covered with monks haranguing on the same stirring topic. From all parts of France they assembled in countless numbers at Lyons; a second not less formidable host was gathering in the West; the number is stated at 500,000, 300,000, at least 50,000 men of arms.

Raymond, as he well might, stood aghast; . . . he sent an embassy to Rome. . . . The demands of Innocent were hard, and those, it is said with something of old Troubadour malice, gained by many presents,—the surrender of seven of his chief castles as guarantees for the Count's submission. . . .

Raymond of Toulouse submitted at once in the amplest manner to the demands of his inexorable enemies, to the personal abasement inflicted by the Church. The scene of his humiliation may not be passed over. At a council at Montelimart he was cited to appear before the legates at Valence. Here he first surrendered, as security for his absolute submission, seven of his strong castles. . . . He was then led, naked to the girdle, to the porch of the Abbey church, and in the presence of the legates, and not less than twenty bishops, before the Holy Eucharist, before certain reliques, and the wood of the true cross, with his hand upon the Holy Gospels, he acknowledged the justice of his excommunication, and swore full allegiance to the Pope and to his legate. He swore to give ample satisfaction, according to the Pope's orders, on all the charges made against him, now recapitulated with terrible exactness. . . . The Consuls of Avignon, Nismes, and St. Gilles, took their compurgatorial oath to his fulfilment of the stipulations; the governors of the seven castles swore to restore them to the Count of Toulouse without the

consent of the Pope. These ceremonies ended, the Count, with a rope round his neck, and scourged, as he went, on his naked shoulders, was led up to the high altar: there, after a solemn recapitulation of the Pope's commands before it, and a reiteration of the same commands after it, he received the absolution. But his humiliation was not complete; by a well-contrived accident, the crowd was so great that they were obliged to lead him close by the tomb of the murdered Peter of Castelnau; naked, bleeding, broken-spirited, he was forced to show his profound respect to that spot.

But he has not yet drunk the dregs of humiliation: new difficulties arise; new demands are made; the Count himself must take up the cross against his own loyal subjects; he must appear at the head, he must actually seem to direct the operations, of the invading army. . . .

The war was inevitable; not even the Pope could now have arrested it. The vast army must have its reward in plunder and massacre. The subtle distinction is at hand, it is not waged against the Count of Toulouse, against the Count of Languedoc, but against the heretics. . . .

Arnold, the Pope's legate, was the captain-general of the army. Hardly one of the great prelates of France stood aloof. . . . The chief engineer was the Archdeacon of Paris. Fulk, Bishop of Toulouse, has been described as the ecclesiastical De Montfort of the Crusade. . . .

The army which moved from Lyons along the Rhone came from every province of France. . . . The chief secular leaders were Endes, Duke of Burgundy; Hervé, Count of Nevers; the Count of St. Pol; and Simon de Montfort, Count of Leicester. They advanced along the Rhone, joined as they proceeded by the vast contingents of the Archbishop of Bordeaux and the Bishop of Puy. At Montpellier they were met by the young and gallant Viscount of Beziers, who, having urged his uncle Count Raymond to resistance, now endeavoured to avert the storm from his two cities, Beziers and Carcassonne. But his ruin was determined. The army appeared before Beziers. . . . The Bishop, Reginald of Montpellier, demanded the surrender of all whom he might designate as heretics. On the refusal of these terms by the inhabitants, the city was stormed. A

general massacre followed ; neither age nor sex were spared ; even priests fell in the remorseless carnage. Then was uttered the frightful command, become almost a proverb, "Slay them all ! God will know His own." . . . The account of the slain is variously estimated from twenty thousand even up to fifty thousand. The city was set on fire ; even the cathedral perished in the flames.

The next was Carcassonne. The Viscount of Beziers, in his despair, had thrown himself into the city with a strong body of troops. . . . Pedro, King of Arragon, appeared as mediator in the camp of the Crusaders. Carcassonne was held as a fief of the King. He pleaded the youth of the Viscount ; asserted his catholic belief, his aversion to heresy : it was not his fault if his subjects had fallen away : he was ready to submit to the Legate. The only terms they would offer were, that he might retire with twelve knights ; the city must surrender at discretion. The proud and gallant youth declared that nothing should induce him (he had rather be flayed alive) to desert the least of his subjects. . . .

Carcassonne, if equal care had been taken to provision as to fortify the city, might have resisted for a year that disorderly host. But multitudes from all quarters had found refuge within its walls. The wells began to fail ; infectious diseases broke out. Ere eight days the Viscount accepted a free-conduct from an officer of the Legate : he hoped to obtain moderate terms for his subjects. Most of the troops made their escape by subterranean passages, and the defenceless city came into the power of the Crusaders. The people were allowed to leave the town, but almost naked ; they were pillaged to the utmost. But the Legate would not allow his soldiers, under pain of excommunication, to share the plunder. It was to be reserved for a powerful baron, who was to rule the land and extirpate the heretics for ever. The Viscount had given himself up as a hostage ; he was treated as a prisoner, cast into a dungeon, where he died in a few months, not without suspicion of poison administered by Simon de Montfort. But a broken spirit and foul dungeon air may relieve Simon from a charge always asserted, rarely to be proved or disproved. He died at the age of twenty-four.

The law of conquest was now to be put in force. . . . The French nobles, . . . with disdainful indignation, refused the reward of a mercenary. . . . The zeal of Simon de Montfort was not so noble nor so disinterested. He was invested, on the Pope's authority, with all the lands conquered, or to be conquered, during the Crusade. This was of fearful omen to Raymond of Toulouse. Only a sovereign of the whole land, of unimpeachable devotion to the Holy See, of indefatigable activity, dauntless courage, inflexible resolution, an iron heart, could subdue the realm to ecclesiastical obedience. The submission of Raymond had been complete. . . . The Pope had expressed his approbation, and welcomed him back into the bosom of the Church. . . . But he had been too deeply injured to be forgiven. . . . He had hardly returned to Toulouse when an embassy arrived from the Legate Arnold and Simon de Montfort, demanding the instant surrender of all heretics, and all abettors of heresy within his dominions, to the ecclesiastical power, and of all their property, to be at the disposal of the Crusaders. In vain it was pleaded, by some of the designated fautors of heresy, that they were of orthodox belief, and had been already reconciled to the Church by the Legate himself. In vain Raymond declared that he appealed to the Pope. At Valence the excommunication was again hurled against his person, the interdict laid on his dominions. Raymond seized the desperate measure of going to Rome, and throwing himself on the justice, he might fondly hope the mercy, of the Pope. . . .

His reception by the Pope was not promising. Innocent, by one account, heaped on him so many reproaches as almost to reduce him to despair. According to others, he was received with courtesy by the Pope and by the Cardinals. . . . Innocent gave him absolution; bestowed on him a costly mantle, and a precious ring from his own finger. . . . But, notwithstanding the absolution, Count Raymond was to appear in three months before a council to be assembled by the Legates, to purge himself from all charge of countenancing heretics, and all concern in the murder of Peter of Castelnau. . . .

Simon de Montfort had now a kingdom. But on the approach of winter far the larger part of the French barons, bishops,

and knights, returned home : De Montfort remained with the few troops whom he could afford to pay. . . . Many towns had already raised the standard of revolt ; the King of Arragon resolutely refused his homage for the parts of the territory which were his fiefs. But with the spring new Crusaders crowded around De Montfort's banner, the Bishops of Chartres and Beauvais. Many towns and castles fell. Minerve, a fortress of great strength at the border of the Cevennes, on a high rock girded by deep ravines, made a long and deep resistance. Provisions failed ; the lord of the castle proposed to surrender. Now appeared the darkening atrocity of the war. De Montfort would have accepted the capitulation ; . . . but left it to the decision of the Abbot, who as a churchman could not openly urge the rejection of pacific terms. Arnold decided that, of the heretics all believers who should absolutely submit to the mandates of the Church, should have their lives spared : even the Perfect, of whom there were multitudes, might escape if they would recant. A fierce knight, Robert de Molesme, the agent of De Montfort with the Pope, protested against this ill-timed leniency. " Fear not," said the Abbot, " few will there be whose lives will be spared." Minerve surrendered. The cross was placed on the keep of the castle. The banner of De Montfort waved below it. Arnold was right. The Abbot of Vaux Cernay preached in vain to the heretics ; the women were more obstinate than the men. A hundred and forty of the Perfect spared their persecutors the trouble of casting them on the vast pile ; they rushed headlong of their own accord into the flames. . . .

The Count of Toulouse now urged the fulfilment of the Pope's decree. He offered to appear before a council to justify himself concerning the charges on which he was arraigned. But the crafty churchmen, the Genoese Canon Theodise (the depositor of the Pope's secret views) and the Abbot Arnold (with whom was now joined the Bishop of Riez) . . . had other intentions. They made demands, and insisted that such demands should be rigidly accomplished before they would admit him to compurgation. A council was at length held at St. Gilles. When the Count found his adversaries so utterly implacable, he was moved, it is said, to tears. The stony-hearted church-

men scoffed in Scriptural language at his hypocritical weeping. He left St. Gilles burthened with a new anathema. Another conference at Narbonne was equally without effect, and still another at Montpellier. At length, at a council in Arles, the Legates boldly threw off all concealment of their inflexible hatred. They summoned the Count before their tribunal, and haughtily commanded him not to leave the city without their permission. Their terms were these :—I. That Count Raymond should lay down his arms, and dismiss his troops, not retaining a single follower. II. That he should be obedient to the Church, pay all the expenses which they might charge on him, and during his whole life submit himself without contradiction. III. In the whole kingdom no one should eat of more than two kinds of meat. IV. That he should expel all heretics and their abettors from his dominions. V. That before the end of the year he should deliver up to the Legate and to Count de Montfort every person whom they might demand, to be dealt with according to their arbitrament. VI. No one in his dominions, either noble or serf, was to wear costly garments, only dark and coarse mantles. VII. He was to raze all fortresses and castles in his dominions. VIII. No one of his men, unless a noble, was to live within any walled town. IX. No taxes were to be levied in the land, except the ancient and statutable payments. X. Every head of a family was to pay yearly fourpence to the Legate, to be collected by the Legate's agents. XI. All tithe was to be restored to the Church, and all arrears of tithe. XII. When the Legate travelled through the land, he was to be entertained without cost; his meanest follower was not to pay for anything. XIII. When he had executed all these conditions, Count Raymond was to set out on a crusade against the infidel Turks, and not return without permission of the Legate. XIV. All these terms duly fulfilled, his lands would be restored to him by the Legate and the Count de Montfort.

These terms were dictated, it was thought, by the Count's irreconcilable enemy, the Bishop of Toulouse. The King of Arragon was in Arles. He had been jealously watching the course of events. At Montpellier he had reluctantly received the homage of Simon de Montfort for Carcassonne. At the same time he had strengthened his connection with the House

of Toulouse by the marriage of his daughter Sancha with the young Count Raymond. At these extravagant demands, Raymond broke out into bitter laughter. "You are well paid," said the King of Arragon. The ban of excommunication was again pronounced with more than usual solemnity.

Raymond hastened to Toulouse; he summoned the Council of the city. The Toulousans declared that they would submit to the worst extremity rather than accept such shameful conditions. There was the same enthusiasm throughout his dominions. "They would all die. They would eat their own children ere they would abandon their injured sovereign."

War was declared, but war on what unequal terms! Here stood De Montfort, the resistless conqueror, the absolute model of a crusading chieftain; of noble birth, Lord of Amauri in France, of Evreux in Normandy, Count of Leicester in England. . . . Faithful to the cause of the Cross, he was unsurpassed in valour as in military skill; beloved by his army, and not alone from their perfect reliance on his unbroken success; his soldier-like gentleness to the true servants of Christ vied with his remorseless hatred of the unbeliever. Which of these virtues did not secure him the most profound adoration from the hierarchy of which he was the champion? . . . On the other hand was the irresolute Count Raymond, only goaded into valour by intolerable fraud and wrong; who without bigotry had betrayed and persecuted the religion of his subjects; debased by the most miserable humiliation; without military skill, with no fame for prowess in battle; mistrusted by all, as mistrusting himself.

Yet the war has in some degree changed its character; it has still all the blackening ferocity of a religious war, but it is also the revolt of a high-spirited nation against a foreign invader; a noble determination to cast off a cruel and usurping tyranny. . . . In Toulouse the Count and the Bishop could not but come into collision. . . . The Bishop refused to celebrate, to permit the celebration of any divine office, as long as the city was infected by the presence of an excommunicated person. He had the modesty to request the Count to retire, on the pretence of an excursion, in order that he might perform at least one uncontaminated and undisturbed function. The Count

sent word by some of his soldiers that the Bishop himself must leave the city. . . . The Bishop thought himself more safe in the camp of De Montfort, now engaged in the siege of Lavour.

Lavour belonged to Roger Bernard, Count of Foix, . . . who is claimed by the Waldensians, if not as one of themselves, as having encouraged his son in freedom of faith. A man of profound religion, the Count of Foix had been the first to raise the native standard against De Montfort : he was a knight of valour as of Christian faith. Before Lavour, the besieging engines were surmounted with a cross ; and it was held sacrilegious impiety when the besieged, having battered down one limb of the cross, presumed to scoff. One day the besiegers attempted to storm the city. The engines were driven to the walls, and the besieged hurled burning wood and fat upon them. Amid all this horrible tumult, the Bishop and the Legates, as before, stood chanting, "Come, Holy Ghost !". . .

The barbarity at Lavour passed all precedent even in this fearful war. A general massacre was permitted ; men, women, and children were cut to pieces, till there remained nothing to kill except some of the garrison and others reserved for a more cruel fate. Four hundred were burned in one great pile, which made a wonderful blaze, and caused universal rejoicing in the camp. . . .

Count Raymond, before the close of the year, had lost all but Toulouse and Montauban. He fled to the King of Arragon ; the gallant Spaniard declared that he would support his cause . . . against the wicked race who would despoil him of his heritage. . . . But before he engaged in the war, he made an appeal to the Pope. Innocent was again shaken, and began to have some mistrust in the representations of his legates. He had set in motion a terrible engine : he could not arrest or regulate its movements. The Pope wrote to the Archbishop of Narbonne (the Abbot Arnold), and to Simon de Montfort, recounting the charges made against them. "They had not only invaded lands infected with heresy, but stretched out their rapacious hands to seize those of Catholics. . . . While the King of Arragon was engaged against the Saracens they had infringed on his rights, waged war on his vassals, and occupied his territories. Count Raymond had offered to sur-

render all his dominions to his son, against whom was no charge or suspicion of heresy. Raymond should be admitted (the Pope now urged, or had before urged) to compurgation." Simon de Montfort was . . . commanded to restore the territories which he had unjustly usurped to the King of Arragon. But even the all-powerful Innocent was powerless in the cause of justice and humanity. . . . The Council of Lavaur, attended by two archbishops as legates, and by a great number of prelates, with one voice determined to come to no terms with "the tyrant and heretic of Toulouse." . . . Their letters were absolutely furious. "Arm yourself, my Lord Pope, with the zeal of Phineas: annihilate Toulouse, that Sodom, that Gomorrah, with all the wretches it contains. Let not the tyrant, the heretic Raymond, nor even his young son, lift up his head: already more than half crushed, crush them to the very utmost." Innocent was once more on their side: he threatened the King of Arragon with a new crusade.

The great victory of Muret, in which Simon de Montfort A.D. 1213 with very inferior forces (he had at most about 1,000 men-at-arms, and about 400 squires) totally defeated, with the loss of one knight and a few common soldiers, the combined forces of the King of Arragon and the Count of Toulouse, seemed to decide for ever the fate of the devoted land. Pedro of Arragon, the victor of Navas de Tolosa,¹ was slain: his infant son, afterwards James I., fell into the hands of the conqueror at Carcasonne. The Counts of Toulouse, the father and son, fled.

The Pope, on the occasion of his sending a new legate, the Cardinal Deacon, Peter of Benevento, . . . in strange apocalyptic language celebrates this triumph. "The Red Horse (the Count of Toulouse) and his soldiers, conjoined with the Black Horse of Heresy, had been discomfited. The sign which Innocent had raised on the dark mountain had gathered the valiant and the holy of the Lord to his side. They had trampled down the pride of the Chaldeans." The new Legate received the submission of the conquered princes. . . . Even the Count of Toulouse was included; but under

¹ A great battle fought in 1210, when the Kings of Arragon, Leon, Castile, and Navarre defeated the Khalif Mahomed on the plains of Tolosa, and turned back a terrible invasion of the Moors from Africa.

harder conditions. Our compassion for the fate of Count Raymond is mitigated by the horror of his last act: he surprised his brother Baldwin, who had fallen off to De Montfort, and hung him on a walnut-tree. . . .

At a council at Montpellier, held January 8, 1215, the Legate demanded the advice of five archbishops, twenty-eight bishops, and many abbots and dignitaries, as to the course to be pursued with regard to the conquered territory. With one assent they chose Simon de Montfort Prince and Sovereign of the whole land. . . .

Toulouse submitted; Prince Louis, son of Philip Augustus, who had now joined the crusade, the Cardinal, the Bishop Fulk, Simon de Montfort, held secret councils, whether to pillage or burn the city; but De Montfort did not wish to ruin himself by destroying his own splendid and hard-won capital. The Legate took possession of the strong castle, the Narbonne. The young Count withdrew to England, followed after some time by his father. The crusade of Prince Louis of France was a triumphant procession—he met no resistance. The walls of Toulouse and Narbonne were thrown down. But if the pomp was with Prince Louis, the gain of the victory was with De Montfort. Philip Augustus had never approved of his son's crusade; he beheld this new realm with no favourable eyes. When Louis appeared before him, on his return from the south, and described the wealth and power of Simon, the King gave no answer.

The fourth Lateran Council, one of the most numerous ever held in Christendom, was called upon to decide the course to be taken against heretics, and especially the fate of Languedoc. Count Raymond of Toulouse was for ever excluded from the sovereignty of the land, condemned to pass the rest of his life in exile, in some place appointed for him to do fit penance. A pension of 400 marks was reserved out of his revenues, which he would forfeit by any act of disobedience to the Church. To his wife, the sister of the King of Arragon, her dowry was secured on account of her virtue and piety. Provence and some other cantons, yet unconquered by the Crusaders, were to be reserved under the custody of trustworthy persons, as an inheritance for the young Count of Toulouse, if

when of age, he should have been obedient to the Church. As to the Counts of Foix and Comminges, nothing was enacted, but they were allowed some hopes of pardon.

Such were the acts of the Lateran Council. Passages in various writers leave no doubt that the decision was resisted by many of the most powerful and generous prelates; and confirmed with reluctance by the Pope himself. The Lateran Council, according to one account, was a long conflict between the temporal princes who demanded the restoration of their estates, and were supported by some of the most distinguished churchmen, . . . and Fulk, the Bishop of Toulouse, the implacable enemy of Raymond. Innocent, the haughty Innocent, appears in the midst, mild, but wavering; seeing clearly that which was just, humane, merciful, and disposed to the better course; but overborne by the violence of the adverse party, and weakly yielding to that of which his mind and heart equally disapproved. The whole scene is so characteristic as well as dramatic, that the chief points may be accepted (certainly they formed part of the popular belief) as to the proceedings of that great Council.

Raymond and his son, accompanied by the Counts of Foix and Comminges, and many other nobles of Languedoc, were admitted to the presence of the Pope, seated in full consistory among his cardinals and other prelates; they knelt before him; the young Raymond presented letters from the King of England (who had received hospitably and made splendid presents to his nephew). The King of England expressed his indignation at the usurpation of the inheritance of Raymond by Simon de Montfort. The Pope was moved by the beauty and graceful bearing of the young Prince, thought of his wrongs, and wept.

Count Raymond began at length to represent the aggressions and injustice of the Legate and of De Montfort. He was followed by the Counts of Foix and Comminges, complaining of the pillage of their lands, and the lawless massacre of their subjects. The Pope having heard the depositions, and read the letters of the King of England, was in great wrath with the Legate and with De Montfort. First one of the Cardinals, then Berenger, Abbot of St. Tiberi, rose and supported the complaints of the appellants. Fulk, the Bishop of Toulouse, sternly

denied all these asseverations. He defied the Count of Foix to deny that his dominions swarmed with heretics. . . . The Pope listened in silence to the solemn charges ; at their close he was heard to sigh deeply.

No sooner had the Pope withdrawn, than he was beset by the prelates and cardinals in the party of the Legate and of De Montfort. They urged that, if they were compelled to surrender the territories and lordships which they had won, no one would embark in the cause of the Church, or run any hazard in her defence. The Pope took down a book (was it the Bible?), and showed them, that, if they did not make restitution of all the lands they had usurped, they would be guilty of great sin : "Wherefore I give leave to Raymond of Toulouse, and his heirs, to recover their lands and lordships from all who hold them unjustly." Then might be seen those prelates murmuring against the Pope like men in desperation. The Pope stood aghast at their violence. The Precentor of Lyons, one of the most learned clerks in the world, rose, and with great dignity rebuked the insolence and contumacy of the prelates : "You know well, my lord, the submission of Count Raymond, and the surrender of his castles. If you do not restore, and compel to be restored, to him his lands, you will be justly reproached by God and man. . . . And I say to you, Bishop of Toulouse, that you are greatly in fault ; that you betray your want of charity to Count Raymond, and to the people of which you are the pastor : you have kindled a fire in Toulouse which will never be extinguished. . . . Through you the Court of Rome is defamed throughout the world ; so many men should not be despoiled and destroyed to gratify the pride and violence of one."

The Pope seems to have been appalled ; he gently exculpated himself as innocent of these iniquities, into which he had been betrayed by ignorance of the real facts. . . .

The prelates demanded that at least the territories of Bigorre, Carcassonne, Toulouse, Agen, Quercy, the Albigeois, Foix, and Comminges (the whole conquests of the Crusaders), should be left to De Montfort. "If he be deprived of these lands," they boldly declared, "we swear that we will aid him in their maintenance against all, and in defiance of all." The

Pope calmly answered, that nothing should tempt him to injustice ; "even if Raymond were guilty, his son was blameless, and the son was not to bear the iniquity of the father."

It is difficult to imagine Innocent III. thus confronted, compelled into injustice, by men who boasted themselves to be better churchmen than the Pope. But the decree of the Lateran Council, despoiling Raymond of Toulouse of all his lands and awarding them to De Montfort, is an undeniable historic fact, and rests on a decree of Innocent himself addressed to all Christendom, and confirmed by his successor, Honorius III.

Yet, according to the historian, Innocent attempted a compromise. He offered the territory of the Venaissin¹ to the younger Raymond, in compensation for the lands of Toulouse, which could not be wrested from the strong hand of De Montfort. Count Raymond retired to Viterbo, leaving his son under the protection of the Pope. Young Raymond at length departed, with the benediction of the Pope.

There is war again in Languedoc, but no longer a crusade for the extirpation of heresy ; it is the iron hand of an usurping conqueror determined to maintain his conquests ; on the other side, no partial, but a general insurrection of the whole people in favour of their hereditary princes against a foreign invader. . . . No sooner had the two Counts landed at Marseilles than they were greeted by a burst of enthusiasm. Avignon, Tarascon, and other cities opened their gates. Young Raymond is soon at the head of a force which enables him to declare war against De Montfort, and to form the siege of Beaucaire. . . .

Toulouse was eager to receive the heir of her ancient house. De Montfort was obliged to hasten to secure its wavering fidelity by the sternest measures. He treated it like a conquered city ; exacted enormous sums. . . . The citizens unwisely accepted the treacherous mediation of the Bishop. . . . They gave the hostages demanded, . . . restored the prisoners which they had taken, and, more strangely still, surrendered their arms. The first act of De Montfort, who was hardly dissuaded by better counsel from totally destroying the city, was the demand of 30,000 marks of silver, the demolition

¹ A small lordship close to Avignon, and likewise held by the Pope.

of the walls and every stronghold in the city, and the plunder of the inhabitants to the very last piece of cloth or measure of meal. "O noble city of Toulouse!" exclaims the poet, "thy very bones are broken!"

So closed the year 1216, during which Pope Innocent III. had died, and had been succeeded by Honorius III.

During the ensuing year the war with the young Count Raymond continued, to the advantage of De Montfort. On a sudden the old Count, with a body of Spanish soldiers, appeared before Toulouse. The city received him with the utmost joy; new walls were hastily raised, new trenches dug. Many of the nobles raised troops and threw themselves into the city. First Guy de Montfort, then Simon himself, who hurried to the spot, were ignominiously repulsed. The Bishop of Toulouse and the wife of Montfort sought aid in France. A new crusade was preached. Pope Honorius entered with ardour into the cause of De Montfort. It was again that of the whole clergy. For nine months the siege continued. . . . But the counsels of Rome were not those of Divine providence. At the end of that time Simon headed an attack; a stone from an engine struck the champion of Jesus Christ (as he was called by his admirers) on the head; he had just time to commend himself to the mercy of God and of the Holy Virgin. God was reproached with his death, the Divine justice was arraigned. It is added by the monkish historian, still faithful to his fortunes, that he received likewise five wounds with arrows; and in this respect he is likened to the Redeemer in whose cause he died, and with whom "we trust he is in bliss and glory."

The war did not end with the death of Simon de Montfort; but the religious character which it had once more assumed again died away.

A crusade was headed by Louis of France; but that was only a bold and premature attempt of the sovereign to unite the great domain of Southern France to the crown. . . . Louis returned inglorious to his father's dominions. A truce was made between the young Count Raymond and Amaury de Montfort. It was said that Raymond proposed to marry the daughter of his rival. Two years after Amaury made over his dominions to Louis VIII. King of France.

The vengeance of the Church followed the older Raymond even after his death. Dying excommunicate, he could not be buried in holy ground. In vain his son adduced proofs that he had given manifest signs of penitence on his deathbed; notwithstanding a solemn inquest held by commissaries appointed by the Pope, and the examination of above one hundred witnesses, the inexorable sentence was still unrepealed; the infected body was still unburied; it remained for three hundred years in the sacristy of the Knights Templars. To posterity the great crime of Raymond is the barbarous execution of his brother Baldwin. Baldwin, indeed, had deserted, betrayed, taken up arms against him; but there had never been fraternal love between them. Raymond, it was said, had witholden part of his brother's inheritance; and mercy, though it ought to be the virtue of the persecuted, rarely is so.

The vast army which descended on Languedoc under Louis, now King of France, was that of conquest rather than of crusade. The cities were appalled. They opened their gates; Avignon alone made a noble resistance. Count Raymond bowed before the storm. On his return, after the seeming submission of almost the whole land, Louis died of exhaustion and fatigue at Montpensier, in Auvergne.

A.D.
1226

After the accession of St. Louis, the treaty of Paris restored peace, for a time at least, to the afflicted land. The terms were dictated by the papal legate approved by the King of France. Count Raymond VII. swore fealty to his liege lord the King of France, and to the Church. He swore to do immediate justice on all heretics, their abettors and partisans, even though his vassals, kindred, or friends; . . . to maintain peace in his realm. Besides, to maintain the rights of the Church; . . . to restore all estates and immunities to the Church; to pay and enforce the due payment of tithes; . . . to maintain certain professors of theology; to take the cross for five years in some Mohammedan country. On these, and other conditions chiefly relating to the boundaries of his dominions, of which he was obliged to abandon large portions, . . . Raymond VII., never accused of heresy, received absolution. The same scene took place as with his father. With naked shoulders, bare feet, the son of Raymond of Toulouse was led up the church of


Notre Dame, scourged as he went by the Legate: "Count of Narbonne, by virtue of the powers entrusted to me by the Pope, I absolve thee from thy excommunication." "Amen," answered the Count. He rose from his knees, no longer sovereign of the South of France, but a vassal of limited dominions. His father, on his penance, renounced seven castles, the son seven provinces.

But though open war was at an end, the Church still pursued her exterminating warfare against her still rebellious subjects. The death of Simon de Montfort had given courage to the Albigensians; but the Inquisition continued its silent, but not less inhuman, hardly less destructive, crusade. That tribunal, with all its peculiar statutes, its jurisdiction, its tremendous agency, was founded during this period. It is difficult to fix its precise date; but it is coincident with the establishment of a special court, legatine or charged with those peculiar functions which superseded the ordinary episcopal jurisdiction, and appropriated to itself the cognizance, punishment, suppression of heresy. . . .

The statutes of the Council of Toulouse were framed after the successful termination of the war, in order absolutely to extirpate every lingering vestige of heresy from the code of persecution.

The archbishops, bishops, and exempt abbots, were to appoint in every parish one priest and three or more lay inquisitors, to search all houses and buildings, in order to detect heretics and to denounce them. . . . Every house in which a heretic was found was to be razed to the ground, the farm confiscated. . . . Heretics who recanted were to be removed from their homes, and settled in Catholic cities; to wear two crosses of a different colour from their dress, one on the right side, one on the left. They were incapable of any public function, unless reconciled by the Pope or by his legate. Those who recanted from fear of death were to be immured for ever. . . . No one suspected of heresy could practise as a physician. Care was to be taken that no heretic had access to sick or dying persons. All wills were to be made in the presence of a priest. . . .

But statutes of persecution always require new statutes rising above each other in regular gradations of rigour and cruelty.



The Legate found the Canons of Toulouse to be eluded or inefficient. He summoned a council at Melun, attended by the Archbishop of Narbonne and other prelates. The unhappy Count of Toulouse was compelled to frame the edicts of this council into laws for his dominions. The first provision showed that persecution had wrought despair. It was directed against those who had murdered, or should murder, or conceal the murderers of persecutors of heretics. . . . It was evident that the heretics had now begun to seek concealment in cabins, in caves, and rocks, and forests; not merely was every house in which one should be seized to be razed to the ground, but all suspected caves or hiding-places were to be blocked up. . . . If any one was detected after death to have been a heretic, his property was confiscated. Those who had made over their estates in trust, before they became heretics, nevertheless forfeited such estates. Those who attempted to elude the law by moving about under pretence of trade or pilgrimage, were ordered to render an account of their absence. A council at Beziers enforced upon the clergy, under pain of suspension or of deprivation, the denunciation of all who should not attend divine service in their churches on the appointed days, especially those suspected of heresy. . . .

Latin Christianity might boast at length to have crushed out the life, at least in outward appearance, of this insurrection within her own borders. No language of Latin descent was permanently to speak in its religious services to the people, to form a Christian literature of its own, to have full command of the Scriptures in its vernacular dialect. The crusade revenged itself on the poetry of the Troubadour, once the bold assailant of the clergy, by compelling it, if not to total silence, to but an uncertain and feeble sound.

STEPHEN LANGTON.

A.D. 1206—1228.

(From "Lives of the Archbishops," by DEAN HOOK.)

It is to be regretted that of the personal history of Stephen Langton, one of the most distinguished statesmen this country has produced, we are able to obtain very little information. . . . Langton, near Spilsby, is the place usually mentioned as that from which he derived his name, but the only facts beyond dispute are, that he was an Englishman by birth, and that he was born of worthy and loyal parents. He had a brother, Simon Langton, who on more than one occasion was employed in important and delicate negotiations by Stephen, when he became Archbishop. Simon was appointed by his brother to the archdeaconry of Canterbury. . . . Stephen Langton at an early period of life went to the University of Paris—at that time as eminent a school of theology as Bologna was for the study of canon law—and became distinguished as a poet, a schoolman, and a biblical scholar. . . . When there, he became intimately acquainted with an Italian of noble family, a relation of Pope Clement III., Lothaire by name. Lothaire did not remain long at the university. By the nepotism of Clement, he became a cardinal of Rome when only twenty-eight years of age. His interest, however, in the place of his education continued; and on his election to the papal throne, in his thirty-seventh year, as the successor of Celestine III., he appointed Stephen Langton a member of his household.

. . . A man more inflexibly upright than Stephen Langton, or more profoundly erudite, . . . could not be found. He was qualified to shine equally in the court and in the cloister; in the conduct of public affairs not less than in the meditations of the contemplative life; among politicians as among scholars. . . . He was received by Innocent III. with great liberality and

kindness. He lectured publicly, and with wonderful success ; the Pope himself being not unfrequently one of his auditors. Innocent determined to employ him in public affairs ; and, in the year 1206, Stephen was promoted to be cardinal priest of St. Chrysogonus.

. . . . We are not to suppose that the office of a cardinal was, at this time, what it afterwards became. The cardinals were not superior to the legates. . . . They were not addressed as "Your Eminence," for that title was only conceded to them by Urban VIII. in the year 1630. But still, they alone were eligible to the papacy ; . . . and although their venality had hitherto been their disgrace, the fact that it was worth while to bribe them is sufficient to show that their voice and vote were influential in the various causes which were brought by appeal to Rome.

Soon after Stephen's settlement at Rome, when he had accepted the office of cardinal, but before he was incardinated, the news came of the death of Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury. The first intelligence of the event was the arrival, with great parade and pomp, of Reginald, who called himself Archbishop of Canterbury elect. Reginald demanded an immediate audience of the Pope. He came to demand his pall ; but had first to prove the validity of his election. He produced his letters from the Chapter of Canterbury. Several monks were with him, prepared to affirm that the election was canonical. But there were suspicious circumstances, or certainly circumstances which demanded circumspection. Who was this Reginald ? Who had ever heard of him ?

. . . . He had only been a sub-prior, of unknown character, and with no distinguishing merit. Then, again, Reginald was a pompous, conceited, vulgar little man, who had exposed himself to ridicule by assuming the style and retinue of an archbishop before his confirmation, and, as it soon after appeared, in direct violation of an oath made before the chapter that he would keep his election secret until the Pope was committed to his cause. Innocent, always cautious, suspected that there was some irregularity in these proceedings, and . . . he directed that an investigation of all the circumstances should be made.

. . . . Not long after, another party of English arrived at Rome. They also were monks of the Chapter of Canterbury. They were envoys from the King, sent to require the Pope to confer the pall upon the Bishop of Norwich, duly elected to the primatial see of England. They were headed by Master Elias of Brantfield, who had to make known some disgraceful conduct on the part of the monks of Christchurch, and conduct still more disgraceful in Reginald, the sub-prior.

Immediately after the death of the late Archbishop, and at midnight, before his funeral had taken place, the younger and inferior members of the conventual church of Canterbury, without applying, according to law, for the King's permission, had elected to the primacy Reginald, their sub-prior. They chanted the *Te Deum*, placed him first on the high altar, and then in the archiepiscopal chair. Afraid that, if the account of this election, which had taken place without the King's consent, should reach the ears of John, he would prevent the accomplishment of their object, they despatched the sub-prior that very night to Rome, having bound him by an oath not to consider himself elected without the permission and special letters of the convent. Their object was to conceal the election until they had ascertained whether they could obtain the support of the Roman curia. If that were refused, they might avoid the King's anger by cancelling the election. The monks of Canterbury received information from Flanders that, in passing through that country, Reginald had . . . betrayed their secret. . . . This determined the offending minority to concur with the wiser members of the monastery, and they proceeded to act in the usual way. They applied to the King for a *congé d'élire*. John immediately granted it, and recommended to their notice the Bishop of Norwich. The monks were anxious to conciliate the King, whose just anger, if he became acquainted with their late proceedings, they feared; and to a great concourse of people assembled in the metropolitan church, the King himself being present, the Prior of Canterbury announced that John de Gray, Bishop of Norwich, had been unanimously elected to the vacant primacy. He was immediately enthroned, with all becoming ceremony, and the King put him in possession of all the property belonging to the see.

All things seemed to be going on smoothly, King and Chapter acting in harmony, when a third party from England appeared in Rome. The suffragans of Canterbury claimed a right of election with the chapter. . . . King John, always rash and precipitate in his measures, in his eagerness to procure the election of De Gray had entirely overlooked the suffragans. And these prelates, justly offended, now sent agents to Rome, to denounce the Bishop of Norwich, as unduly elected, and to prevent his obtaining the pall. . . . Confident of his powers, and justly relying on his discernment, Innocent proceeded to act. He was determined to reject De Gray, as he had no desire to see the Archbishop of Canterbury a servant of the crown ; but he honestly desired to procure the best man he could for the Church of England.

. . . . He proposed to those members of the Chapter of Canterbury who had been brought to Rome by the appeals, to proceed to the election of a Primate. Following the example of the English kings, he desired that the election should take place in his presence ; and he recommended to the electors, Master Stephen Langton. . . . The monks were in a dilemma. If they disobeyed the despot of Rome, they would be excommunicated ; if they obeyed him, they were aware that there was a tyrant in England, who would subject them to the penalties of high treason. As it usually happens, the immediate inconvenience was that which was most dreaded ; and to the election of Stephen Langton all of them agreed, with the one honourable exception of their president, Elias of Brantfield. When he had carried his point, Innocent then seems to have felt that he had acted with an unwise precipitation. He addressed to the Prior and Chapter of Canterbury, and also to the suffragans, explanatory letters. His letter to John was almost of an apologetic tone and character.

The election of Stephen took place in December 1206 ; but no steps were taken for his consecration until the King's answer to the papal announcement had been received. It was not till the spring of the following year that the envoys of John made their appearance in Rome, conveying letters from the King, expressive of his extreme indignation at the daring insolence of the Pope. He denounced the abrogation

of the Bishop of Norwich's election as disgraceful, and spoke of Langton as a man unknown to him. . . . He declared that he would die, if need should be, in defence of the rights of his crown, and that nothing should prevent him from completing the translation of the Bishop of Norwich.

The defiant epistle was answered by Innocent in a tone of haughty insolence, though with the supercilious calmness which is discoverable in all his epistles, and on the 17th of June, A.D. 1207, at Viterbo, Stephen Langton was consecrated by Innocent himself. This was a challenge to John, which the King was not slow to accept.

The monks who formed the chapter of Canterbury Cathedral had been guilty of treason. The King ordered their property to be confiscated. On themselves he pronounced sentence of exile. . . .

In the August following we find the Pope preparing a measure of retaliation. The monks of Canterbury had transgressed the laws of their country, and had suffered. The King of England, in the execution of the law, had offended the Pope of Rome. The Pope of Rome, to avenge himself on the King of England, determined to involve a whole nation in misery by placing it under an interdict.

. . . . The sentence was determined upon in August. A commission was issued to William, Bishop of London, Eustace, Bishop of Ely, and Mauger, Bishop of Worcester, to pronounce the interdict. The time for doing so was not fixed, but enough was done to show that the Pope was in earnest.

John now became alarmed, and he acted with his accus-
1208 tomed infirmity of purpose. In January 1208 he caused it to be signified to the papal commissioners that he was ready to obey the papal monition, . . . saving to himself and his heirs the rights, dignities, and liberties of his crown : a proviso which might mean everything or nothing. And he now opened communication with Langton. A safe-conduct was offered to Simon, the Archbishop's brother, in February. . . . Simon Langton had an interview with the King on the 12th of March.

. . . . John published the result of the interview, in a letter addressed to the people of Kent : " The King, to all the men of the whole of Kent, &c. Know ye, that Master Simon of

Langton came to us at Winchester, on the Wednesday next before Mid-Lent (12th March), and, in the presence of our bishops, prayed us to receive Master Stephen Langton, his brother, as Archbishop of Canterbury. When we spoke to him of preserving to us our dignity in this business, his answer was, that he would do nothing for us with respect to that, unless we placed ourselves altogether at his mercy. We inform you of this, that ye may know what ill and injury has been done to us in this matter."

On the 17th of March the Bishops of London, Ely, and Worcester waited upon the King. They stated the commands of the Pope, . . . and entreated him, with tears, to avoid the shame of an interdict by submission to the papal will. . . . The rage of a Plantagenet amounted to madness. John uttered maledictions, which, if expressed with unbecoming violence, were nevertheless not undeserved, upon the Pope and his cardinals. He swore that if they, or any other priests, presumptuously dared to lay his dominions under an interdict, he would send all the prelates and clergy packing out of England, and confiscate their property. He added, that if any of the clergy of the Church of Rome were to be found in England, or any of his other territories, he would send them back to Rome with their eyes plucked out and their noses slit, that they might carry with them to the grave indelible marks of their disgrace. He bade the three prelates to take themselves from his presence without a moment's loss of time, if they valued their bodily health.

On the 23rd of March the papal commissioners proclaimed the interdict, and, in danger of their lives, they fled the country. The King immediately sequestered the property of all among the clergy who, refusing to perform divine service in their churches, obeyed the interdict.

Excluded from his see, Archbishop Langton sought an asylum at Pontigny. . . . When he heard of the sufferings of the Chapter of Canterbury he issued a commission to the Bishop of London, giving him full powers to act in the Archbishop's behalf, and to take immediate measures, without waiting for communication with the Metropolitan, to prevent the Church from suffering detriment.

We are glad to hear of the interference of the Archbishop to mitigate the severity of the interdict, so far, that divine service might be performed once a week in conventual churches. The necessity of some such relaxation soon became apparent. Among modern historians, many seem to take it for granted that the effect of an interdict was precisely what it was designed to be ; and that all religious offices did actually cease in all parts of the country. . . . But when we write thus, we yield rather to the inspiration of the tragic muse than to the stern facts of history. The clergy who remained in England were many in number ; and their continuance in the country was a toleration on the part of the King which they experienced on the sole condition that they did *not* observe the interdict. . . . Three bishops—Winchester, Durham, and Norwich—bishops of extensive and important dioceses, remained firm to John, and in their dioceses the interdict was only partially observed.

Hence it was that, although Innocent intended to make the interdict in England more than ordinarily stringent and severe, he was obliged to grant dispensations ; for his own partisans were the greatest sufferers. Marriages and churchings were allowed, but only at the church door. Sermons might be preached, but in the open air. The silent burial of the clergy was permitted. In the convents of the regulars, the observance of the canonical hours became a necessity, for the preservation, if not of piety, yet of that discipline and of that regulation of time, without which the convents soon degenerated and became corrupt ; but it was to be without singing. Baptism was always permitted to children, and the administration of the Sacraments to the dying. But, although more mischief was designed by an interdict than the overruling providence of God would permit it to effect, it was the cause, nevertheless, of much social annoyance and of considerable political inconvenience. . . .

John was quite aware of the difficulties to which he was exposed. He had hoped, by his violence, to intimidate the papal commissioners. But when the step was taken, and the interdict was pronounced, he was so alarmed for the consequences, that he immediately re-opened negotiations with the Court of Rome. He would yield up all the points but one ; and even on that he was willing to make a concession. . . .

With the petulance and childishness which were among his characteristics, he could not be persuaded to admit the Archbishop into his presence ; but he would make over the regalia to the Pope, and permit Innocent to invest Langton with the temporalities of the see.

But when John became aware that the interdict would not have all the effect which the Pope intended, and which he had himself anticipated, then his desire for a reconciliation became less eager.

Innocent, disappointed at the little effect, comparatively speaking, which his sentence had produced, at the beginning of the year 1209 held out a threat of excommunication against the person of the King himself. John again became alarmed ; the interdict exposed his subjects to inconvenience, but excommunication would be something directly personal. It might be that, obeying the injunctions of the Pope, his courtiers would shrink from intimacy with an excommunicated person, and the disaffected among the nobles might make it the plea for shaking off their allegiance. All the ports were guarded, and every traveller was rigorously searched, to prevent the introduction of a bull of excommunication ; while it was proclaimed that whoever introduced it should be subjected to the severest penalties of the law. Once more friendly communications from the King were received by the Archbishop, in consequence of which, in all probability, the excommunication was suspended. . . . On the 2d of October the Archbishop himself was at Dover. But the King, even now, could not prevail upon himself to grant Langton the interview. . . . We find him, indeed, saying to the envoys of the Pope, who had an interview with him at Northampton in August 1211, "You may ask what you will, and I will grant it ; but never shall that Stephen obtain a safe-conduct of force sufficient to prevent me from suspending him by the neck the moment he touches land of mine."

All the discontented, who fled the country, repaired to Pontigny. There the Archbishop was made acquainted with the increasing desire of the country to be liberated from the yoke by which it was depressed. The enormities of the King were related, doubtless with exaggerations, as is always the

case. Among other stories it was reported, and generally believed, that, in his hatred of the Pope, he had designed to become a Mahometan.

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1212 The Archbishop of Canterbury, in the summer of 1212, accompanied by the Bishops of London and Ely, repaired to Rome, to entreat the Church of Rome to assist the Church of England, now labouring, as it were, in its last extremities.

Innocent was ready, happy, eager to assume and assert his power over kings, and his right to depose a sovereign for his immoralities. He consulted his cardinals. The forged decretals were found to assign to him the power he was prepared to exercise. The Pope of Rome pronounced the King of England to be deposed. But how was the sentence to be enforced? . . . Innocent immediately wrote to all the nobles, knights, and other warlike men in the different countries of Europe, calling upon them to assume the sign of the cross, and to wage war upon the English king. . . . The King of France was to be the commander, the Godfrey of Bouillon, to this new form of crusade. But Philip Augustus was not a person to fight in another man's quarrel without ample remuneration. He was in the market, he might be hired. But what were to be his wages? First, he was to receive, at once, remission of all his sins. This, considering the character of Philip, was a payment, if the bank which promised it were not already broken, of immense amount. But Innocent was quite aware that, although this was, according to the etiquette of the Court of Rome, the thing first to be mentioned, it was not likely to be the first thing which would occur to the mind of the French king. Therefore a worldly consideration was offered. If John were deposed, the throne of England was vacant. As the successful crusader in the Holy Land had won the crown of Jerusalem, so the crown of England should be conferred upon the King of France, and upon the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten,—if he could get it.

Innocent, however, was not dealing fairly with the King of France. He constituted Pandulph, the sub-deacon, to be his legate; and Pandulph received his secret instructions. . . . John might still repent—that is, he might succumb to the Pope: what was then to be done? . . . A secret form of

was dictated by Innocent, on agreeing to which the King might admit the deposed King to terms, and promise him protection and favour of the Apostolic See.

A new crusade was finally agreed upon at a great Council at Soissons, on the 8th of April, 1213.

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The independent and indignant feeling of all England was aroused. Detestable and detested as John was, his calls were immediately obeyed. A navy was raised, equipped with stores, and with experienced seamen and soldiers. At the same time the army and navy appeared at Portsmouth ready for

When the King reviewed his forces on Barham he found them sixty thousand strong. And yet, at this time, when, as the chroniclers say, there was not a prince in heaven against whom they could not have defended the realm of England—at this very time John made peace, on the most humiliating terms, with his enemy,—not with the King of France, whom he still defied, but with the real author of all calamities, the Pope of Rome. How are we to account for the conduct of the King?

Though the country was prepared to resist an invasion, there were some among the nobles who had determined to rid the country of a tyrant. They would defend the kingdom, but might change their king. John had some time before received private intimations from the King of Scotland, warning him of the existence of a conspiracy against him.

Moreover, there was a prophecy in the mouths of all men, and it was not long before it reached the royal ear. There was a Yorkshireman named Peter, and to him was given, by common consent, the suggestive title of Peter the Hermit. His predictions had been many, and it was reported that they always came true. He openly foretold, that John would not be a king on the next approaching Ascension-day, and that the crown of England was then to be transferred to Henry. John . . . was filled with alarm; and he sent for the Hermit. He demanded whether the man's prediction was that he should die on Ascension-day; and, if not, he inquired in what manner in which he was to be deprived of his throne. The Hermit did not enter into particulars. "Rest assured,"

he said, "that, on the day I have mentioned, you will not be a king: if I am proved to have told you a lie, do with me what you will." The King committed him to custody.

It was the universal belief that the King's reign was fast drawing to a close, and John felt that there was danger in the very thought. . . . He was aware that his real enemy was not the French king, the Archbishop, or the barons, but the Pope. He determined to buy the Pope, and the Pope was bought. John knew the price, and reluctantly consented to pay it,—he must become a vassal of the Pope of Rome. . . .

When first we read the history of England, feelings of indignation are naturally excited in every patriotic heart at the conduct of John in making England a fief of the Roman Pontiff. But . . . there was nothing uncommon in such a proceeding, nor, according to the feudal notions of the age, was there anything very disgraceful in it. . . . The Dukes of Normandy felt it to be no disparagement of their dignity to kneel as vassals to the King of France. Not many years before, . . . on a hill outside the city of Lincoln, William, King of Scots, was seen doing homage to John for all his rights; . . . and on the cross of Canterbury, not long before, Richard Cœur de Lion did homage to the Emperor of the Romans for the kingdom of Provence. . . .

The ease and speed with which the whole transaction was performed was sufficient to show that there was a unanimous desire to effect a peace, and that the measure proposed to be adopted seemed to be the only measure likely to secure the blessing.

. . . . On the 13th John came to Dover, attended by the earls and barons, and an immense concourse of people. The terms of peace were unanimously agreed upon, and they were promulgated first by letters patent and then by a charter. The charter was sealed on the 15th of May; and, on delivering it to Pandulph, the King made homage in the following form:—

"I, John, by the grace of God King of England and Lord of Ireland, will, from this time, as formerly, be faithful to God, St. Peter, and to my liege lord Pope Innocent and his Catholic successors; I will not act, speak, consent to, or advise anything by which they may lose life or limb, or be exposed to caption by treachery. . . . I will assist in holding and

defending the inheritance of St. Peter's, and particularly the kingdoms of England and Ireland, against all men, to the utmost of my power. So may God and the Holy Gospel help me. Amen."

Notwithstanding these transactions, the Archbishop was not inclined to trust himself to the tender mercies of the King until his safe-conduct was countersigned by the barons, with some of whom Langton was already in correspondence. It was not till July that the required document arrived. Then a warrant of security was received by the Archbishop, accompanied by an earnest request from the King that the exiles should return to England. The promise was renewed, that, according to the stipulations of the late treaty with the nuncio, the clergy should be immediately restored to all their rights and privileges, and that they should receive indemnity for all the losses they had sustained. Pandulph, who was now on the King's side, entreated the Archbishop to accede to the royal request.

Upon the arrival of the Archbishop and his *cortège* at Dover, he received intimation that the King was at Cranbourne, in Dorsetshire. A communication was opened with John; and Winchester was fixed upon as a central position, where the two potentates might meet. On the feast of St. Margaret, July 20th, the Archbishop and his suffragans, forming a large cavalcade, halted on the beautiful downs by which the old Saxon capital is surrounded. Their attention was soon directed to a procession issuing from the walls. The King had arrived at Winchester the day before. He went forth to meet the prelates, and the two parties came together on Magdalen Hill. The Archbishop was hesitating how to receive the King, who was still under excommunication, when John, anticipating the difficulty, fell prostrate at his feet. The excommunicated monarch was imploring the prelates to have pity upon him. This new sign of his humiliation and penitence moved the Archbishop and his suffragans to tears. They raised him from the ground, and a procession being immediately formed, the united parties of the King and the Archbishop entered the city, chanting the fifty-first psalm. The Archbishop gave the place of honour to the King, between himself and the Bishop of London. . . . It was thus that they approached the western door of the cathedral; the noble work of Bishop Walkelin, rather more than a hundred

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years before. In the cathedral, the chief personages of the realm were already assembled, with a great multitude of people, weeping and praying. The royal and episcopal procession did not, however, at this time enter into the church. Wheeling round to the south, they approached the chapter-house, which stood near the south-eastern angle. Here a copy of the New Testament was produced; and upon the four Gospels the King swore, "That he would love Holy Church and its ordained members; that he would, to the utmost of his power, defend and maintain them against all their enemies; and that he would renew all the good laws of his ancestors, especially those of King Edward." . . . He also swore "that before the next Easter he would make restitution of confiscated property to all who were concerned in the matter of the interdict. He moreover renewed his oath of fealty to Pope Innocent and his Catholic successors."

Then Stephen Langton performed his first episcopal act in England. The King knelt before him, and in solemn tones the Archbishop said: "May the Lord Jesus absolve thee! By the authority of God and the Church, I absolve thee from thy sins, whether confessed or forgotten, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

The crowd without were awaiting the event. . . . To their astonishment and delight, they beheld the procession enter the cathedral. The Archbishop ascended the steps of the chancel, and stood before the high altar. For the first time for six years, the Holy Eucharist, in very truth at this time a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, was performed in all its almost forgotten solemnity.

The Church of England was still under a papal interdict; but the Archbishop of Canterbury disregarded the interdict, and was never forgiven at Rome. For three days the rejoicings in Winchester, at the restoration of peace between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, continued. The Archbishop and Bishop were welcomed to his palace by the King, and dined with him at his own table.

The day after his absolution, the King sent letters to all the sheriffs of the kingdom, ordering them to send four liege men from each town in their demesne, together with the warden, to



St. Albans, on the 4th of August, that through them and his other agents he might make inquiries about the losses and confiscated property of each of the bishops, and how much was due to each. . . .

. . . . Even now, when the papacy was in the ascendant, or rather had reached its culminating point throughout the nations and Churches of Europe, the Church of England remained distinct from the Church of Rome. The interests and the policy of the two Churches clashed. The Church of England sided with the barons against a tyrannical king ; the Church of Rome supported the tyrant against the barons. The Archbishop of Canterbury was the leader of the popular party, whose chief opponent the Pope of Rome now became.

Upon this subject John was soon to be enlightened. At Michaelmas, 1213, Nicolas, Bishop of Tusculum, or Frascati, arrived, as the Pope's legate, in England. He was cordially received by John. He had come to remove the interdict, in the Pope's name ; yet many months elapsed before this was accomplished. . . . A.D. 1213

It was not till the 3rd of October, at St. Paul's Church in London, that John, in full assembly, formally executed the charter of surrender. He resigned his crown, and, placing it in the Legate's hands, received it back as a donation from him. This was satisfactory to John and the papal party.

. . . . But now came the subject of compensation. . . . The King proposed a thousand marks of silver to be paid at once ; with such further sum as might appear satisfactory to the Legate, when the returns were made, which, immediately after his absolution, he required the sheriffs to commence.

This the Legate, with the money in his pocket, and the crown surrendered to him, declared to be a reasonable proposal. The Archbishop and Bishops of the Church of England thought otherwise.

. . . . They pointed to their castles in ruins, their houses and barns burnt, their orchards and woods cut down, their lands untilled, their serfs dispersed, their flocks and herds destroyed. They dwelt on the unfairness of causing those to suffer who had observed the interdict, while the Bishop of Durham, the Bishop of Norwich, the Bishop of Winchester, and other clergy, who

had defied the interdict, though they might be subjected to a penance, were still in possession of their property uninjured. At this very time, also, the Church of England and the Church of Rome were in collision on the subject of the Peter-pence. The original payment of Peter-pence had been a fixed sum designed for a definite object, the support of the English college at Rome. By subsequent enactments, or by custom, a penny was demanded, under the head of this tax, from every house in England. This the Bishops of the Church of England were accustomed to collect, and, paying the three hundred marks a year to the papal treasury, applied the rest of the money to the sustentation of the mother church or the cathedral of each diocese. Innocent demanded the payment of the whole sum.

The Legate had no authority to take off the interdict until this question was settled. He did not care for delay. The King rejoiced in it. The main grievance of it had been already removed from the people. The Archbishop had, soon after his arrival, relaxed the interdict in the King's chapels, and had permitted the conventual churches and parish priests to perform divine service, though without music. Wherever the Legate took his abode, there he ruled that the interdict was, for the time, suspended. The conduct of the Archbishop in this respect was, indeed, a fresh cause of disagreement between the two Churches : what right had he, it was asked, to interfere with an interdict imposed by the Pope? The only answer was,—the right inherent in his office, the existence of which was ignored by Innocent.

. Wherever he went, the Legate superseded the diocesans in the exercise of their functions, and would not permit the cross of the Archbishop to be raised in his presence. He degraded abbots and sequestered clergy at his will ; but the crowning offence of all was his assuming to fill up the many vacant churches, without respect to the election of chapters or the wishes of patrons. . . . The Archbishop was urged by his clergy to resist this usurpation, and his brave spirit was always resolute against tyranny, whether exercised by Pope or
A.D. 1214 by King. In January 1214 he summoned his suffragans to meet him at Dunstable, to discuss the affairs of the unhappy Church of England. . . . But little could be effected, owing

to the credulity which had induced the age to accept as law the forged decretals. It was finally decided that certain clerks should be sent to Burton-upon-Trent, where the Legate then was, to forbid him, by the interposition of an appeal on the part of Stephen Langton, to appoint prelates in the vacant churches, in prejudice of the undoubted rights of the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom, by the constitution of the Church of England, the right pertained of appointing to vacant churches in his province.

The Legate, however, laughed at the prohibition, for he acted under the Pope's direction. He sent Pandulph forthwith to the Court of Rome, to counteract any proceedings on the part of the Primate. There Pandulph met Simon Langton, who had been despatched by his brother to state the circumstances of the case. Simon Langton, however, could not obtain a hearing from the Pope or his cardinals. . . . When Pandulph declared, in the name of the Legate, that, of all the kings of the earth, he had never seen a character so humble, so moderate, so endowed with excellence, as John, King of England, the Pope and his counsellors were ready at once to acquiesce; and when the delegates of Nicolas proceeded to vilify Archbishop Langton, the same parties fully believed the assertion. . . .

John, meanwhile, left it to the dignitaries of the two Churches to fight their own battle. . . . In February 1214 he had sailed from Yarmouth on an expedition against the French king; and on June 17th, being then at Angers, he came to a final settlement on ecclesiastical affairs. The interdict was to be withdrawn on security being given by the King for the annual payment to the Pope of twelve thousand marks, till all the claims should be satisfied. In regard to the claims of the Church of England, as the King had already paid forty thousand marks by way of compensation, he was further required to bind himself by oath, and through letters patent under the Great Seal, to make full payment according as the Pope should order. John felt that he might trust the Pope. The grateful Pope, to prevent his being annoyed by the authorities of the Church of England, removed the King as far as possible out of its spiritual jurisdiction. He issued a bull, by which it was decreed that the King's person should not be excommunicated,

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or his chapel put under interdict, except by immediate sentence from the papal see.

. When the news of the settlement arrived in England, the Legate went in state to St. Paul's Church. Here a council was invoked, to which he explained the terms of the treaty. He then solemnly revoked the sentence of interdict, by which the country had been insulted and annoyed for six years, three months, and fourteen days.

The *Te Deum* was chanted, and the bells rang out a merry peal; but there was a sullen discontent among the higher orders in Church and State. A disturbance immediately took place, which must have convinced the Legate that troublous times were at hand. An innumerable multitude beset the Legate on his return to his home, and as long as he remained in England—of abbots, templars, hospitallers, abbesses, nuns, and clergy, whose claims had been utterly disregarded. They demanded satisfaction to be made to them for losses and injuries sustained by them during the time of the interdict. An insulting reply was all the redress they found. The Legate insinuated that they were beneath consideration; he asserted that he had received no instructions concerning them; that he could not exceed his commission: and that they had better appeal to the Pope. All were well aware that an appeal to the Pope by the enemies of the King was a work of supererogation, although it was on account of their obedience to the Pope that they had incurred the royal displeasure.

A few months before, Nicolas, Bishop of Frascati, had been received with joyful processions, amidst the acclamations of the people: he now left the country amidst curses, not loud, but deep.

. Before the arrival of Langton in England, the barons, although oppressed by John, and hating him for his insolence, despotism, and cruelty, had formed no regular combination against the tyrant. Langton now taught them to act in combination: not only to be lords, but to form a House of Lords. . . . The first step in this direction was taken at a council assembled at St. Albans on the 4th of August, 1213.

The King had summoned the council, but he did not attend. Just before its meeting he had started on his ex-

pedition to France. He had left the regency to Geoffrey Fitz-Peter.

. . . . The Archbishop availed himself of this opportunity to unite the barons in one great confederation, in order that the liberties of the country might be placed on a sure foundation, and guarantees be taken for their maintenance. He first of all conferred with the barons one by one. The substance of his address to each is given in the form of a speech by Wendover. "Did you hear," he said, "how, when I absolved the King at Winchester, I made him swear that he would do away with unjust laws, and would recall good laws, such as those of King Edward, and cause them to be observed by all in the kingdom? A charter of Henry I., King of England, has just now been found, by which you may, if you wish it, recall your long-lost rights and your former condition."

. . . . Langton then summoned a general meeting, and directed the charter of Henry to be read aloud. . . . The barons listened to the reading with great attention, and under feelings of considerable excitement, expressed by their looks and gestures, and then by words. For their rights they were prepared to contend, and, if need should be, to die. "Swear it," said the Primate. The solemn oath was taken, and the confederation was now formed.

In October 1214 the King returned to England, not only A.D.
1214 offended by the proceedings of the government during his absence, but indignant with the barons, his vassals, who had refused to accompany him to the Continent.

. . . . Things now assumed a very threatening aspect. The King was collecting an army. There was no doubt that his object was to punish his refractory barons by military execution. No time was to be lost. The league with the barons must be made more stringent; and it was agreed that they should meet at St. Edmundsbury. St. Edmund was a popular saint among the Anglo-Saxons. A concourse of people always flowed into the town on his festival; and the barons, with their retainers, might therefore appear as devotees at the shrine of the Anglo-Saxon king and martyr. The festival was on the 22d of November. A few days before, the various parties armed, and had their secret meetings. There, one by one, at the

altar, each baron made oath that he would withdraw his fealty from John, if he refused to grant the rights now claimed ; and that he would wage war upon him, until, by charter under his seal, the King confirmed their just demands.

A. D.
1215 The King, meanwhile, was actively employed in collecting his forces. . . . He took the field in the spring of 1215, and marching against the barons of the north, he proceeded from London to Northampton. No time was now to be lost by the confederates. The Archbishop, with his retinue, made his appearance in the King's camp. He stated that he had come to remind the King of the oath he had taken when he received absolution at Winchester. He affirmed that, according to the terms of that oath, instead of making war upon his vassals, he was bound, in the first place, if there were cause of offence, to summon them to his court, that they might be tried and judged by their peers.

"Rule you the Church," said the King, "and leave me to govern the State." He continued his march to Nottingham in a state of great indignation and wrath. . . . Important events now occurred in rapid succession. Early in April the barons met at Stamford. The military display was splendid. Two thousand knights appeared in complete armour, with cavalry, infantry, and attendants variously equipped. All were enthusiastic in their determination to resist the tyranny of King and Pope.

. . . . The King was at Woodstock on the 4th of April. On Monday, the 6th, the barons encamped at Brackley. The King moved to Oxford, to treat with them on the Tuesday. The Archbishop had accompanied the King from Nottingham. He, with the Earl of Pembroke, formed a deputation from the King, who desired to be specifically informed as to the nature of those laws and liberties, the recognition of which was now demanded at his hands.

A schedule was handed over to the deputation, which had been previously drawn, in all probability, by the Archbishop himself. In this document were recited the laws and customs of the country. The deputation was directed to inform the King, that, unless these demands were immediately granted, and confirmed under his seal, his fortresses would be taken, and compliance enforced by an appeal to arms. The Arch-

bishop read the petition, if so it may be called, and expounded it, clause by clause, until John lost all patience, and in a fury exclaimed, "Why do they not demand my crown at once? No liberties will I grant to those, whose object it is to make me their slave."

The Archbishop and William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, endeavoured to persuade the King to comply with the requests of the barons. It was in vain, and they returned to Brackley with his refusal. The confederated nobles hesitated not for one moment as to the course to be pursued. . . . Robert Fitzwalter was elected Mareschal. . . . Meanwhile, the barons had received intimation from the citizens of London that the principal inhabitants were on their side; and if the army of God and the Church were to appear before the walls they would find the gates open. . . . The patriot forces took possession of London on Sunday the 24th of May. The city authorities, careful not to forfeit their charter, had directed all persons to repair to their parish churches. The gates were then left open. The citizens were, or seemed to be, so profoundly devout that day, that they did not hear the march of the silent troops, whom they rejoiced to find, when Divine service was over, in possession of the Tower, and mounting guard upon their walls.

. . . . The Archbishop and the Earl of Pembroke remained with the King—responsible to the country for a satisfactory answer, on the part of John, to the demands of the barons. The army of the King had dispersed. His suite consisted only of seven knights. With his usual insincerity, he commissioned the Earl of Pembroke to announce the fact that he was ready to fulfil his promise, and to grant to the patriots the laws and liberties which they claimed as a right. He left it to them to name the day, and to appoint a place of meeting. The day was to be the 15th of June; the place, a field between Staines and Windsor, a green meadow on the banks of the Thames. The King was at Windsor. The two parties met at Runnymede. The Archbishop, seven bishops, and about fourteen earls and barons, attended the King. . . . They were with him simply as a security to the patriots that he would at least attend the conference. He had only two friends who

gave him their sympathy—Pandulph, the Pope's subdeacon and chaplain, and perhaps Almeric, Master of the Templars. The whole nobility of England was in array before him. By their retainers, ready to support them, the commonalty were represented in the conference. The King's seal was attached to Magna Charta.

John frequently displayed considerable energy when he was forced by circumstances to rouse himself from his debaucheries and to enter the field of action. After resting a few days at Windsor, he is to be traced to Winchester, to Marlborough, to Devizes,—then to Corfe, and thence to Oxford. The greater part of the August following was spent at Sandwich, Canterbury, and Dover. We may infer, from the rapidity of his movements, and from these several localities, the manner in which he was engaged.

. . . . His object was to surround himself by an army, which would enable him to fight against his subjects, and to rescind the Great Charter through which the liberties of the Anglo-Saxon constitution were confirmed to those who had become the English people. Agents were despatched to the Continent, commissioned to re-enlist the mercenaries who had lately been disembodied.

. . . . The country was soon inundated with freebooters and adventurers from Poitou, Gascony, Brabant, and Flanders. The King found himself sufficiently powerful, on the 13th of October, to lay siege to the castle of Rochester.

At the same time . . . John despatched his devoted friend, the astute and unscrupulous Pandulph, to demand assistance from his suzerain, the Pope of Rome.

. . . . Langton, knowing Pandulph's powers of misrepresentation, determined himself to go to Rome, in order that he might warn his former friend, Innocent, not to expect, in the aristocracy or the hierarchy of England, that subserviency which he had found in the hypocritical King.

. . . . The King, dreading the Archbishop's influence at Rome, was violently opposed to the proposed journey. Nevertheless, he could not absolutely forbid it; for Langton had received a summons, as a Roman cardinal, to attend a Council, the Fourth Lateran, to be held at Rome in 1215. Notwith-

standing the objections of John, Langton persevered in his intention. The ship in which he was about to sail was anchored off Dover ; his suite was equipped ; his goods were on board. He was just on the point of sailing when he received a visit from the Bishop of Winchester, the Abbot of Reading, and the Subdeacon Pandulph, who had just returned from Italy. They presented themselves as commissioners from the Pope ; they informed the Archbishop that they were in possession of certain bulls, one of which annulled the Magna Charta, while another commanded the barons, under penalty of excommunication, to lay down their arms. The commissioners laid the Pope's commands upon the Archbishop to cause the publication of these bulls, every Sunday and feast-day, in all the churches of his province. The Archbishop refused compliance. For his disobedience to the papal edict to rescind Magna Charta the commissioners pronounced the Archbishop contumacious, and declared him to be suspended. He was prohibited from performing divine service or from entering a church.

Langton was one of those practical men who never waste their strength in fighting useless battles, or in contending for mere theoretical rights. The only important question to be asked was, whether the commissioners were in possession of a bull prohibiting the Archbishop from leaving the country. No such bull could be produced, as Pandulph had left England before Langton's determination to follow him had become known. The Archbishop, therefore, quietly proceeded on his journey. . . .

Innocent had been much exasperated by the proceedings which had taken place in England.

Pandulph and the other envoys of John, when imploring the Pope's aid in the King's behalf against the people of England, had enlarged upon the iniquity of what they called the rebellion of the barons. The King, they ventured to say, had openly declared before them all, that the kingdom of England, by right of dominion, belonged to the Pope of Rome. . . . To this appeal the barons paid not the slightest regard. . . . They had had recourse to arms, and then demanded from the King the laws and liberties recounted in the Magna Charta, a

transcript of which they laid before the Pope. Innocent read the various items; his countenance expressed his indignation; he knit his brows, and at length he burst forth: "What! have the barons of England dared to dethrone a king, who has taken the cross and placed himself under the protection of the Apostolic see? The barons of England,—do they dare to transfer to others the patrimony of the Church of Rome? By Holy Peter, their outrage shall not go unpunished."

He straightway convened the cardinals. . . . Their advice, or his determination, issued in the bulls to which allusion has been already made.

. . . . John was highly elated on receiving the papal bulls; and he especially rejoiced at the suspension of Langton.

. . . . To his great disappointment, however, the papal bulls were treated with contempt by the patriots; and the phrase was current among them, "Woe unto him that justifieth the wicked for reward!" When Innocent was informed of these circumstances, and heard that his advice was disregarded and his menaces contemned, he was in a state of great irritation. He therefore issued a bull, containing a sentence of excommunication against all who opposed the King.

. . . . The Pope had now placed himself in an extraordinary and anomalous position. He had cursed the Magna Charta; he had cursed the patriots; he had cursed the peers of the realm; he had cursed the bishops of the Church of England; he had cursed the city of London; he had suspended, as far as he had the power, the Primate. Under his name, and by his authority, the most debased and profane of the rabble of Europe were destroying bishops' palaces, plundering monasteries, keeping licentious revel in churches, and stabling their horses in cathedral stalls. . . . Wherever these men went, what was before a garden was turned into a wilderness,—devastated by plunder, torture, and murder. A contemporary tell us:—

"The whole of the surface of the earth was filled with these limbs of the devil . . . running about with drawn swords and open knives. They ransacked towns, cemeteries, and churches, robbing every one, and sparing neither women nor children; the King's enemies, wherever they were found, were

imprisoned in chains, and compelled to pay a heavy ransom. Even the priests, while standing at the very altars, with the cross of the Lord in their hands, clad in their sacred robes, were seized, tortured, robbed, and ill-treated. . . .

"Many who had worldly possessions gave them to their torturers, and were not believed when they had given their all; others, who had nothing, gave many promises, that they might at least for a short time put off the tortures they had experienced once. This persecution was general throughout England, and fathers were sold to the torture by their sons, brothers by their brothers, and citizens by their fellow-citizens. Markets and traffic ceased, and goods were exposed for sale only in churchyards. Agriculture was at a standstill, and no one dared to go beyond the limit of the churches."

When we read of these things, we cease to wonder that the memory of John was held in abhorrence by succeeding generations, and we cease to regard as mere rhetoric the passionate expressions by which Matthew Paris represents the barons as giving vent to their grief. "Woe to you, John, last of kings, detested one of the chiefs of England, disgrace of the English nobility! Alas for England, already devastated, and to be further ravaged! Alas! England, England, till now the chief of provinces in all kinds of wealth, thou art laid under tribute; subject not only to fire, famine, and the sword, but to the rule of ignoble slaves and foreigners, than which no curse can be worse."

The Archbishop had left the country, triumphant in having carried the Charter. In the sad events which subsequently occurred, and to which allusion has just been made, the barons felt that, in losing their head, their loss was irreparable. There was no one to supply Langton's place.

. . . . But with the events which happened during the few but eventful months which occurred between the departure of Langton from England and the accession of Henry III. we are not concerned in these pages. Langton had not, even indirectly, a share in them.

When the Primate arrived in Italy at the end of October, he was not re-admitted to the friendship of Innocent. . . . The prelates, abbots, heads of religious houses, the ambassadors of

king, and the ministers of princes, were assembling in Italy, in preparation for the approaching council: and Langton was not permitted to take his place at the Pope's right hand, as was the custom with his predecessors in the see of Canterbury. . . . The Abbot of Beaulieu and the knights Thomas Hardington and Geoffrey of Crawcombe, were admitted to the council, in bring their charges against their Metropolitan. They accused him, in the name of John, whose promises they were, of conspiring with the nobles of England against their appointed king. They affirmed that it was an attempt to destroy the King, the barons lived under his encouragement and advice.

. . . . On hearing these and many other allegations against him, the Archbishop made no answer. The Pope addressed him: "Brother, by St Peter, you will not so easily permit absolution from all, after having inflicted such and so many injuries, not only on the King of England himself, but also on the Church of Rome. We will, after full deliberation with our brethren, decide how we are to punish such a rash man." At length, after having discussed the matter with his cardinals, Innocent confirmed the sentence of suspension against the Archbishop.

The Archbishop received the censure in dignified silence. His subsequent conduct in maintaining the Great Charter is sufficient to show that the proceedings at Rome made no impression upon his mind.

At the very time when this event took place Langton received from England a gratifying proof that the sympathies of the Church of England were with him, and that by the independent clergy his conduct had been approved. The archiepiscopal see of York had been vacant from the death of December 1212, and was in the custody of Eustace de Lusille. In the 1213 18th of June, 1213, the King granted his licence to the chapter to elect an archbishop; recommending very strongly Walter de Grey, Bishop of Worcester and Chancellor. In opposition to the King, the chapter elected Simon, the brother of the Archbishop of Canterbury. . . . Innocent, however, did not hesitate to annul the election, in certain reasons which he did not think fit to mention.

. . . . With the death of John which took place on the 20th

of October, 1216, the political life of Stephen Langton may be said to have terminated. . . . 1216

The close of the Archbishop's eventful life was rendered happy by his being restored to the society of his brother Simon. Simon Langton, after his ejection from the see of York, through the interference of King John and the Pope, embraced the cause of Louis of France, whose chancellor he became.

. . . . On the settlement of the kingdom by the coronation of Henry III. Simon found it necessary to quit the country, to which he could not return without the royal permission. Although the permission was not obtained before the year 1223, 1223 it was then granted in gracious terms, and as an acknowledgment of the services which the aged Primate had rendered to the state. The Archbishop conferred upon his brother, a man much younger than himself, the Archdeaconry of Canterbury; and leaving to the Archdeacon the details of business, he sought in retirement to prepare for the great change which was awaiting him.

There were several manors belonging to the see of Canterbury in the county of Sussex. Stephen Langton chose as his residence the manor-house of Slindon. . . . The foundations of the ancient archiepiscopal residence are those upon which the present mansion rests. Approached from the broad Downs, with their even outspread turf, that mansion is seen standing, amidst its broad-spreading beeches; and, from the eminence upon which it is placed, there is a sea-view which reaches from the Isle of Wight to Brighton. Here Stephen Langton accustomed his mind to look from nature up to nature's God.

The particulars of his last hours have not been handed down to us. We only know that his last breath was breathed on the 9th of July, 1228.

A stone coffin is still exhibited in Canterbury Cathedral as that which contains his bones. . . . Stephen Langton, like his great predecessors Lanfranc and Anselm, conduced by his writings to the great change which was now passing over the awakened mind of Europe, to which we trace in this country the establishment of civil liberty, and the Reformation of the Church. . . . The versatility of his genius is shown by the variety of his literary pursuits,—the literary pursuits, we must remember,

of a man of the world, continually called from his studies to take his part in public affairs. He commenced his career of author in the capacity of a poet. One of the earliest miracle plays, in Norman-French, is attributed to him. He composed a heroic poem in hexameters, on the six days of the creation, under the title of *Hexameron*. He wrote also a canticle on our Lord's Passion. He was an historian, and wrote a *Life of Richard I.*, frequently referred to by ancient writers, though no longer in existence. Some authors attribute to him a *life of Mahomet*, and another of *Becket*, but on very questionable authority. But his favourite study was always the Bible. He wrote commentaries on most of the Books of the Old Testament. I am not aware that any of them have been published, but they are known to exist in the libraries of Oxford and Cambridge. The following allusion is made to his writings by an old chronicler:—"In XI yere of Henry, deied Steven Langdon, Bishop of Cauntirbury, that was a grete clerk in his dayes in makeing of many bokes, specially upon Scripture. For his work upon the XII Prophetys have I seyn." To his industry we are indebted at the present hour; for there is every reason to believe that it was he who first divided the entire Bible into chapters.

THE BATTLE OF BOUVINES.

A.D. 1208—1214.

(From CAPEFIGUE'S "*Philippe Auguste*," chap. xxiv. and xxv.)¹

MANY causes conduced to the progress of the central power towards political strength and unity during the reign of Philippe Auguste; but among these may chiefly be noted, the union of the English fiefs with the crown of France, and a series of acts, which, by establishing the customs of feudalism, had irritated the great vassals against the King. . . . It was said that Philippe

¹ Translated by C. M. Y.

designed to reign over the various nations from the Pyrenees even to the banks of the Elbe: that he intended to level the castles, the strongholds of the nobles; and that he meant to reduce feudal tenures to that mere temporary possession by counts and *missi dominici*¹ which had belonged to the political system of Charlemagne.² . . .

. . . . Such ideas did not tend to reassure either Philippe's own barons or his rival kings. John's forfeiture had been a great example; and this new species of authority which invaded everything, excited much discontent among the high territorial vassalage. A league was of course formed against the King; for when absolute power first is asserted, threatened liberty always makes a final effort. The principal actors in this great move were—the Emperor Otho, and King John of England, Ferrand, Count of Flanders, the Duke of Brabant, the Count of Bar, Courtenai, Count of Namur, the Count of Boulogne, the Duke of Limburg,—all vassals either of France or of the Empire, and some kinsmen or friends of Philippe Auguste. To the general causes above mentioned were added some grievances peculiar to the Emperor Otho, which brought him to the field of Bouvines. The death of Philip of Swabia had multiplied the number of aspirants to the Empire; . . . and King Philippe Auguste, whose whole policy consisted in creating troubles and difficulties for Otho, had furnished Henry, Duke of Brabant, with the means of asserting his claims, . . . while Otho was upheld by the favour of the Pope, who again employed the great weapon of excommunication, proclaiming every elector relapsed and excommunicate who should not give his voice in favour of his dear son. . . .

On the 4th of October, 1209, the Pontiff placed the imperial crown on Otho's head, in spite of the dissentient voice of the Roman people. But no sooner was the Emperor crowned, than he quarrelled with the Pope, his protector. . . . Young Frederick of Sicily then put forth his claim, and was at once approved by Innocent and befriended by Philippe. . . .

A.D.

1209

¹ Imperial deputies—officers sent out by the Emperor to inspect districts composed of a certain number of counties, where assizes were to be held by them every three months, and the finances to be regulated

² Never was the memory of Charlemagne so popular as in this reign.

Upper Germany submitted to Frederick, while Lower Germany was retained by Otho, and the latter swore the deepest enmity against the two chief authors of this revolution, the Pope and Philippe Auguste. . . . No great effort, therefore, was necessary to persuade him of the importance and necessity of a war against his oldest enemy, and when the Count of Boulogne demanded his aid, he replied, "Fair Count, you may reckon upon me : three months hence I shall be in Flanders at the head of all the men I can muster, and I shall have a hundred thousand." The Count left him well contented. . . .

There was nothing but enthusiasm for this great crusade against France. The cities of Flanders offered men, knights, money, cloth, and arms ; the ladies embroidered scarves for their knights, and distributed their colours, while the old Countess Matilda of Flanders infused her hatred into all. She particularly detested King Philippe for having forced her to separate from her second husband, the Duke of Burgundy, whom she had passionately loved. When she saw her revenge prepared by all this warlike pomp, she hurried to consult a renowned necromancer. "Well, Master," she said, "what will be the event of this war?"

After many enchantments, the magician replied, "There will be a battle. The King of France shall be trodden under hoof of horses, and shall have no burial ; and after the victory, Ferrand shall enter Paris in grand procession."


"Heaven be praised," cried the old Countess, delighted. "Master Raphael, we shall be even with that accursed Philippe!"

The accursed Philippe was not without alarm. This powerful league dismayed him, for, far from meeting with enthusiasm among his barons and castellanes, he only encountered discouragement, and was even aware that they had a secret understanding with the allied princes. . . . Thus the invasion was only energetically opposed by the servants of the King, who were accustomed to his yoke ; and especially by the burghers, who made common cause with royalty against feudalism. Still the chivalry of France, which was about to encounter the army of Otho and his confederates, was fairly brilliant. Among the nobles who assembled were the Count de Dreux and the Bishop of Beauvais, both of royal race ; Pierre de Courtenai,

Count of Auxerre, whose brother, the Count of Namur, was also in the confederation ; together with Eudes, Duke of Burgundy ; Jean, Count of Ponthieu, the King's nephew ; Thomas, Count of Perche ; and Thibaut, Count of Champagne, then only thirteen years of age, and under the guardianship of Philippe, who was his cousin. It was a sort of union of all the branches of the House of Capet defending their patrimony and the sovereignty of their head ; and besides these great barons, there might be counted up a crowd of guests at their palaces and tables . . . who hurried up at the head of their vassals and vavasours to answer to the feudal convocation. . . . After many discussions and deliberations, it was determined that the French host should be divided into two great armies, one under the orders of Louis, to march upon Anjou and Poitou, which were invaded by the English king, John ; the other to advance in haste towards the confederates, who were threatening the frontier on the Flemish side. . . .

There had been long consultations amongst the German confederates as to the mode of carrying on the war. Otho, with the Counts of Boulogne and Flanders, had at length agreed on the principal measures, and in May the feudal forces came in crowds to the standard of their suzerain, and Otho pitched his tents of reed and straw on the banks of the Scheldt and at Mortagne. . . .

The united forces amounted to more than 200,000 fighting men arrayed beneath 1,500 banners of all hues, on which were represented the coat-armour of counts, provosts of towns, and guardians of burghers. . . . Otho took his station in the middle of a troop, at the foot of an immense car bearing the imperial ensigns, the purple standard and golden eagle, ancient memorials of Rome ; and the sceptre, surmounted by the ball, or bulla, the impress of which served as a seal to the imperial charters. The whole multitude marched past him, and the knights shouted with joy and triumph in their German tongue. Then the Emperor collected his friends around his tent, and thus spoke : " Lord Counts, ye know that we shall never be at peace in our dominions as long as Philippe reigns in France. Secure of his support, the Pope pronounces interdicts, excommunicates us, releases our subjects from their oaths of allegiance,



knowing that Philippe takes the part of the clergy as though it were his own. It is sport to him to rob the great and noble, and he has not been afraid to dispossess King John of all his French fiefs. Therefore it is needful that we should free ourselves of him by death."

"Well said," replied the Counts; "but let us divide his lands, for France must pay our expenses."

"Reginald of Boulogne," continued the Emperor, "thou shalt have Peronne and all the Vermandois. Ferrand, Count of Flanders, shall take Paris and its county. . . . The Earl of Salisbury shall be lord of Dreux. . . . Each noble knight shall receive estates, either in the territories which fall to me, or in those which will return to King John of England, my ally."

A loud murmur was heard, "Well said, Lord Emperor."

"That is not all," continued Otho. "As to the clerks and monks whom Philippe protects, we must be rid of them. . . Is it not better that knights and brave nobles should hold abundant lands, than that they should belong to these lazy clerks, who are only born to devour corn, live in idleness, and give themselves up to drunkenness and licence till they are fattened to a huge size?"

At these words a loud laugh broke forth among the crowd. Young and old rejoiced beforehand at the notion of seizing the rich priories of Citeaux and Clairvaux, and drinking good wine in the cellars of the rich abbeys.

While the confederates were thus dividing the fair realm of France, and foretasting the pleasure of settling themselves in the midst of the fields of Burgundy and Normandy, Philippe Auguste, who was aware of their plans, published the *ban* and *arrière ban* in all the castles and municipalities.

The rendezvous of the French army was at Peronne, where all the brave men were collected, on the 10th of July. On the 25th they were at Tournay, where the muster or review took place. Five thousand knights, fifty thousand men-at-arms were reckoned, and to them, according to the proclamation of the *arrière ban*, were added the municipalities and their burghers. . . . The haughty barons laughed a little under their helmets at the unmilitary air of these tradesfolk clad in green or grey, without coats of mail, armed with maces, crossbows,



bows, and sharp axes; but in the thick of the battle they saw that they were not to be despised, for the burghers struck steadily home like tried knights.

The French army was encamped before Tournay when the confederates, extending their line, advanced through Courtrai, Mons, and Lille, intending to surround it; and so secure were they of victory, that they carried with them waggon-loads of ropes and halters, to fetter the principal barons of France and the King himself. The advance through three places at once made Philippe decide on a retreat to Peronne.

"It is impossible," he said to the knights, "to fight in the position we have taken up, where our horses cannot easily manœuvre; let us turn back to Peronne. There are wide plains towards Cambrai, behind the bridge of Bouvines, and there we will give battle. The Duke of Burgundy has often complained of the length of the war; we will finish it in a day!"

The knights, in obedience to the King's command, retreated from the advancing German and English masses, who came on all the faster when they heard that the French forces were fleeing in disorder to Bouvines. Otho wished to come up with Philippe's army before the crossing of the narrow bridge, where there was not room for two horses abreast, thinking thus to cut off his enemy more easily. . . . The whole savage multitude inundated the country like a swarm of locusts, regardless of the forest, with its undergrowth of green branches of willow, or of the bogs full of pits and reed-beds, and the muddy soil thickly overgrown with flags and heavy with clay.

Garin, Bishop of Senlis, Philippe's dearest friend and most intimate confidant, was commanding the rearguard which protected the retreat of the French chivalry. He often left his main body, and, ascending a height, sought to discern the course of the confederates; and while the French hurried on with waving banners, he rode with a few attendants as far as Mortagne, where, mounting a high bank, he could see forests of lances covering the horizon like so many black dots; indeed, it was not possible to take them all in at a single glance. The helmets reflecting the sun flashed a dazzling light, the horses' flanks were discoloured by rust, the waving of the banners made a breeze. Then Garin said to one of the knights who

were with him, "Stay to watch the march of the allies, while I warn the King to set the battle in array, for he trusts only to me."

When the Bishop came up with tidings that the enemy was advancing *en masse*, Philippe convoked his barons, to take counsel with them. They did not agree to give battle, but said it would be better to retire till the bridge was passed. Besides, they added, "it is Sunday; the confederates will not dare to break the holy tide by giving battle, and we shall profit by it, and put the river between us and them." The King agreed; but even as he was resting under an ash-tree, near a little chapel, two messengers from the barons in the rearguard came up to him in breathless haste. "Sir King," they said, "the Viscount de Melun and the light-armed men are in great danger; the allies have attacked them, and the Viscount does not answer for being able to keep them back."

"Good," said the King, "then we must fight;" and entering the chapel under the ash, he knelt down, and thus spoke: "Behold, the Lord giveth me what I sought, the battle is at hand. I doubt not of the victory, nor of His triumphing through us, and our triumphing through Him, over His own enemies, who hate Him. Otho is an ungodly man who dares threaten to strip the Church of her possessions, while we are in communion with St. Peter, and love the clergy, as they love us, with tender love. Let this battle be not for me, but for Thee, O God, and the kingdom."

This address was made aloud, and was listened to with applause. Then the King put on his armour, and mounted his horse with as much gay alacrity as if he had been going to a wedding or a feast, and the heralds cried, "To arms, barons, to arms!" Horns and trumpets began to sound; and the knights, who had already passed the bridge, turned back to set themselves in battle array, while the clergy, who were behind the King, especially Guillaume le Breton,¹ chanted the Psalms of David.

The two armies were ranged on the plain of Bouvines on

¹ From whom this whole narrative is taken, almost literally, together with the "Chronique de St. Denis," an official contemporary register of this period.

Sunday the 27th of July, 1214. Otho had been somewhat surprised at the rapid wheeling round of the French; nevertheless he drew out his ranks, extending them enormously. The Germans and English were much distressed by having the sun in their faces, and whatever attempts they made to avoid this disadvantage, they found it unavoidable. Their front was full two thousand paces long, and looked like an immense bar of glittering steel. In the midst of a deep square of lances was Otho, with the imperial standard, surrounded with bundles of weapons¹ and placed upon a car: all could see the dragon entwined round the staff, and the eagle spreading on the summit.

The King had entrusted the ordering of the battle to Bishop Gavin, who was experienced in war, and had studied Polybius and the ancients. He perceived that, though outnumbered, he must extend his wings to prevent their being turned by the enemy, and thus his first rank occupied a space of 1,040 paces. . . .

The battle was begun by 150 sergeants-at-arms on horseback, who charged the German and Flemish horse. They were burghers of Soissons, and showed great ardour. The noblemen of Flanders and Germany did not stir from their places, "disdaining much to find themselves attacked by sergeants instead of knights," and they would not put their lances in rest against such mean folk. But when they found themselves pressed, their horses wounded, themselves overthrown and trodden down by these brave men of Soissons, the Flemings bestirred themselves, and charged the sergeants; and when these townsmen were dispersed, Eustache de Maquilin, a knight of Flanders, spurred forward into the plain, shouting "Death to the French," and was followed by a multitude of gentlemen challenging the French barons. . . .

The Duke of Burgundy began the attack in another place, throwing himself headlong against the serried line of the Flemings, when the citizens of Lille and Tournay, finding it impossible to wound him, fell upon his horse, pricking it with the points of their weapons. "Ah, canaille, accursed serfs!" cried the Duke, "you shall see." But while he was trying to clear a space his faithful charger, weakened by loss of blood,

¹ Was this derived from the Roman fasces?—C. M. Y.

fell with him, and the poor Duke was too corpulent to get up again without assistance. "Help! help!" he cried; but no help came, and a party of Burgundians were only just in time to save him from being trodden under the horses' feet. As his vassals advised him to go to the rear, "It is nothing," he said; "but I have lost my good steed, and for my honour's sake I must avenge him." And again he rushed upon the men of Flanders, who were at length compelled to flee.

"It was a tough battle," says Guillaume le Breton; "you might have seen the pieces of silk that were fastened to the lances to distinguish each knight torn off and rent into a thousand rags by the arrows, maces, swords and lances. As for the men, here is one lying on the ground, kicking; another on his side, a third has fallen downwards, and has his eyes, nose, and mouth full of sand; there is hardly a place without fallen corpses or dying horses." . . .

In the centre the contest was less equal. After the defeat of the men of Flanders, the archers of the towns hurried up to gather round the oriflamme in advance of the King's knights, who were then engaged with Otho and the main body of the Germans. Being resolved to meet Otho and his men, they placed themselves before the King, not far from the royal ensign, with its azure field and gold fleurs-de-lys, which was on that day borne by Gallon de Montigni, a brave though poor knight. The goodwill of the burghers was useless; for they were dispersed, and the conflict was soon carried on between the King's servants and the iron-cased Germans. The blows were murderous on both sides; but just at this time a little troop of sergeants from the cities of Flanders came on foot behind Philippe, and, catching hold of the projections of his cuishes with iron hooks, pulled him off his horse, and, if his heavy armour had not protected his body, would have killed him. When the French knights saw that their King was down, Gallon de Montigni, waving the royal banner in token of the danger of the sovereign, threw himself in front of Philippe. The Count of Boulogne had come up, intending to profit by the King's fall, to kill him, but he durst not now lay a hand upon his lord; for, though the allies had sworn before the battle to rid themselves of Philippe, the bonds of

feudal allegiance were strong enough to withhold the arm ready to strike. So the Count turned aside, and attacked the Count de Dreux ; and " Pierre Tristan and Montigni then dispersed the traitorous band of sergeants who had attacked the King from behind." But the greatest assistance was the speedy arrival of Pierre des Barres. That *preux chevalier*, true successor of Rinaldo and Orlando, those wondrous paladins of Charlemagne, was actually grasping Otho by the helmet, and " giving him mighty and hard blows," when there was the cry of " Barres, Barres !" in aid of the King, who was overthrown. The good knight, learning his sovereign's misadventure, left Otho, and went himself to help the King, and made such havoc, that he " cleared a space in which might have been driven a four-wheeled waggon, so far round did he overthrow and scatter the enemy." By the time Pierre des Barres reached the centre, Philippe, though bruised and crushed, had been remounted, and was giving orders that the attack should be followed up even more hotly. Together with the fiery Des Barres, he threw himself upon the foot-soldiers who had hemmed him in, and struck them down with his terrible sword on every side. . . .

The *mêlée* now became so general that the left wing was intermingled with the centre, when Otho wielded his battle-axe with both hands, seeking for King Philippe, and calling him by his name, while Philippe strove to cut his way to the Emperor. . . . The Chevalier des Barres rushed towards Otho's standard ; Pierre de Mauvoisin was there struggling with the Emperor, who vainly endeavoured to turn his rein. Gerard, surnamed the Sow, was attacking him on the other side, and trying to pierce his stout breastplate with the *misericorde*. Otho's complete armour of proof, of doubly-plated iron and prepared leather, turned the weapon's point ; but Gerard struck again, and the Emperor's horse, throwing back his head, received on his ear the blow intended for his master, reared up, and then fell and rolled in the dust. Otho, thus unseated, was on the point of being forced to surrender, when one of his attendants, Gerhard von Hostmar, hurried up, gave him his own horse, shielded him with his own body, and, while the Emperor escaped from the field, threw himself on the Chevalier des Barres in a combat *à l'outrance*. . . .

Of the whole great allied army none remained in the field, when the fate of the battle was decided, except seven hundred Brabançons enrolled under the Earl of Salisbury's banner. Fifty knights and a thousand infantry, under the command of Thomas de St. Valery, threw themselves upon them like hungry wolves upon sheep, . . . and soon nothing but fugitives could be seen. The French collected booty of every kind, some seizing the chargers, others the abandoned weapons—shield, sword, or helmet; but most fortunate were they who could take one of the cars which the great nobles had brought along with them, filled with gold and silken garments. Each of these cars had four wheels, and contained a chamber fit for a bride, all woven outside in osier, and stored with provisions and precious ornaments, so that sixteen horses could hardly draw them. As to the car that bore Otho's dragon and the insignia of the Empire, it was hewn to pieces with axes, and nothing saved but the eagle, with its wings broken, which was to be carried to Frederick, Otho's rival. . . .

The battle of Bouvines was regarded as the victory of the clergy. . . . There was great rejoicing and burning of lights in all the churches, and every monastery was draped with silken tapestry, as the King passed on his return to Paris; and the streets and houses were adorned with rich hangings, whilst the roads were strewn with the boughs of trees and fresh flowers. . . . The Bishop of Senlis, like the Roman Emperors after their triumphs, raised a temple to Our Lord, by the title of *La Victoire*, to commemorate the battle; whilst the King hastened to Poitou, to repress the last germ of the proud and unruly spirit which characterized the vassals of these southern provinces. The Poitevins, learning the result of the battle of Bouvines, resolved on submission; but Philippe, who could not depend on them, was bent on punishing them. Prudence, however, gained the day, and by the mediation of Pierre Mauclerc, Duke of Brittany,¹ he accepted the fealty and homage of the vassals hitherto devoted to the King of England. All returned to him.

John was now in a sad predicament. He had been defeated by Prince Louis, and was now with the remains of his army only seventeen miles from the French camp, unable to reckon

¹ In right of his wife, Alix of Brittany.

on any aid; for the Gascons and knights of Guyenne, who alone were true to him, were at that time occupied by the crusade against the Albigenses. Feeling himself powerless to struggle against the victor of Bouvines, he resolved to make a treaty, and sent the Earl of Chester to the King of France to propose a truce on favourable terms.

Philippe would not at first hear of treating with a rival who was well-nigh a captive within his grasp, since the French king had with him more than a thousand knights-bannerets, whilst John had merely a few hundred Gascons, routiers, and Brabançons; but the Legate, in the name of the Pope, John's suzerain and guardian, imperiously insisted on a truce, in order that the crusade against the Albigenses might be attended to, and it was accordingly concluded at Chinon, in the month of September 1214. Just twenty-five years after Henry II., in possession of two-thirds of France, died of grief at his son John's rebellion, that same son, in the very same castle, signed the truce which left him with merely the shadow of power over Gascony and Guyenne.

KING JOHN AND THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

A.D. 1199—1216.

(From "*The Rise and Progress of the English Constitution*," by
Sir EDMUND CREASY, M.A.)

IN order to understand the classes into which the two millions of human beings who dwelt here at the time of the grant of the Great Charter were divided, and the system of government which then existed, a right comprehension of the principles of the feudal system is indispensable. . . . There are many things which are more easily understood by first obtaining an understanding of their opposites. This is the case with the word "feudal." The term used in contradistinction to it by European jurists is "allodial." Allodial land was land in

which a man had the full and entire property, which he held (as the saying is) out and out. But feudal land (and the land itself so held was a feud, or fief) was land which a man held of some other man, from whom or whose ancestors the holder (or his ancestor) had received permission to possess and enjoy the fruits of the land ; but the property and ultimate dominion of it remained in the giver, or, as he was technically called, the lord.

In order the more clearly to picture to ourselves the chief causes of the establishment of feudalism, we may sketch in our minds the progress, and watch the position, of some one of those numerous bands of Teutonic conquerors that had won their way into a Roman province at the fall of the ancient Western Empire. The sketch I am about to give is applicable to Romanized Europe generally, not specially to England. . . . Here, again, in order to illustrate and explain feudalism, I shall first illustrate its negation, allodialism.

When, by degrees, the bands of Germanic warriors who had broken in upon Gaul and the other Roman provinces began to lose their spirit of fierce restlessness, and to wish for some permanent settlement in the territories which they had conquered from the provincials, and had long fought for with each other, the ownership of land acquired a value in their eyes, not merely of a higher degree, but of a wholly different nature, to that which it had in the eyes of their ancestors who dwelt amid their primitive forests and wildernesses, and also to that which it had had in their own, so long as they were a mere troop of adventurers, roving in quest of plunder, or seeking fresh enterprises for the sheer sake of the excitement. Let us imagine an army of Germanic conquerors in this mood for becoming inhabitants of the land which they had conquered, and let us mark what would be the natural results. Some part of the territory might probably be left in the hands of the conquered population ; but the conquerors would share the rest. . . . It is to be remembered that each barbaric king was not the sovereign of an army of subjects in the sense in which we employ the term "sovereign" and "subjects : " but of free and independent warriors, each of whom would claim his share of the spoil as a right. . . . The portion of land which

the German soldier thus took, he took as his property ; and his estate in it was termed by the Franks, allodial. . . .

But all the confiscated territories were not thus portioned out. Large demesnes were reserved for the king, called fiscal lands. Out of these royal demesnes the sovereigns granted lands to their most favoured or distinguished personal followers, under the title of fiefs or benefices. Whether any definite services were at first affixed to a beneficiary grant is uncertain ; but in the nature of things, some return would be expected from the favoured follower. . . . Military service against foreign or domestic foes would, in such a state of society, be the return most desirable to the grantor, and most easily and willingly accorded by the receiver. But the ownership of the fief did not pass out of the grantor. The favoured individual (the feudatory, in the technical phrase) received not a right of property, but a mere licence of possession and enjoyment. . . . Gradually fiefs became hereditary ; though, throughout the development of the system, the ultimate property was and is held to be in the lord. . . .

As the privileges of the feudatory thus became certain, so were his duties systematized, and the consequences of his breach of them defined. . . .

But . . . the feudatory who received large grants of land from his sovereign frequently had dependants of his own, to whom he carved out portions of his fief, to be held of himself on terms similar to those by which he held it of his lord. His sub-grantees thus became vassals under him, and he was a feudal lord to them. They, again, might subdivide their sub-fiefs, and grant them to others. And the process might be indefinitely renewed as often as each subdivided piece of feudal land was capable of still further subdivision. So that many links in the feudal chain might intervene between the original grantor, or lord paramount, and the actual occupant of the soil. . . . Thus there arose a seignorial hierarchy, specious in appearance, . . . but, in reality, productive of very great confusion. For the same two men might be, and often were, lords and vassals of each other in respect of different lands, and an endless conflict of obligations and rights was created. . . .

The spirit of the feudal system was essentially aristocratic. It required, indeed, the existence of a single lord paramount, whether termed emperor or king, who was theoretically the supreme fountain of honour and justice, and the motive centre of authority both in peace and war. But, in practice, the feudal aristocracy was an aggressive power that ever sought to aggrandize itself at the expense of monarchy. . . . The baron, who girt himself with martial vassals, . . . did not, indeed, often throw off the semblance of allegiance to his sovereign, but he claimed and exercised the right of resisting his sovereign by open force, if the sovereign carried his feudal prerogatives too far, and of making formal war on him as on a stranger, if his sovereign did him wrong on any matter unconnected with their feudal relationship. He claimed, and freely exercised, the right of similarly making war on any of his fellow-subjects, on the neighbouring barons, or others who offended him. This right of private warfare was the greatest affliction to feudal Europe. Another point on which the feudal lords strove to assert their independence of the crown was the right of administering justice in their own territories. Each feudal lord had his baronial court, at which his military tenants attended, and where the judicial combat was the favourite mode of determining controversies between the litigants, whether of a civil or a criminal nature.

While the feudal aristocracy was thus encroaching upon the natural powers of the monarchy, it was no less aggressive upon the commonalty of the land. The feudal barons and their retainers gradually formed an aristocracy of birth as well as of tenure. . . . Each baronial castle became a military school, wherein the exercises indispensable for the training and duties of the armed cavalry of those ages were taught to the barons' sons, and to the youths of similar birth who were nurtured with them. It is to be observed that every holder of a fief by military tenure, however small his strip of land, was a noble, as distinguished from the tiller of the soil, the burgess, and the artizan, and even from him who held land by a less martial title. . . . The nobility, and the knights and members of knightly families, made up a warrior caste, who termed themselves gentle by birth, and who looked down on the great mass of the

lay community as beings of almost inferior nature. According to the favourite theory of the admirers of the feudal system, men were divided under it into three classes—warriors, teachers, and producers. The feudal nobles and knights, with their military followers, were the first class; the clergy were the teacher class; and the rest of the people were the third, the productive class. Unhappily, the general tendency of feudalism was to depress the producers; the peasantry and the little allodialists were ground down with servitude, and forced to till the soil as abject dependants of the barons; while the stores of the merchant and the earnings of the artizan were too often treated as the natural objects of knightly rapacity and violence. . . .

Of the two millions of human beings who inhabited England in the reign of John, a very large number, probably nearly half, were in a state of slavery. Those who are disposed to listen to tales about “Merrie England” and “the good old times” should remember this fact. At the commencement of true English history, we start with the labourers in abject wretchedness. The narrative of the changes in their social and political positions thenceforward to modern times is certainly a history of progressive amelioration, though lamentably slow and imperfect.

The technical name for the kind of slavery which prevailed in Anglo-Norman England is Villeinage. Some slaves were annexed to certain lands, and passed into the dominion of the heirs or purchasers of those lands, whenever the ground, which was considered the more important property, changed owners. These were called “villeins regardant.” Others were bought and sold, and passed from master to master, without respect to any land. These were termed “villeins in gross.” . . . There are good grounds for believing that, at the commencement of the thirteenth century, the greater part of the labouring agricultural population of England were villeins regardant, and were looked on merely as so much of the live-stock of the land to which they belonged. . . .

The villein’s service was uncertain and indeterminate, being entirely dependent in nature and amount on the caprice of his lord. In the emphatic terms of some of our old law-writers,

"The villein knew not in the evening what he was to do in the morning, but he was bound to do whatever he was commanded." He was liable to beating, imprisonment, and every other chastisement that his lord thought fit to inflict; except that the lord was criminally punishable if he actually killed or maimed his villeins. . . . The villein was incapable of acquiring property for himself: the rule being that all which the villein got became the lord's. He usually passed to each successive owner of the land, as if he had been a chattel attached to it. But the lord, if he pleased, could sever him from the land, and separate him from his family and children, by selling him as a villein in gross by a separate deed. This wretched condition of slavery descended to the children of villein parents, and even if the father only was a villein, the children inherited the same sad lot from him. Indeed, at one time the severity of the law was such, that if a villein who belonged to one lord married a neif, or female villein, who belonged to another lord, the children of such a marriage were equally divided between the two slave-owners.

Such was the wretched state in which we find the bulk of the English peasantry at the time when the full history of our nation commences. We cannot track the precise steps by which the law of villeinage had become so established; but we have every reason to suppose that this took place in the interval between the Conquest and the reign of Henry II., when we find villeinage completely settled, as appears by the book of Chief Justice Glanville. The Norman lords had then brought the peasantry of England into much the same state as that to which their ancestors had formerly reduced the peasantry of Normandy. . . .

The lord, however, might at any time enfranchise his villein, and there were also many acts of the lord from which the law inferred an enfranchisement, though none could be proved to have actually taken place. If the lord treated the villein as a freeman, by vesting the ownership of lands in him, or by accepting from him the feudal solemnity of homage, or by entering into an obligation under seal with him, or by pleading with him in an ordinary action, the law held that the lord should never afterwards be permitted to contradict his own act by treating

him as a villein. There were many other modes of constructive enfranchisement. One of the most important was, that, if a villein remained unclaimed by his lord for a year and a day, in any privileged town (that is to say, in any town possessed of franchises by prescription or charter) he was thereby freed from his villeinage. . . . In all disputes on the subject of villeinage the presumption of the law was in favour of liberty. The burden of proof always lay upon the lord. . . .

Thus, while at the period when we first can assert the common law of the complete English nation to commence, we find this species of slavery so widely established in the country, we also find the law providing means for its gradual, and ultimately certain, extinction. We know little of the Justiciars¹ of Henry II., in whose time this branch of our law can first be traced distinctly. But if, as is probable, Chief Justice Glanville and Abbot Samson, of St. Edmunds, employed by Henry II. as a judge, and others their fellows on the judicial bench, while they found the power of the lords over their villeins too firmly established to be called in question without shaking the rights of property, devised and encouraged these numerous methods by which villeinage could be gradually extinguished, they ought to be reckoned among

¹ By the ancient Saxon constitution there was only one superior court of justice in the kingdom, and that court had cognizance both of civil and spiritual causes, viz. the *Witenagemote*, or general council, which assembled annually, or oftener, wherever the king kept his Christmas, Easter, or Whitsuntide, as well to do private justice as to consult upon public business. At the Conquest, the ecclesiastical jurisdiction was diverted into another channel, and the Conqueror established a constant court in his own hall; thence called *aula regia*, or *aula regis*. This court was composed of the king's great officers of state, resident in his palace, and usually attendant on his person. . . . These high officers were assisted by certain persons learned in the laws, who were called the king's justiciars, or justices, and by the greater barons of Parliament, all of whom had a seat in the *aula regia*, and formed a kind of court of appeal, or rather of advice, in matters of great moment and difficulty; . . . over all presided one special magistrate, called the Chief Justiciar, who was also the principal minister of state, the second man in the kingdom, and, by virtue of his office, guardian of the realm in the king's absence; and this officer it was who principally determined all the vast variety of causes that arose in this extensive jurisdiction; and from the plenitude of his power grew at length both obnoxious to the people and dangerous to the government which employed him.

the truest benefactors of their country that England has ever produced. . . .

The free labouring population, in John's time, included the lower classes in the towns, and those portions of the peasantry who had either escaped being reduced to villeinage or had been emancipated from it. This class was gradually increasing in number; but the whole amount of free labourers in England, in the early part of the thirteenth century, cannot have been considerable. . . .

The poorest free peasant was so far vested with political functions, . . . that he attended as a member of the Court of the Hundred (the court-leet, as it was now termed,) and participated in the numerous active duties of local self-government that were there performed. The presidents of the Hundred Courts had now, with very few exceptions, ceased to be elective. Frequently, the right of presiding in the Hundred Court had become annexed to the lordship of one of the principal manors of the district. . . . But every freeman was eligible to serve the minor offices of local self-government; . . . and, as a "free and lawful man," he also acted on the inquests or juries. . . .

When we direct our attention to the state of the upper and middle classes at this period (exclusively of the inhabitants of the towns), we shall find the various incidents of the several Anglo-Norman feudal tenures of land so frequently requiring allusions and explanations, that it is better to direct our attention to them in the first instance.

It is to be remembered that the king was, and is, supreme feudal lord of all the land in the kingdom.

There were three principal tenures by which the subjects of John held their land, either immediately of him, or immediately of some other subject, and so mediately of the king. These were,—1, tenure in chivalry, sometimes called military tenure, or tenure by knight's service; 2, tenure in free socage, the original of our modern freehold tenure; 3, tenure in villeinage, the original of our modern copyhold tenure.

Tenure in chivalry was the most honourable; it was that by which the barons, and other chief landowners, held their lands of the crown. . . . But the burdens of this tenure were

numerous and severe. They require particular attention, in order that we may comprehend the oppressions at the hand of the sovereign to which the barons who gained the Great Charter were exposed, and which caused them to become the chiefs of a great national movement on behalf of the liberty of England. . . .

The king, as feudal lord of his barons and other military tenants, had a right to exact from them military service, or a pecuniary payment in lieu thereof: and it seems to have become optional with the king to claim the money, whether the vassal wished to serve in person or not, and even to exact both money and personal service. This war-tax was called "escuage," or "scutage;" and the constant wars and troubles of the times always furnished a ready pretext for demanding it. Other exactions of money-payments, under the title of aids, were continually practised. Besides these, the heir, on succeeding to his estate, was required to pay a sum of money to the lord, under the title of a "*relief*." If the heir was a minor the lord took possession of the land as guardian, and used it or abused it, as he pleased, until the heir attained his majority; and even then the heir was obliged to pay a fine on suing out his livery, that is, on obtaining the delivery of the land from his guardian to him. The lord also had the right of nominating and tendering a wife to his male ward, or a husband to his female ward; and if the ward declined to marry the person so selected, the ward forfeited to the lord such a sum of money as the alliance was considered worth. The lord was entitled to a fine upon alienation; that is, if the tenant disposed of the land, or any portion of it, to any third party. If the tenant died without heirs, the land reverted to the lord. This was termed escheat. . . . The lord also claimed to take back the land whenever the tenant committed any of a numerous list of crimes, or acts of feudal misconduct. Such criminality or misconduct on the tenant's part was held to work a *forfeiture*; a doctrine which was made peculiarly severe in England, where, "by attainder of treason or felony, the tenant not only forfeited his land, but his blood was held to be corrupted or stained, whereby every inheritable property was entirely blotted out and abolished, so that no land could

thereafter be transmitted from him or through him in a course of descent."

The landholders of inferior rank, who held their lands not by military but by socage tenure, and whom we might correctly speak of by a modern term as the yeomanry of England, were not liable to so many exactions from their feudal lord as were the military tenants. The tenant in free socage was subject to the payment of aids for knighting the lord's son, and providing a portion for the marrying his eldest daughter. *Relief* was due on this tenure, but its amount was fixed and limited to one year's rent of the land. Escheat and forfeiture were incident to socage tenure, and fines were due upon alienation. The lord had no right of wardship or marriage over his socage tenants.

The holders of land by villein tenure were originally villeins on the domains of feudal lords of manors, whom the indulgence of the lords permitted to remain in the occupation of their little strips of ground so long as they duly rendered the customary services. When villeins were emancipated, they often continued to reside on the lord's estate and on the same holdings, and they still rendered the old services to the lord, which were no longer variable at his will. Sometimes, also, men who were freeborn took lands which had been previously held by villeins, and became bound to continue the services which the lord had usually received from the servile occupants of such lands. By degrees, the customary expectation which such holders of manorial lands naturally felt, that they and their heirs would not be removed so long as they paid the customary rent and performed their customary duties, ripened into the legal title of our modern copyholders; but it is not probable that any considerable number of freemen occupied land by villein tenure so early as the reign of John. . . .

The feudal law of England (as it has been now described) gave John oppressively strong powers over his barons and other subjects; but his savage tyranny was exercised over every class, high and low, often without the semblance, and in open defiance, of the law. . . .

In his character were mingled all the qualities that inspire contempt with those that provoke hatred. . . . A few only of

the specific instances of the tyranny of this bad, but not bold man, may be cited here; besides referring to his murder of his nephew Arthur, which he was believed by his contemporaries to have perpetrated with his own hand. William de Brosse, one of his nobles, had offended him and escaped to Ireland. John, in 1211, got into his power De Brosse's wife, Matilda, their son William, and their son's wife. The King then gratified his fiendish malignity by sending these three prisoners to Windsor Castle, where he had them shut up in a dungeon and starved to death. . . .

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The character of John had a most important effect on our constitutional history. Had he been less vicious and cruel, it is probable that the barons would not have leagued with the inferior freemen of England against their Norman king. Had he been less imbecile, it is probable that the national league would have been crushed by him. Even the foreign events of John's reign (those which more immediately affected the continental provinces of the Plantagenet princes) were of infinite moment in determining the future destinies of England. The shames of the sovereign proved the sources of the country's glory and freedom.

Foremost amongst these we may place the fortunate loss of Normandy. Philip Augustus, the able sovereign of France, took advantage of John's murder of his nephew Arthur to cite him, as Duke of Normandy and a feudal vassal of the crown of France, to take his trial before the high peers of France on the charge of having murdered an *arrière* vassal and homager of the French king. John scoffed at the summons, but the French court passed sentence on him of forfeiture of all the lands which he held in France by homage, and Philip Augustus carried that sentence into speedy execution. All the provinces north of the Loire, which John's ancestors had bequeathed to him, were wrested from him; but he succeeded in retaining Guyenne, Poitou, and a small portion of Touraine.

Both the amount of what he lost, and the amount of what he retained, were important to the constitutional history of England. After the annexation of the Duchy of Normandy to the actual dominions of the French king, our barons' only

homes were in England. Henceforth, we find them proud of the name of Englishmen, the application of which, to a man of Norman race, had once been the deadliest of insults. . . .

And, while the loss of Normandy thus happily tended to promote the union of all the inhabitants of this land, John's partial success in preserving Guyenne and Poitou from the conquering arms of Philip Augustus aided materially in completing the same result. From these provinces he drew large bands of mercenary soldiers, whose support emboldened him to defy the remonstrances and discontent of his English barons; and trusting to whom, he took no pains to form or preserve any party for himself among the nobility of his kingdom. The rapacity and the violence which these hireling cut-throats and brigands from beyond the seas were licensed by their sovereign to practise throughout England came home to the middle and lower orders of the English, and made them eagerly co-operate with the barons against the Crown. In the rural districts also, the oppressive cruelties of the forest laws, which John carried to a worse pitch than had been the case even under the most arbitrary of his predecessors, tended still further to exasperate the people against the Government, and filled the forests with bands of adventurers, who were ready to join in any enterprise against the tyranny which had driven them beyond the pale of the law.

John had made himself the enemy of the powerful body of the English clergy, as fully as he had drawn on himself the hostility of his lay subjects. He levied pecuniary contributions on his ecclesiastics as arbitrarily and as rapaciously as he pillaged the rest of the nation. A dispute which broke out in 1205, respecting the election to the see of Canterbury, involved him in dissension with Innocent III.; . . . and in 1213 Pope Innocent assumed and exercised the right of deposing him, and solemnly called upon all Christian princes and barons to unite in dethroning him as an impious and unworthy king.

These spiritual thunders of papal Rome were (like the Amphictyonic decrees in ancient Greece, and the edicts of the modern German diets), of little effect, when those against whom they were levelled maintained vigorous union at home,

and were threatened by the arms of no formidable foe from abroad: but they were truly terrible when there was disunion in the state which was the mark of their operation, and when a powerful and ambitious prince, like Philip of Macedon in the classic ages, or Philip Augustus in John's time, was ready to undertake the execution of the sentence for the secret purposes of his own aggrandizement. . . . John knew that all his subjects hated him with a hate which he had richly earned, and there was in the vast host around him scarcely a man on whose fidelity he could depend. The ruffian in his disposition was now suddenly changed into the craven. . . .

Rushing from arrogant defiance of the Roman pontiff into abject servility, on Ascension Eve, Wednesday, May 15, 1213, ^{A.D.} 1213 the King, by a formal deed, gave up his kingdom to the Pope, to take it back as the Pope's vassal, and under the obligation of paying a yearly tribute of one thousand marks. By this mean betrayal of his duty towards the state of which he was the kingly head, John won for himself the partisanship of the Pope; but he increased the alienation and disgust of his subjects, ecclesiastics as well as laymen. . . . On Cardinal Langton's return to England and his installation in his archbishopric, in 1213, he showed that, though he was one of the Pope's cardinals, he was no mere emissary of an Italian priest, but a true-hearted Englishman, to whom his country's honour and his country's freedom were most dear, and one whom no threats of either temporal or ecclesiastical superiors could deter from the path of duty. . . . On the 25th of August, 1213, at a great council of the prelates and the barons which was held at St. Paul's, in London, he took measures for forming an effective confederacy for curbing the power of the oppressor.

The ostensible purpose of the council was to settle the amount of compensation which the King was to pay to those who had been exiled during the late troubles, and whose possessions the King had despoiled; but Langton addressed them on the subject which they all had most at heart—the obtaining of some security against the tyranny of John for the future. The Archbishop told them that he had discovered a charter of King Henry I., which they might force the King

to re-establish, and thereby regain their liberties. They answered with joyous acclamations, and the Archbishop administered an oath to them, by which each bound himself to strive for their liberties, if need were, even to the death.

This charter of Henry I. had been granted by that sovereign when he first seized the crown to the exclusion of his elder brother, Robert, and when he was desirous to win the favour of the Saxon, as well as of the Norman, inhabitants of England. It contains specific provisions against the abuse of the right of wardship, against the abuse of the right of claiming aids, and against other of the chief feudal oppressions to which the military tenants of the Crown were liable at the hands of the King. It gives also a general promise to observe the good laws of Edward the Confessor. . . .

During the greater part of the next year John was engaged in unsuccessful warfare on the Continent; and in the autumn he returned to England, soured with disappointment, and bent on wreaking on his domestic enemies the vindictiveness and the malice which had been baffled and humiliated abroad. He had brought back some bands of soldiers of fortune from France; and with these "alien knights, crossbowmen, and hired followers, who came with arms and horses to molest England" (as the Great Charter afterwards expressly described them), John recommenced his old course of spoliation and outrage. His chief justiciary, Fitz-Peter, one of the very few ministers who exercised any control over John, had died during the last year. John, who had stood in some awe of this man, exclaimed with joy when he heard of his death, "It is well. Fitz-Peter will now shake hands again with our late Archbishop Hubert in hell, for assuredly he will find him there. By God's teeth, I am now for the first time true lord and king of England."

A.D. 1214 autumn of 1214, what he meant by true lordship and kingship. Plunging without restraint or shame into the bacchanalia of despotism, the King continued to pillage, to banish and to slay, and to perpetrate with every aggravation of ribald insolence those violations of domestic honour by which far tamer spirits than those of our Anglo-Norman barons have oft been goaded into insurrection. . . .

In the beginning of the following year the barons appeared before the King, fully prepared both to state and to enforce the national will. The same old historian thus narrates the scene :—

“THE DEMAND FOR THE LIBERTIES OF ENGLAND MADE BY
THE BARONS.

“In the year of grace one thousand two hundred and fifteen, which is the seventeenth year of King John, the same King held his court, for the space of one day, at Worcester, where he had been at the feast of the Birth of our Lord. Thence he came with all haste to London, and was received at New Temple Inn. Here, then, came to the King the aforesaid great barons, in a very resolute guise, with their military garb and weapons, insisting on the liberties and laws of King Edward, with others for themselves, the kingdom, and the Church of England, to be granted and confirmed according to the Charter of King Henry the First. . . . The King, finding the barons so resolute in their demands, was much concerned at their impetuosity. When he saw that they were furnished for battle, he replied, that it was a great and difficult thing which they asked, from which he required a respite until after Easter, that he might have space for consideration ; and, if it were in the power of himself, or the dignity of his crown, they should receive satisfaction. But at length, after many proposals, the King unwillingly consented that the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Ely, and William Marshal should be made sureties, and that by reason of their intercession on the day fixed he would satisfy all.”

During the interval which he had thus gained John sought to strengthen himself by detaching the clergy from the barons. He granted (Jan. 15, 1215) a charter to the Church of Eng-
land, by which he secured to her the free election of the bishops, and ordained that when a bishop had been thus elected and presented to the King, the King's consent should not be refused, unless lawful reasons could be assigned for the refusal. He took another measure, which shows how much the influence of the yeomanry and other freemen of England below the rank of the barons had increased, and how

A.D.
1215

conscious John was that they also were ready to act against him. He ordered the sheriffs to summon the freemen of each shire, and tender to them a new oath of allegiance. He confessed, at the same time, how little he had a right to rely on the loyalty of his subjects, by seeking the special protection which the Church gave in those ages to the person and the property of Crusaders. John took the cross on the 21st of February, 1215, and vowed to lead an army into Palestine for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre from the Infidels.

None of these manoeuvres was successful. The national union against him was firm; and his pretence of preparing for the Crusades only revived the contemptuous hatred of those, who remembered his lion-hearted brother Richard, and John's treasonable practices against that true Crusader. . . . The barons proclaimed themselves the army of God and Holy Church. The middle classes of England, both the yeomanry in the country and the burghers in the towns, actively aided them, and rendered their success certain. It was no longer a rising of one order of the community, but a movement of all the freemen of the land. John seems to have perceived the formidable importance which it thus assumed; and he endeavoured to detach the barons from the national cause, by offering special terms in favour of themselves and their immediate retainers. But the baronial chiefs felt their true position as champions of a nation's rights and disregarded the insidious offers of the King. . . . who in despair, sent the Earl of Pembroke to inform them that he was ready to comply with their petitions, and to desire that a place and time might be named for a conference. The barons answered, "Let the day be the end of June: the place, Runnymede."

The first part of the report is a summary of the work done during the year. It covers the general progress of the project, the results of the various experiments, and the conclusions drawn from them. The second part is a detailed account of the work done during the year, and the third part is a summary of the work done during the year.

they were the whole nobility of England." Negotiations were formally opened, and continued for several days, during which it is probable that the chief managers of the conference on either side may have retired to the little island a short distance higher up the river, which still bears the name of Magna Charta Island, and which tradition points to as the scene of these memorable deliberations.

The conference was not concluded till Friday, the 19th of June. Articles, or heads of agreement, were first drawn up, which were afterwards regularly embodied in the form of a Charter. These "*Articuli Magnæ Cartæ*" are still preserved, and deserve attentive comparison with the Charter for which they served as the rough draft, but which does not always strictly accord with them. When the Charter itself was prepared, the royal seal was solemnly affixed to it before the congress at Runnymede; and it bears date as of the first day of that conference, the 15th of June, in the year of our Lord 1215, being 149 years after the Norman Conquest, and seven centuries and a half after the reputed era of the landing of the first of our Saxon ancestors in this island. . . .

A very little attention is necessary to show how unjust it is to speak of the Great Charter as a mere piece of class legislation, obtained by the barons for their own special interests. Guizot well asks, "How is it possible that at least a third of the provisions of the Charter should have related to promises and guarantees made on behalf of the people, if the aristocracy had only aimed at obtaining that which would benefit themselves? We have only to read the Great Charter in order to be convinced that the rights of all three orders of the nation are equally respected and promoted."

By the three orders . . . are meant, the clergy, the nobility, and the general commonalty of the freemen of the realm. It will be seen, also, that the serfs are not wholly neglected in it. And inasmuch as the serfs were always capable of being raised into freemen, and the process of their emancipation was continually, though gradually, going forward, the Great Charter, by providing for the rights of all freemen, provided in effect for the rights of all the inhabitants of the land.

Part of the Great Charter consists of clauses relating to the clergy. These are not numerous, as the charter granted by John in the preceding February had provided for ecclesiastical interests. The Great Charter confirms these provisions.

With respect to the rights of the laity, the Great Charter determines, with careful precision, the amount of feudal obligation to which the barons and immediate tenants of the Crown should be thenceforth subject. Involved in those provisions is the all-important article about convening the Great Council of the realm. . . . The Charter also binds the barons to allow their sub-vassals the same mitigations of the feudal burdens which the barons acquired for themselves from the King. In behalf of the rest of the members of the free community, . . . the ancient customs and liberties of cities and boroughs are secured by special clauses, by which protection for the purposes of commerce is given to foreign merchants. . . . The Great Charter is also rich with clauses which have for their object the interests of the nation as a whole. It provides for the pure, the speedy, the fixed and uniform administration of justice. It prohibits arbitrary imprisonment and arbitrary punishment of any kind. It places the person and the property of every freeman under the solemn and sacred protection of free and equal law. Lastly, it contains clauses of a temporary character for the redress of the immediate evils of the time, as by directing the removal of the King's foreign mercenaries from England; and it provides guarantees for King John adhering to its obligations, by appointing a baronial council, who were to be the guardians of the Charter, and who were to be armed with the most ample powers for redressing any infraction of it which the King or his ministers might attempt. . . .

Lord Chatham's eulogium on the public spirit shown by the barons who signed the Great Charter is no less just than eloquent. "My lords," said that great statesman to the House of Peers, in his speech January 9th, 1770, "it is to *your* ancestors, my lords,—it is to the English barons, that we are indebted for the laws and constitution we possess. Their virtues were rude and uncultivated, but they were great and sincere. Their

understandings were as little polished as their manners, but they had hearts to distinguish right from wrong,—they had heads to distinguish truth from falsehood; they understood the rights of humanity, and they had, spirit to maintain them. My lords, I think that history has not done justice to their conduct, when they obtained from their sovereign that great acknowledgment of national rights contained in Magna Charta; they did not confine it to themselves alone, but delivered it as a common blessing to the whole people. They did not say, ‘These are the rights of the great barons, or these are the rights of the great prelates.’ No, my lords; they said, in the simple Latin of the times, *nullus liber homo*, and provided as carefully for the meanest subject as for the greatest. These are uncouth words, and sound but poorly in the ears of scholars; neither are they addressed to the criticism of scholars, but the hearts of freemen. These three words, *nullus liber homo*, have a meaning which interests us all; they deserve to be remembered—they deserve to be inculcated in our minds—they are worth all the classics.”

The force of this noble panegyric will be doubly felt if we call to mind the insidious attempt made by John, about a month before the congress at Runnymede, to detach the barons from the general national interest, by offering to them, and their immediate retainers, as privileges, those rights which the barons claimed and secured for every freeman of the land. . . . It is true that at the time of the grant of this Charter a large part of the population were not free; but it is to be remembered that the villeins were always capable of being raised, and were constantly rising, into freedom, so that its ultimate effect was to give and to guarantee full protection for property and person to every human being who breathes English air.

THE DEATH OF JOHN AND THE INVASION OF LOUIS OF FRANCE.

A.D. 1216.

(*From "History of England during the Early and Middle Ages,"*
By CHARLES H. PEARSON, M.A.)

THE evidence of the royal writs that were issued in the weeks succeeding the interview at Runnymede would seem to prove that John, for the time, felt himself overpowered, and put on the semblance, at least, of unconditional submission. . . . Nevertheless, the barons did not feel safe. . . . Generally every man, apprehending that troubles were imminent, put his castle in a state of defence. The main body of the lords, who saw the importance of keeping their forces together, and heard that a plan was on foot for seizing London to the King's use as soon as they should leave it, could devise no better expedient than to proclaim a tournament for the 6th of July, and invite their partisans to attend and break a lance for the prize of a bear, which a patriotic lady offered. There can be little doubt that this military occupation of the capital, and the warlike preparations everywhere, gave a colour of justice to the King's meditated protests; and moderate men might well be dismayed at finding that some of the lords were capturing or driving away the royal sheriffs, and taking all jurisdiction into their own hands. Between a tyrant who only oppressed the powerful, and lords who were a universal danger, the people might well incline to the cause of the former. . . . The King had procured letters from the Pope, solemnly annulling the Charter, and commissioning the Bishop of Winchester, the Abbot of Reading, and Pandulph, to excommunicate all who should trouble the peace of the kingdom, and prevent the King, who had taken the cross, from proceeding to wage the holy war in Palestine. The sentence was duly published at Staines, the bishops not daring to suppress it; but the barons conceived themselves bound in orthodoxy to interpret it in the manner most conformable with justice,

between Louis and sixteen French barons to expel all their own allies as traitors to their natural king, and divide the spoil among themselves. Men began to ask whether it were not possible to make terms with the sovereign, who had no foreign interest, and, at the moment, scarcely any foreign troops ; they began to remember, with sorrow, that they were excommunicated. Forty barons at last agreed to send and ask the King if he would suffer them to renew their allegiance.

But the letters found the tyrant on his deathbed. As soon as he had effected the object of relieving Lincoln, and learned that the barons were not in pursuit of him, John decided to march southwards again. In passing over the Wash, between the Cross-keys and the Foss-dyke, he marched too near the sea at a time when the tide was still high, and lost many of his sumpter-mules and household retinue, with his jewels, including the crown, and a shrine containing relics which he especially prized. At the abbey of Swineshead, where he passed the night, he is said, by the more credible account, to have eaten peaches in excess,—vexation, fatigue, and the surfeit bringing on a dysentery.

Later legends declared that a monk, who heard him boast he would raise the price of the loaf from a halfpenny to a shilling, devoted himself for his country and poisoned the fruit he presented, eating of it himself, to inspire confidence, and dying.

The illness, however caused, did not hinder John from proceeding the next day to Sleaford, where he learned that Dover still held out and had obtained a truce till Easter, but was probably bound to surrender if it were not relieved by that date. The news was bad medicine for a sick spirit, and the King's next stage, to Newark, was his last.

A.D. 1216 His last acts were to write a letter to Pope Honorius (Oct. 15), recommending his young son to him, and to dictate a short will, by which he constituted what may be called a council of regency, with the legate Gualo at its head. But its provisions are chiefly the work of a craven conscience, desiring to purchase pardon of Heaven by alms to the poor and to religious houses, by "aid to the land of Jerusalem," and "by making satisfaction to God and Holy Church for the damage and injury done them."

The sacrilege wrought in Croyland monastery, where Savary de Mauléon's men had carried off spoil and captives in mid-mass not three weeks before, may perhaps have risen up accusingly before the King's fevered fancy. On whom the Furies should wait, if not on John, may indeed well be questioned.

We seem to trace his gradual depravation in his history. The fair boy, his father's darling, who lets his courtiers pull the beards of his Irish lords, in the very wantonness of youthful arrogance, and bandies rough jokes with Giraldus Cambrensis, grows up reckless of all self-restraint, of all honourable sentiment, false to his father, false to his brother, false to his associates in treason, casting off the wife who has made his fortunes, slaying the nephew whom he has sworn to spare.

He has all the lower talent of his family, is a pleasant boon companion, fond of books and of learned men, irresistible among women. A few friends hold by him to the last, with more of what seems personal regard than Edward II. or Richard II. conciliated. He has partisans in London at the time of his deepest humiliation, and is welcomed rapturously in Lynne a few days before his death. . . .

It is evident that, while his clergy and his nobles hated him, a portion of the towns were with him, either grateful for past favours or liking his enemies less. The loss of Normandy was chiefly due to his quarrel with his English subjects; he held England against the Pope with singular success; and his last campaigns prove that he had organized his tyranny till he was an overmatch for half the realm, and could still do something when France had succoured the rebellion. Yet, allowing all this, which has perhaps been too often overlooked, it may be doubted if it be not an aggravation of the infamy that clings to John's name.

He favoured the cities, not in the interest of freedom, but to gain money by the sale of charters, or to set class against class. His power was based on the systematic employment of foreign mercenaries; he tortured to extort wealth, and murdered freely when his avarice was disappointed. His great struggle against Innocent began in the attempt to usurp the rights of a corporate body, and was carried on by confiscations and violence. Lastly, like all voluptuaries, John perpetually

broke down at the critical moment of his fortunes. He scoffed at religion, and was cowed by a strolling prophet's utterances. Bearing to be excommunicated for years, giving churches freely to be plundered, he yet attached a superstitious reverence to the relics he carried with him.

Perhaps the best summary of his life is the simple record of the great facts of his reign,—that he lost Normandy, that he became the Pope's vassal, and that he died fighting against Magna Charta. Never, probably, was there an English king who would more cordially have endorsed the Roman tyrant's wish, "When I am dead, let the earth be consumed in fire;" never one of whom the poet might have said with greater truth, that "he wearied God."

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